The Teacher's Casquet

(Songs, Games & Recitations)

Volume III

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Poppy-land

Beatrice Parsons

(1286c)

THE TEACHER'S CASQUET

(SONGS, GAMES AND RECITATIONS)

VOLUME III

BY

FLORENCE STEANE, F.N.C.M.

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FOREWORD

TO THE TEACHERS OF LITTLE CHILDREN OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD

It is recognized to-day—though perhaps not yet so universally as our educational authorities desire—that the teacher of infant classes is the most important person on the staff of an elementary or other school. And that her sense of her personal responsibility is high in proportion as her work is noble and far-reaching in its consequences.

This essentially modern development of public opinion is only the giving of practical effect to the age-old beliefs of Aristotle, that those who educate little children are more to be honoured than they who produce them; and of Locke that "the least and even apparently imperceptible impressions received in infancy have consequences very important and of long duration." Yet, again, we are now acting on the view Whateley, greatest of logicians, expressed: that the education that begins in the fourth year of a child's life is beginning three years too late. Finally, we may note that Dr. H. P. Ballard, whose name ranks deservedly high in educational circles to-day, has quite recently pointed out that "the whole trend of modern psychology is to push farther and farther back along the line of age the real formative influences on a child's mind and character."

In this work of teaching young children, with these ideas kept always in view, specialization has taken place. And an admirable and increasingly satisfactory efficiency has already resulted.

This Teacher's Casquet represents the crystallization into practical educational form of the best educational opinion on Infant Teaching.

In the five volumes composing this unique series, we have lessons for little ones prepared with the object of developing the feeling for colour, for form, and for movement on lines of health and beauty; for the training of the little eye and hand and of the small limbs to exquisite expression. Here too are crisp and skilled directions so that the teacher can educe, with the minimum of trouble, an understanding of nature, animate and inanimate, and a habit of observation of seasonal and other phenomena. Stories of babyhood in other and far-away lands inculcate an early

realization of what we now call *humanized* geography. Games with numbers teach arithmetic—without tears and even with joy. The moral qualities are awakened as effectively by songs and dramatized play as are the habits of health by rhythmic dances and exercises. Indeed, all that is best in child nature is fostered and developed and *educated* in the best sense of the term, along the widest lines.

Where all is excellent, it is invidious to mention one section. But we must point out that the stirring little "Empire Song" cannot fail to inculcate even at the earliest age, the poet's admonition—

> Love thou thy Land, with love far-brought
> From out the Storied Past.

This patriotic gem is, of course, nowhere else available—for infant school teachers or for anybody else.

Enough has been written to prove that the series is one to be welcomed by the earnest infant school teacher as a real help. There is no book nor set of books quite like it on the market. While other works designed for teachers of very small children inform them how they ought to approach their duties, this TEACHER'S CASQUET supplies the Lessons already prepared to enable them to excel in their arduous and important work amongst our smallest scholars.

It is fitting, in view of the difficulties attaching to their vocation that every educational aid possible should be given in order to lighten the burden on the teachers in our midst. The sense of responsibility can hardly be lightened for those who are, by nature and by training, truly conscientious.

Teachers have been well named "the allies of legislators. . . . They aid in regulating the atmosphere whose incessant action and pressure cause the life-blood to circulate and to return, pure and healthful, to the heart of the nation. . . ."

Teachers of the English-speaking world, to help you in your noble aims and self-devoted lives—here is THE TEACHER'S CASQUET.

M. W.

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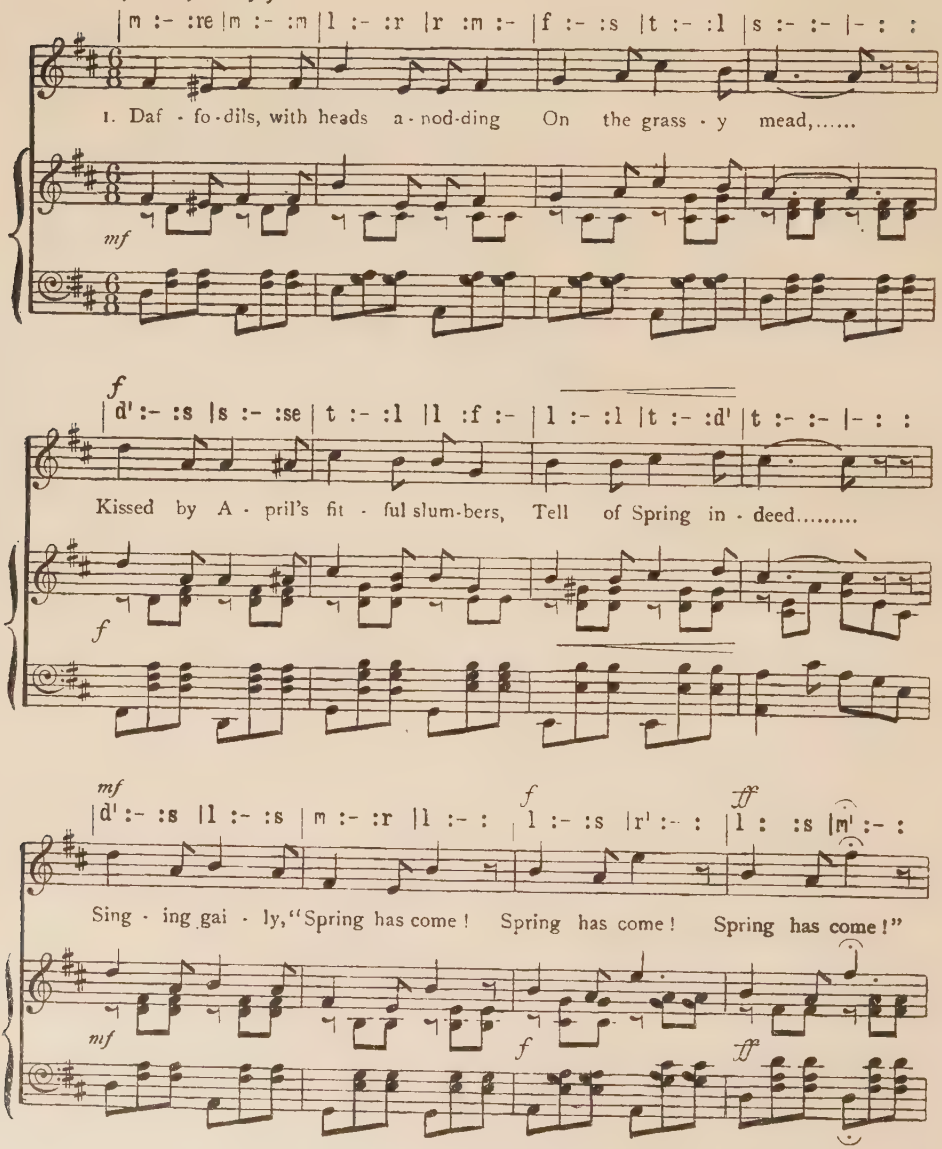
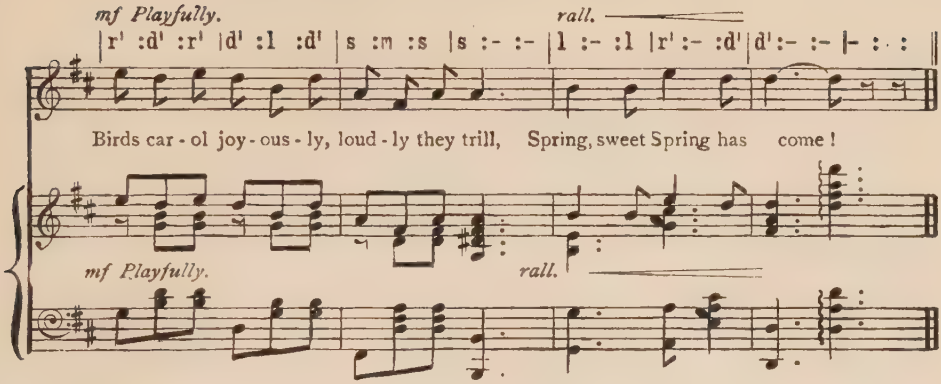
PART I

Spring

(1) "SPRING HAS COME!"

Key D. *mf in a joyous manner.*


| m :- :re | m :- :m | l :- :r | r :m :- | f :- :s | t :- :l | s :- :- | - : :
1. Daf - fo - dils, with heads a - nod - ding On the grass - y mead,.....
mf
f
| d' :- :s | s :- :se | t :- :l | l :f :- | l :- :l | t :- :d' | t :- :- | - : :
Kissed by A - pril's fit - ful slum - bers, Tell of Spring in - deed.....
f
mf
| d' :- :s | l :- :s | m :- :r | l :- : | f l :- :s | r' :- : | ff l : :s | m' :- :
Sing - ing gai - ly, "Spring has come! Spring has come! Spring has come!"
mf
f
ff



" SPRING HAS COME ! "

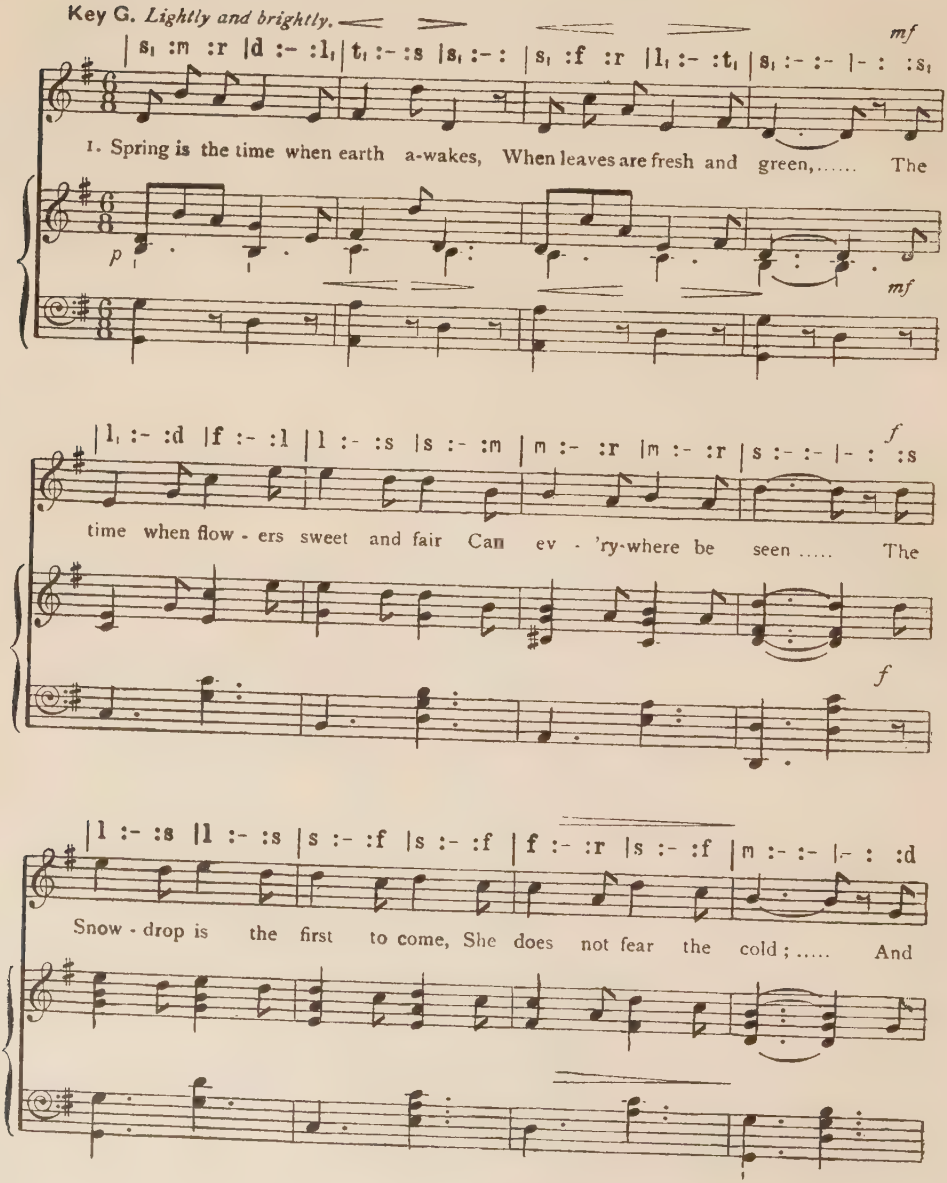
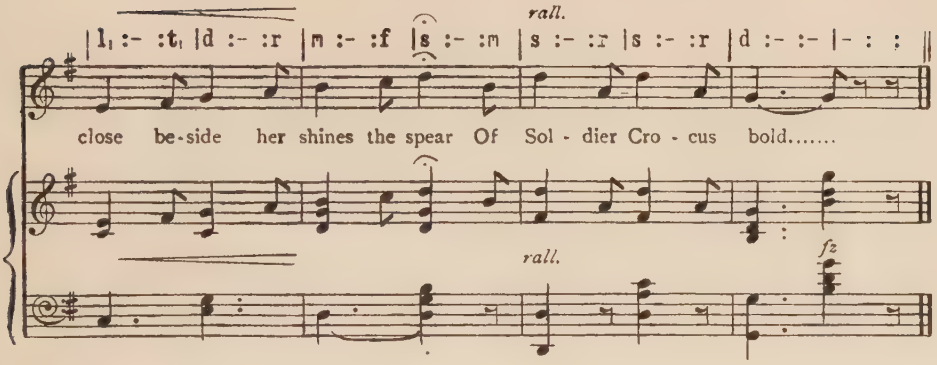
Daffodils, with heads a-nodding
On the grassy mead,
Kissed by April's fitful slumbers,
Tell of Spring indeed.
Singing gaily, " Spring has come !
Spring has come ! Spring has come ! "
Birds carol joyously, loudly they trill,
" Spring, sweet Spring has come ! "

Trees, awaken'd from their slumber
Of the winter long,
Haste to clothe themselves with verdure,
Whispering this song,
Sighing gently, " Spring has come !
Spring has come ! Spring has come ! "
Tenderly rocking the birdies to sleep,
Whisp'ring, " Spring has come ! "

In the meadows lambs are skipping
All the livelong day,
Fresh young blades of grass they're nibbling,
Oh, so happy they !
Bleating softly, " Spring has come !
Spring has come ! Spring has come !
Merry are we, see us gambol and run,
Spring, sweet Spring has come ! "

From " The Schoolmistress."

(2) SPRING FLOWERS.


Key G. Lightly and brightly.
mf
| s1 :m :r |d :- :l1 | t1 :- :s |s1 :- : | s1 :f :r |l1 :- :t1 | s1 :- :- |- : :s1
1. Spring is the time when earth a-wakes, When leaves are fresh and green,..... The
p
mf
| l1 :- :d |f :- :l | l :- :s |s :- :m | m :- :r |m :- :r | s :- :- |- : :s
f
time when flow - ers sweet and fair Can ev - 'ry-where be seen ..... The
f
| l :- :s |l :- :s | s :- :f |s :- :f | f :- :r |s :- :f | m :- :- |- : :d
Snow - drop is the first to come, She does not fear the cold; ..... And

SPRING FLOWERS.

Spring is the time when earth awakes,
When leaves are fresh and green,
The time when flowers sweet and fair
Can ev'rywhere be seen.
The Snowdrop is the first to come,
She does not fear the cold,
And close beside her shines the spear
Of Soldier Crocus bold.

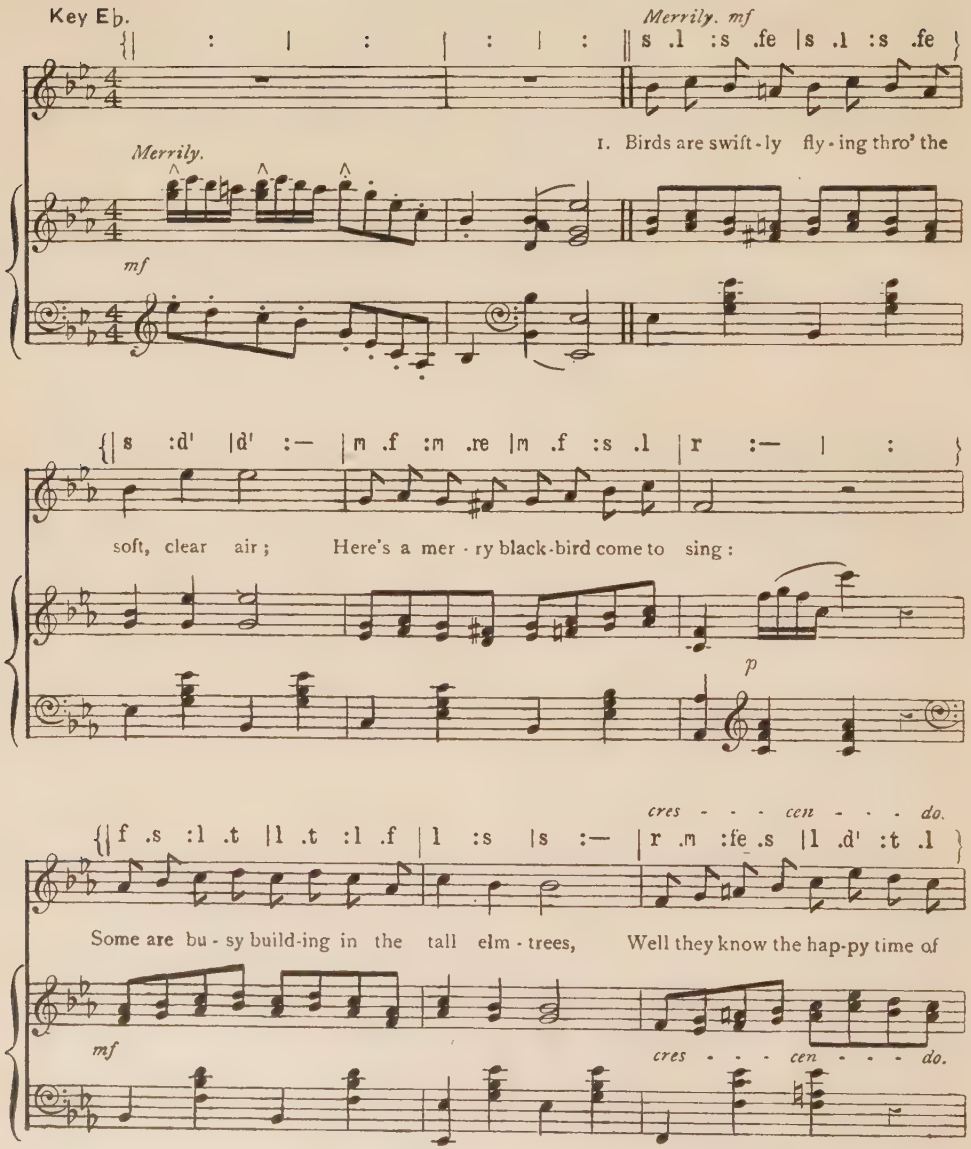
The winds of March bring Daffodil
With nodding garden bell,
While April calls the Primrose pale
And Violet as well;
Like sunshine spilt upon the grass
The yellow Cowslips gleam;
Forget-me-nots of tender blue
Are growing by the stream.

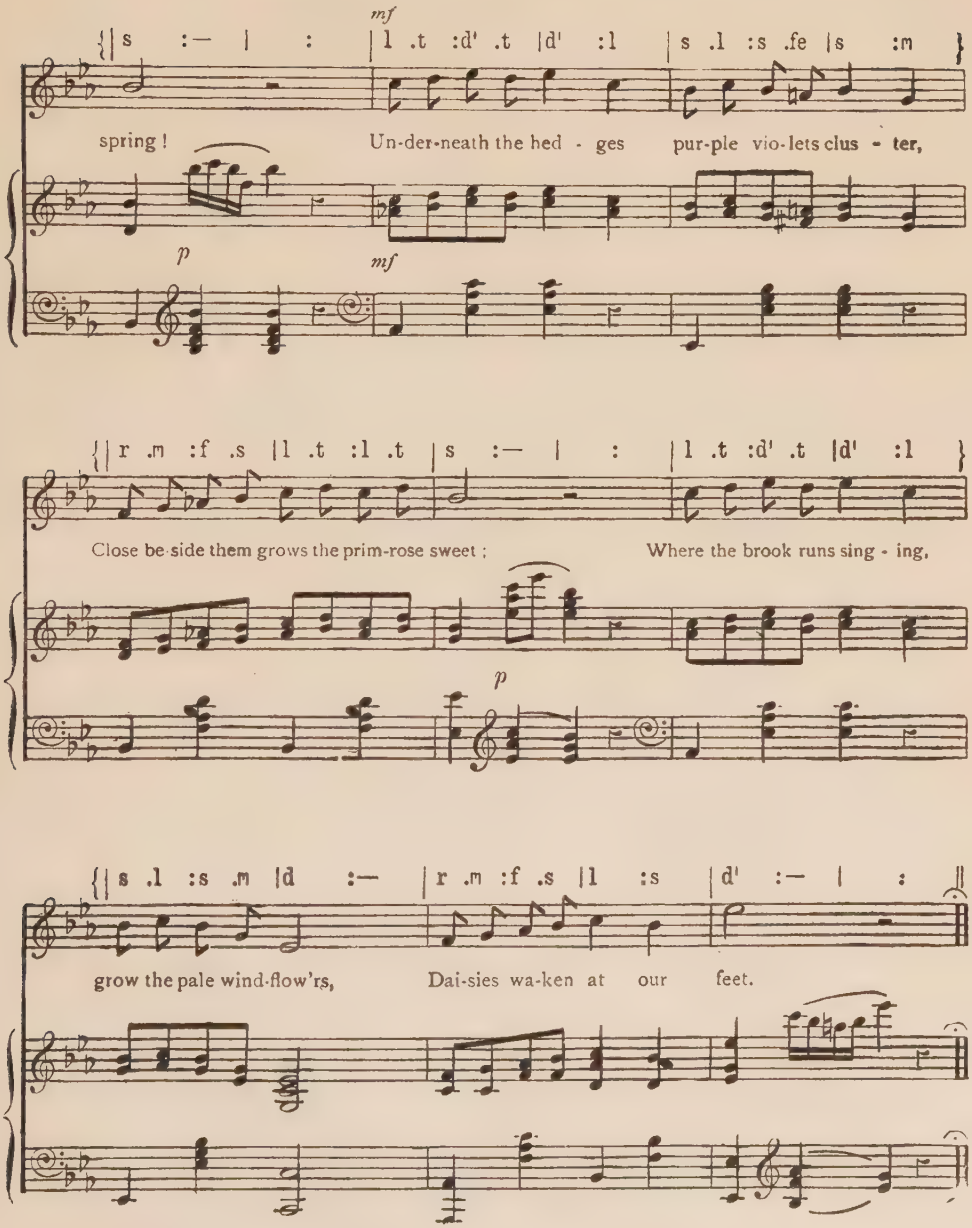
In May the Tulips' glowing cups
Of yellow, white and red,
With Hyacinths, that smell so sweet
Deck many a garden bed.
The Daisies open eyes of gold
In many a field and lawn;
They sleep again when evening falls,
Awaking with the dawn.

The Buttercups peep gaily out
Behind their shutters green;
They're little cup-bearers, I'm told,
That serve the Fairy Queen.
These are the Spring's own flowers fair,
That come her court to pace,
And Spring's own hope and joy are seen
In each bright flower-face.

From "The Schoolmistress."

(3) SPRINGTIME.


Key Eb.
Merrily. mf
s .l :s .fe |s .l :s .fe
Merrily.
1. Birds are swift-ly fly-ing thro' the
mf
s :d' |d' :— |m .f :m .re |m .f :s .l |r :— | :
soft, clear air; Here's a mer-ry black-bird come to sing:
p
cres - - - cen - - - do.
f .s :l .t |l .t :l .f |l :s |s :— |r .m :fe .s |l .d' :t .l
Some are bu-sy build-ing in the tall elm-trees, Well they know the hap-py time of
mf
cres - - - cen - - - do.


mf
s :— | : | l .t :d' .t |d' :l | s .l :s .fe |s :m
spring! Un-der-neath the hed - ges pur-ple vio-lets clus - ter,
p
mf
r .m :f .s |l .t :l .t | s :— | : | l .t :d' .t |d' :l
Close be-side them grows the prim-rose sweet; Where the brook runs sing - ing,
p
s .l :s .m |d :— | r .m :f .s |l :s | d' :— | :
grow the pale wind-flow'rs, Dai-sies wa-ken at our feet.

SPRINGTIME.

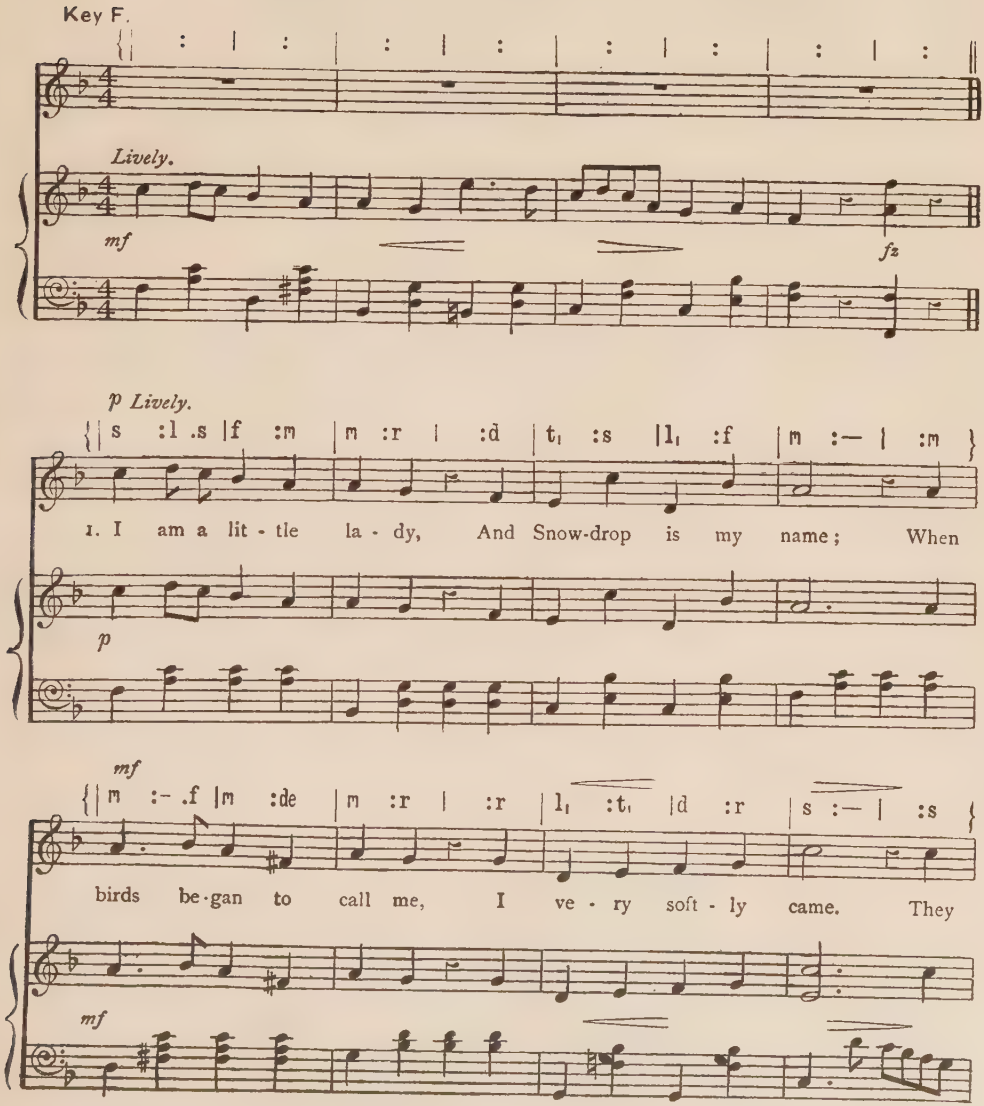
Birds are swiftly flying through the soft, clear air ;
  Here's a merry blackbird come to sing :
Some are busy building in the tall elm-trees,
  Well they know the happy time of spring !
Underneath the hedges, purple violets cluster,
  Close beside them grows the primrose sweet ;
Where the brook runs singing, grow the pale windflow'rs,
  Daisies waken at our feet.

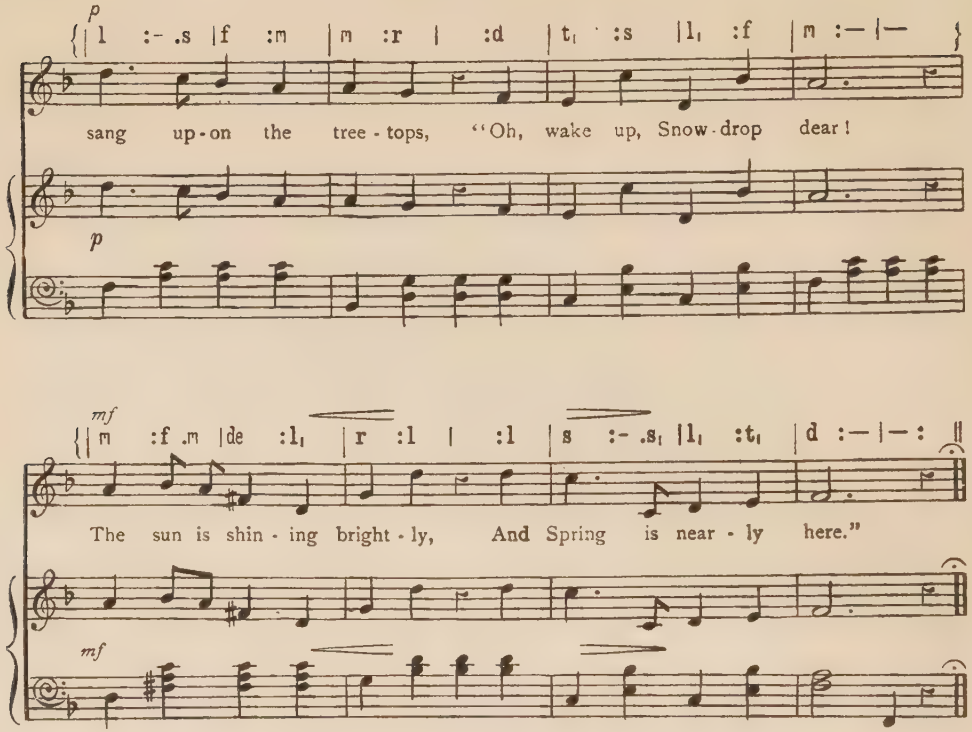
Trees are gently swaying in the April breeze,
  Rocking all their branches to and fro ;
Little buds are breaking, showing pale green leaves
  Where all looked so dark a while ago :
'Tis a time of gladness, growing and renewing !
  'Tis a time when every heart should sing,
Merry voices chatt'ring, laughing all day long,
  Welcome happy time of spring.

From "The Schoolmistress."

(4) A SPRING POSY.

Action Song for four girls dressed to represent
(1) Snowdrop, (2) Crocus, (3) Daffodil, (4) Primrose.


Key F.
Lively.
mf
fz
p Lively.
s :l .s |f :m |m :r | :d |t, :s |l, :f |m :— | :m
1. I am a lit - tle la - dy, And Snow-drop is my name; When
p
mf
m :- .f |m :de |m :r | :r |l, :t, |d :r |s :— | :s
birds be-gan to call me, I ve - ry soft - ly came. They
mf



A SPRING POSY.

I am a little lady,
  And Snowdrop is my name;
When birds began to call me,
  I very softly came.
They sang upon the tree-tops,
  "Oh, wake up, Snowdrop, dear!
The sun is shining brightly,
  And spring is nearly here."

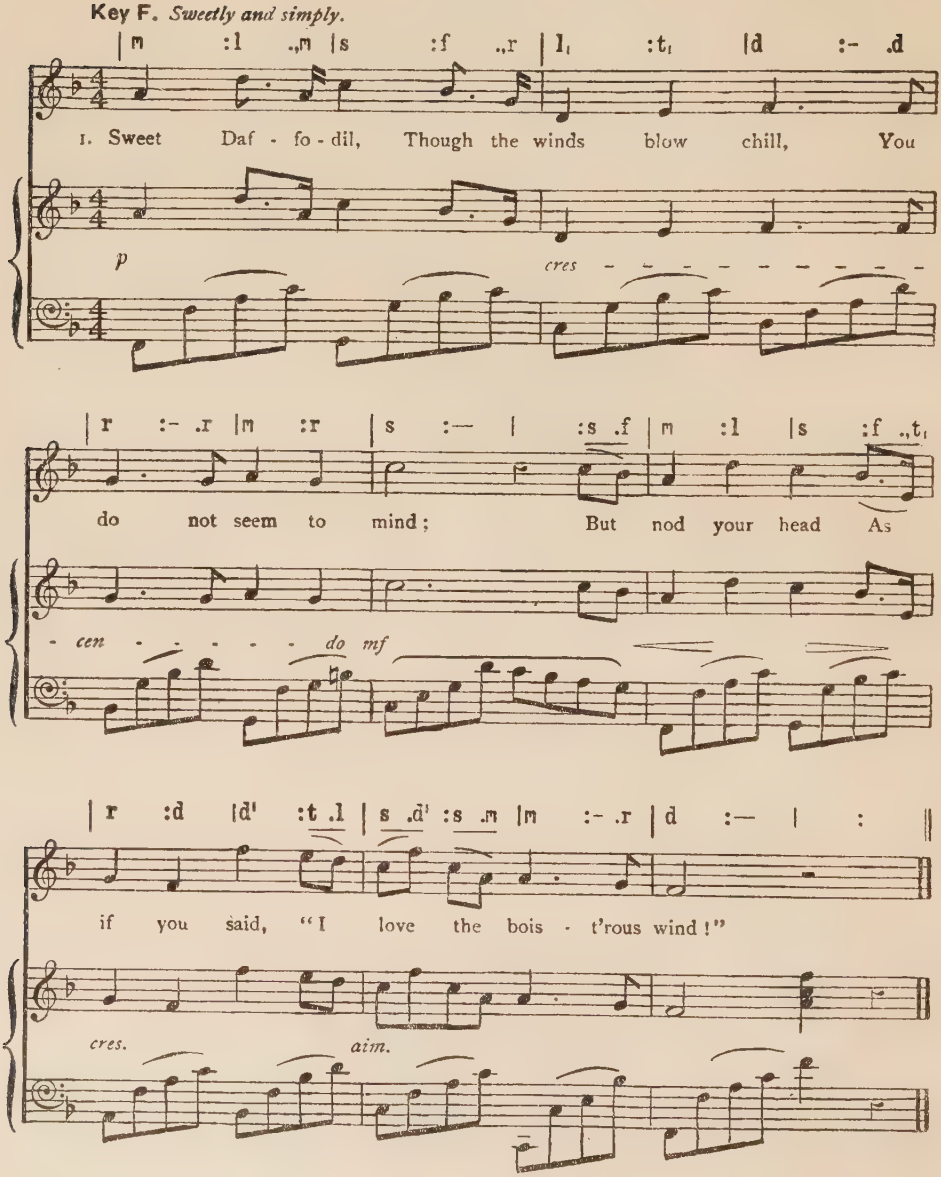
I am a little flower,
So shyly looking up,
And if you'll look I'll show you
My pretty golden cup.
They call me little Crocus,
And every brownie bee
Knows where to find the honey
Because he comes to me.

I blossom in the meadow,
Across the vale and hill,
In frilly dress of yellow—
A Lady Daffodil!
When merry winds are blowing,
I nod my head like this,
And from each dancing sunbeam
I steal a golden kiss!

I grow on banks all mossy,
'Neath hedges rough or trim,
A tiny yellow flower,
A little Primrose prim!
And children wish to find me,
So come from near and far,
For when they see a Primrose
They think they've found a star!

From "The Schoolmistress."

(5) SWEET DAFFODIL.


Key F. Sweetly and simply.
| m :l .,m | s :f .,r | l, :t, | d :- .d
1. Sweet Daf - fo - dil, Though the winds blow chill, You
p
cres - - - - - - - - -
| r :- .r | m :r | s :— | :s .f | m :l | s :f .,t,
do not seem to mind; But nod your head As
- cen - - - - - do mf
| r :d | d' :t .l | s .d' :s .m | m :- .r | d :— | :
if you said, "I love the bois - t'rous wind!"
cres. aim.

SWEET DAFFODIL.

Sweet Daffodil,
Though the winds blow chill,
  You do not seem to mind,
But nod your head
As if you said,
  " I love the boist'rous wind."

" And so I do,
It is very true,"
  Sweet Daffodil replies ;
" My bell I ring
To welcome Spring
  Before cold Winter flies.

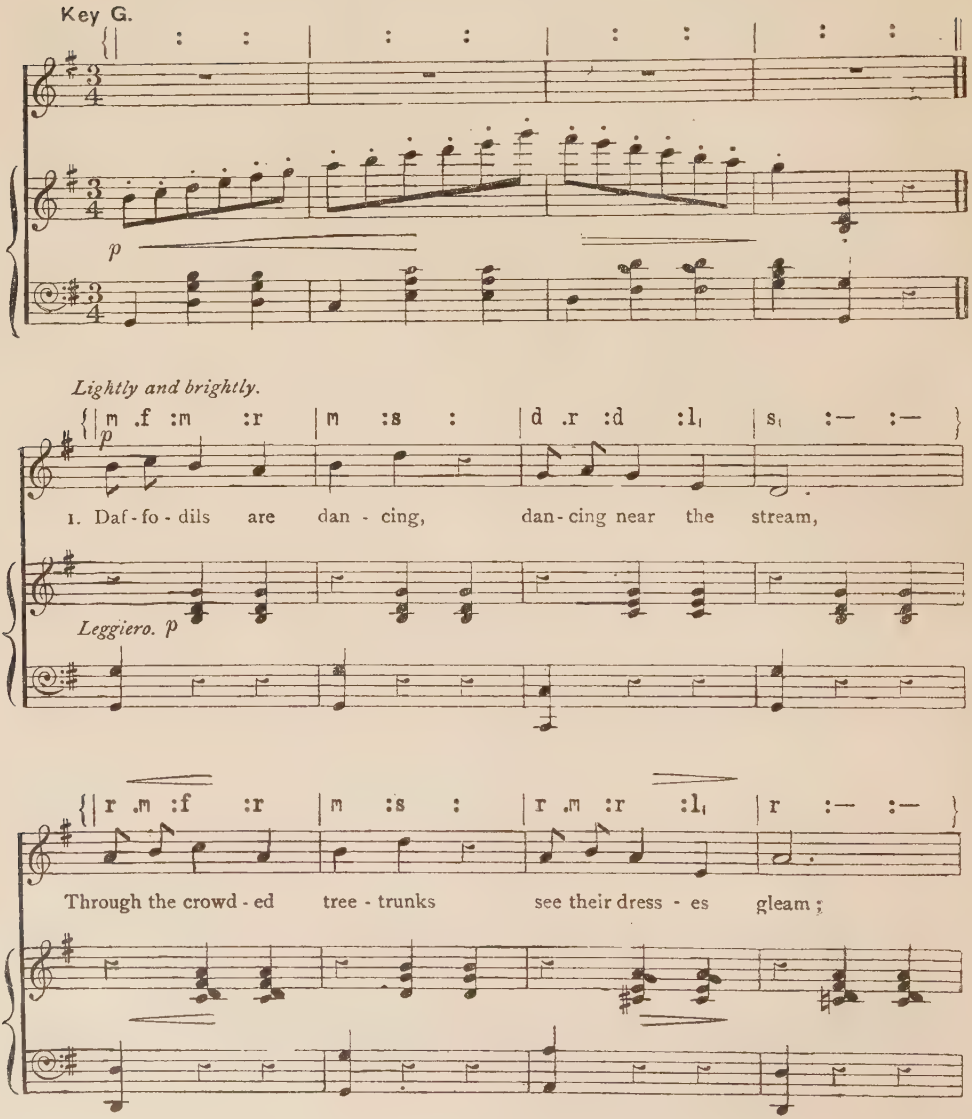
" All through the cold,
My crown of gold
  Was snugly tucked away
'Neath gown of green,
But now is seen
  This windy, bright March day.

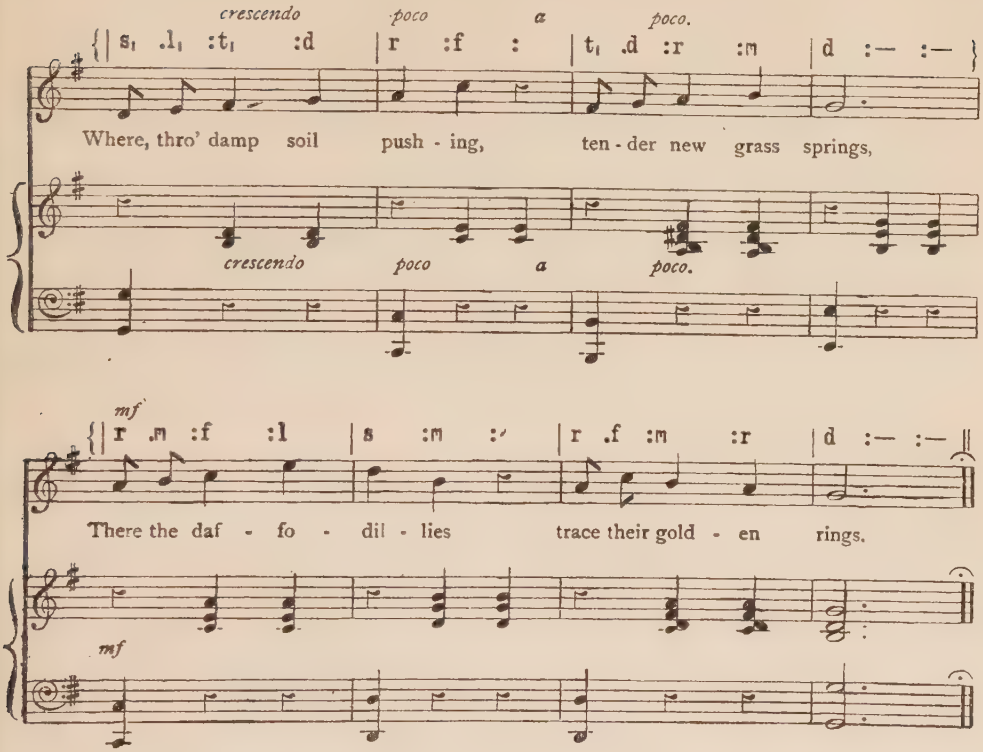
" My faithful band
All about me stand,
  My soldier-leaves so true ;
When breezes blow,
They all bend low—
  As now they do to you."

From " The Schoolmistress."

(6) DAFFODILS.

Action Song. Girls dressed to represent Daffodils.
Simple dance while singing—using appropriate actions.


Key G.
p
Lightly and brightly.
p
1. Daf - fo - dils are dan - cing, dan - cing near the stream,
Leggiero. p
Through the crowd - ed tree - trunks see their dress - es gleam;


crescendo poco a poco.
Where, thro' damp soil push - ing, ten - der new grass springs,
crescendo poco a poco.
mf
There the daf - fo - dil - lies trace their gold - en rings.
mf

DAFFODILS.

Daffodils are dancing, dancing near the stream,
Through the crowded tree-trunks see their dresses gleam ;
Where, thro' damp soil pushing, tender new grass springs,
There the daffodillies trace their golden rings.

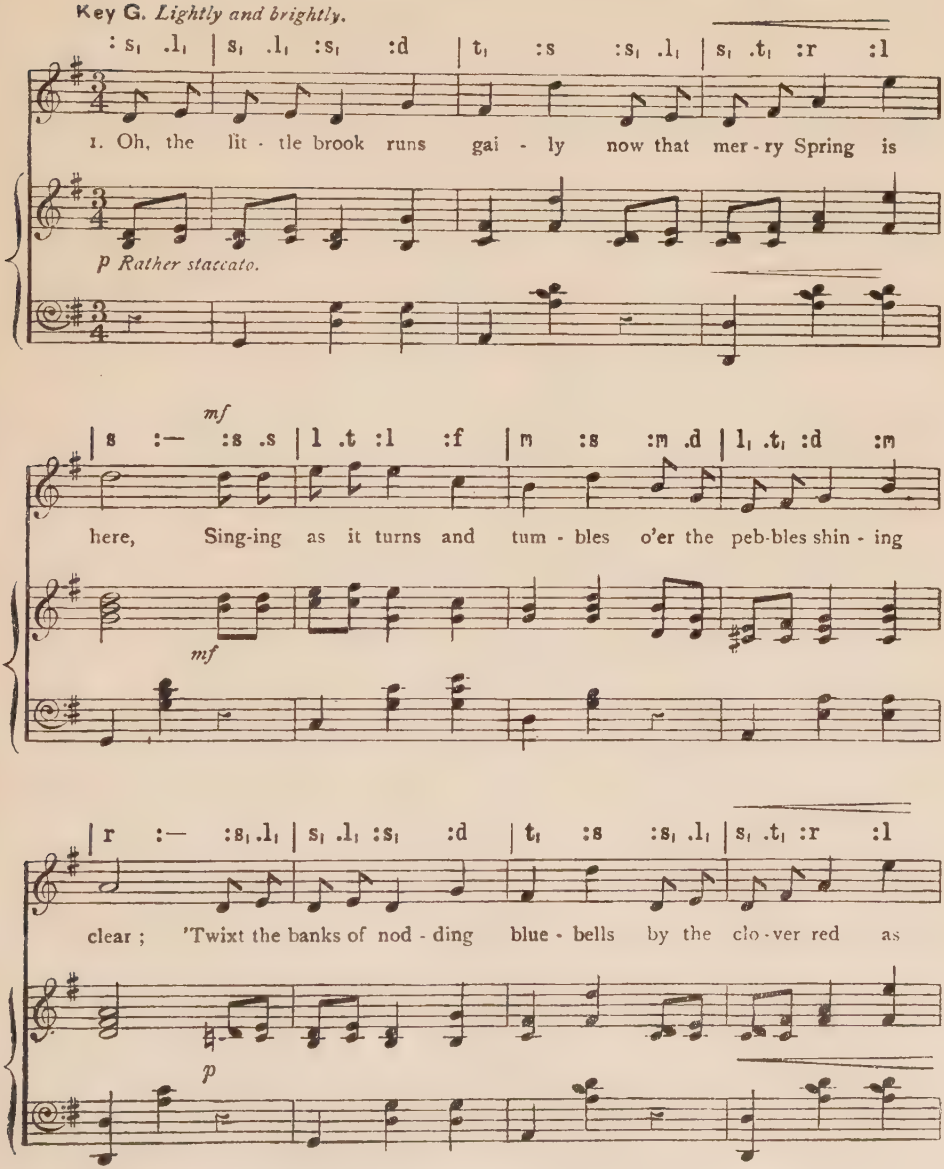
Daffodils are dancing in the border brown ;
Fairies wove the sunlight for each flower gown ;
Jewels are not lacking, elfin jewels rare—
Raindrops sparkle brightly on those dresses fair.

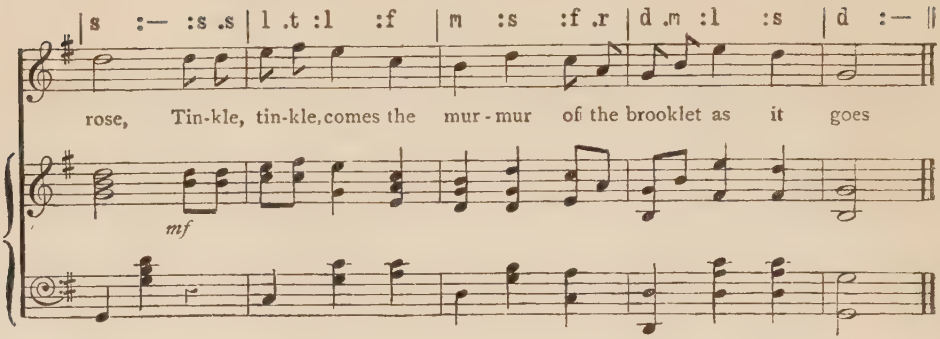
Daffodils are dancing, dancing on the lawn,
Keeping up their revels till the rosy dawn ;
Bending heads in laughter, now they curtsey low,
Curts'ying to the March winds as they wildly blow.

Daffodils are dancing, dancing day and night ;
Brief their time here, truly, short-lived their delight ;
Slipping off their dance frocks, soon they sink to rest,
Slumb'ring till next springtime in the earth's dark breast.

From " The Schoolmistress."

(7) THE MERRY LITTLE BROOK.


Key G. Lightly and brightly.
: s, .l, | s, .l, :s, :d | t, :s :s, .l, | s, .t, :r :l
1. Oh, the lit - tle brook runs gai - ly now that mer - ry Spring is
p Rather staccato.
mf
| s :— :s .s | l .t :l :f | m :s :m .d | l, .t, :d :m
here, Sing-ing as it turns and tum - bles o'er the peb-bles shin - ing
mf
| r :— :s, .l, | s, .l, :s, :d | t, :s :s, .l, | s, .t, :r :l
clear ; 'Twixt the banks of nod - ding blue - bells by the clo - ver red as
p



THE MERRY LITTLE BROOK.

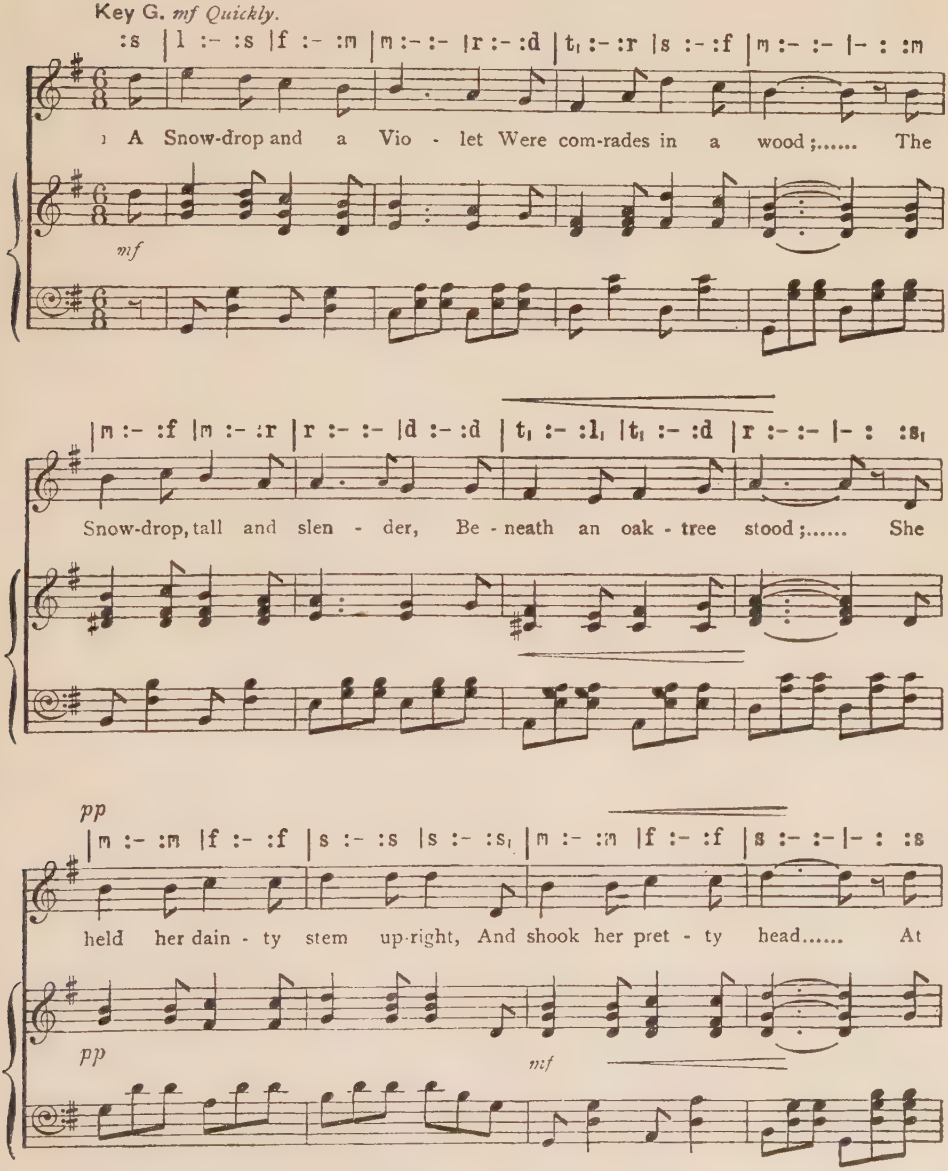
Oh, the little brook runs gaily now that merry Spring is here,
Singing as it turns and tumbles o'er the pebbles shining clear ;
'Twixt the banks of nodding bluebells, by the clover red as rose,
Tinkle, tinkle, comes the murmur of the brooklet as it goes.

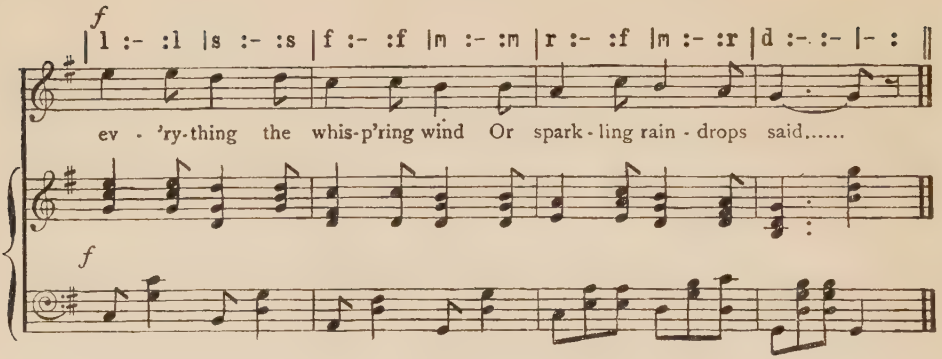
Oh, the cuckoo's calling softly where the orchard boughs are white,
And the lark from skies unclouded answers in his gay delight,
And the wind comes petal-laden, dropping blossoms all the way ;
But the tinkle of the brooklet seems the sweetest sound to-day.

Marigolds, all golden-powdered, bend to catch the crystal spray ;
Daisies, silver-white as moonshine, gleam across the sunny way ;
Speedwells, like sweet eyes of angels, smile to hear the happy strain
Of the brooklet's tinkle, tinkle, on its joyous course again.

Augusta Hancock.

(8) THE SNOWDROP AND THE VIOLET.


Key G. mf Quickly.
:s | l :- :s | f :- :m | m :- :- | r :- :d | t, :- :r | s :- :f | m :- :- | - : :m
1 A Snow-drop and a Vio - let Were com-rades in a wood;..... The
mf
| m :- :f | m :- :r | r :- :- | d :- :d | t, :- :l, | t, :- :d | r :- :- | - : :s,
Snow-drop, tall and slen - der, Be - neath an oak - tree stood;..... She
pp
| m :- :m | f :- :f | s :- :s | s :- :s, | m :- :m | f :- :f | s :- :- | - : :s
held her dain - ty stem up-right, And shook her pret - ty head..... At
pp
mf



THE SNOWDROP AND THE VIOLET.

A Snowdrop and a Violet
  Were comrades in a wood,
The Snowdrop, tall and slender,
  Beneath an oak-tree stood;
She held her dainty stem upright,
  And shook her pretty head
At ev'rything the whisp'ring wind
  Or sparkling raindrops said.

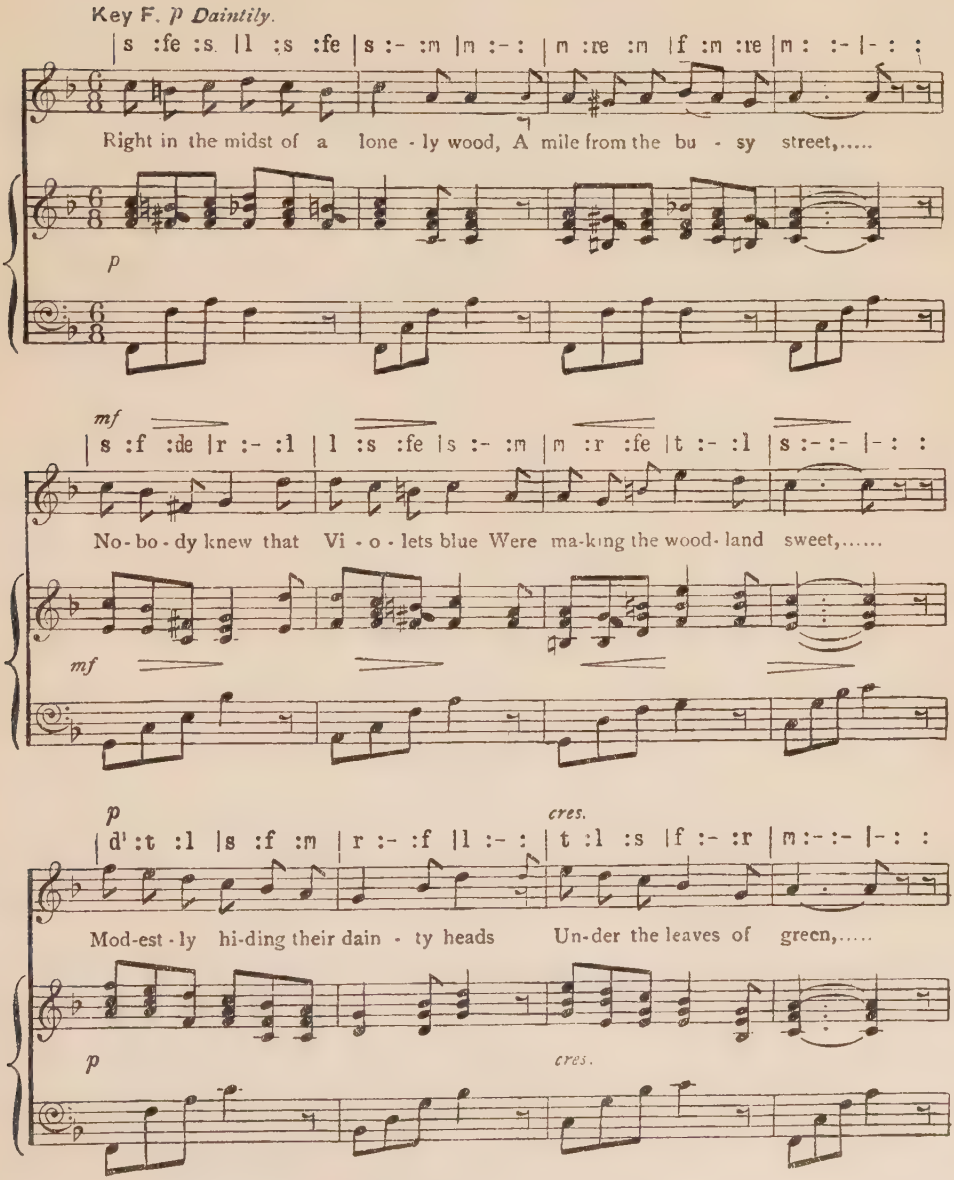
Beside her bloomed the Violet,
  Half hidden by the green;
She rather feared the wind's rough play
  And dreaded to be seen.
"Alas," she sighed, "my purple dress
  Is much too dark a hue.
If only I'd a gown of white
  I could be happy, too."

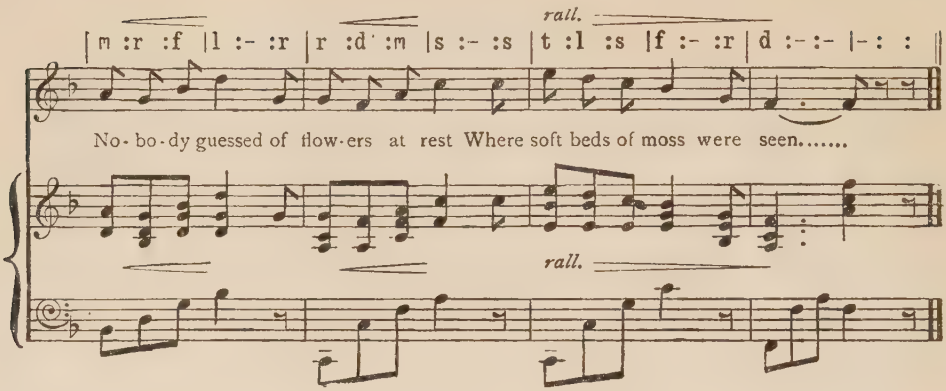
The Snowdrop heard the whisper,
  And stooped her head to see
The little flower that envied her.
  "You darling thing," said she,
"I think your dress is charming,
  So modest and so neat;
Besides, what other flower can breathe
  A perfume half so sweet?

"How snug your leafy cradle!
  You need not fear the rain,
While I am often dodging
  Both wind and rain in vain.
So you must make this nook sweet,
  And I the dark world light.
Till Spring calls out the other flow'rs
  And all the earth is bright."

From "The Schoolmistress."

(9) THE VIOLETS.


Key F. p Daintily.
| s :fe :s. |l :s :fe | s :- :m |m :- : | m :re :m |f :m :re |m : :- |- : :
Right in the midst of a lone - ly wood, A mile from the bu - sy street,.....
p
mf
| s :f :de |r :- :l | l :s :fe |s :- :m | m :r :fe |t :- :l | s :- :- |- : :
No - bo - dy knew that Vi - o - lets blue Were ma-king the wood - land sweet,.....
mf
p
cres.
| d' :t :l |s :f :m | r :- :f |l :- : | t :l :s |f :- :r | m :- :- |- : :
Mod-est - ly hi-ding their dain - ty heads Un-der the leaves of green,.....
p
cres.



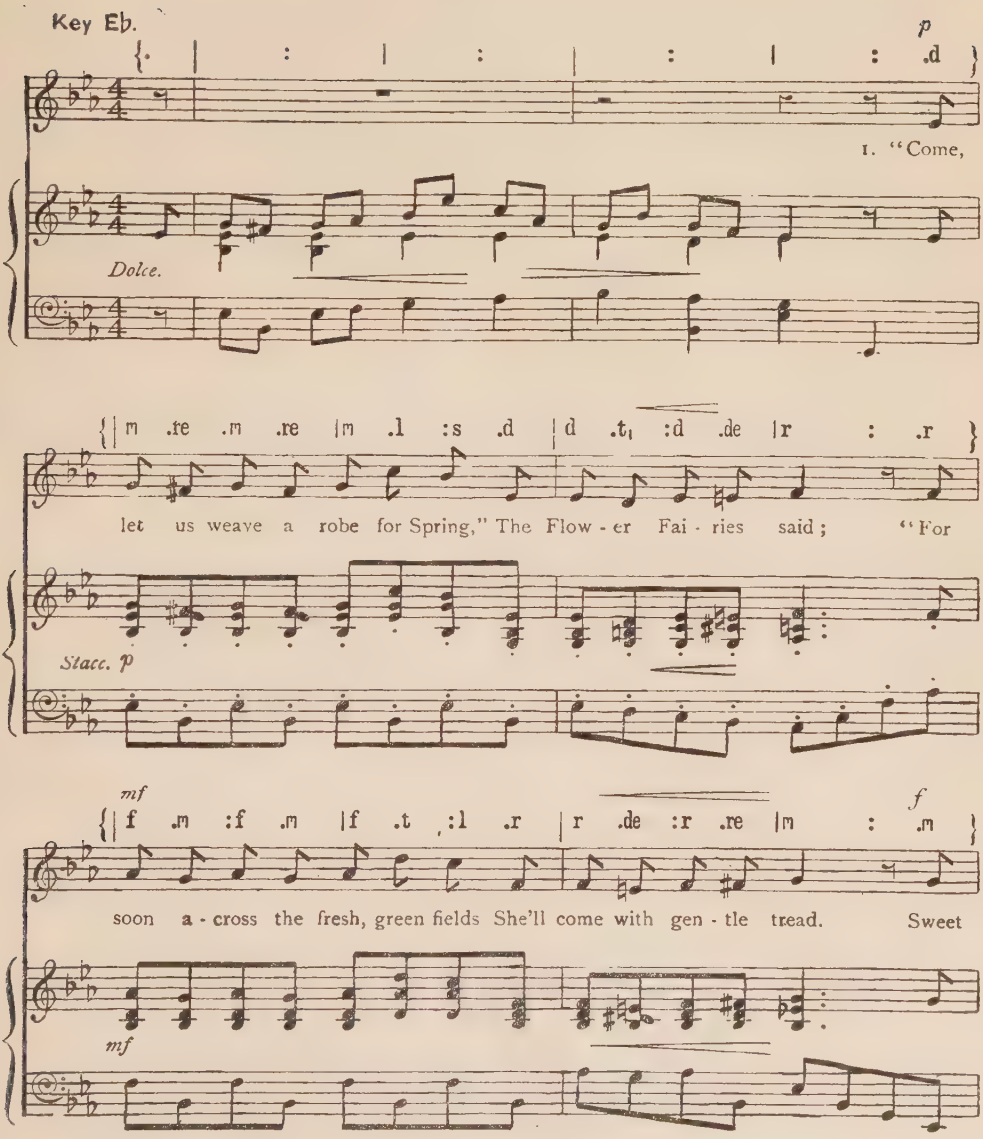
THE VIOLETS.

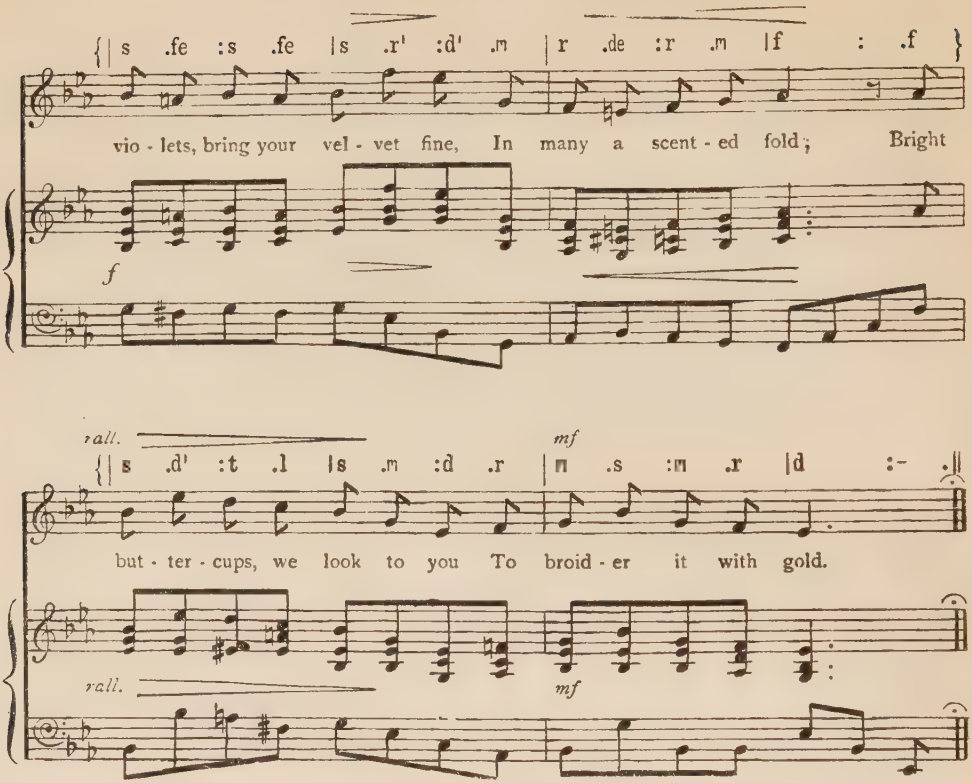
Right in the midst of a lonely wood,
A mile from the busy street,
Nobody knew that violets blue
Were making the woodland sweet.
Modestly hiding their dainty heads
Under the leaves of green,
Nobody guessed of flowers at rest
Where soft beds of moss were seen.

Only the sunshine had found them out,
Making them raise their eyes,
Nobody dreamed of blossoms that seemed
A sudden and sweet surprise.
Down through the wood came a happy song,
And running of footsteps fleet,
Somebody stayed—a dear little maid :—
Who gathered the violets sweet.

From "The Schoolmistress."

(10) SPRING'S ROBE.


Key Eb.
p
1. "Come,
Dolce.
let us weave a robe for Spring," The Flow - er Fai - ries said; "For
Stacc. p
mf
f
soon a - cross the fresh, green fields She'll come with gen - tle tread. Sweet
mf


s .fe :s .fe |s .r' :d' .m |r .de :r .m |f : .f
vio - lets, bring your vel - vet fine, In many a scent - ed fold; Bright
f
rall.
mf
s .d' :t .l |s .m :d .r |m .s :m .r |d :-
but - ter - cups, we look to you To broid - er it with gold.
rall.
mf

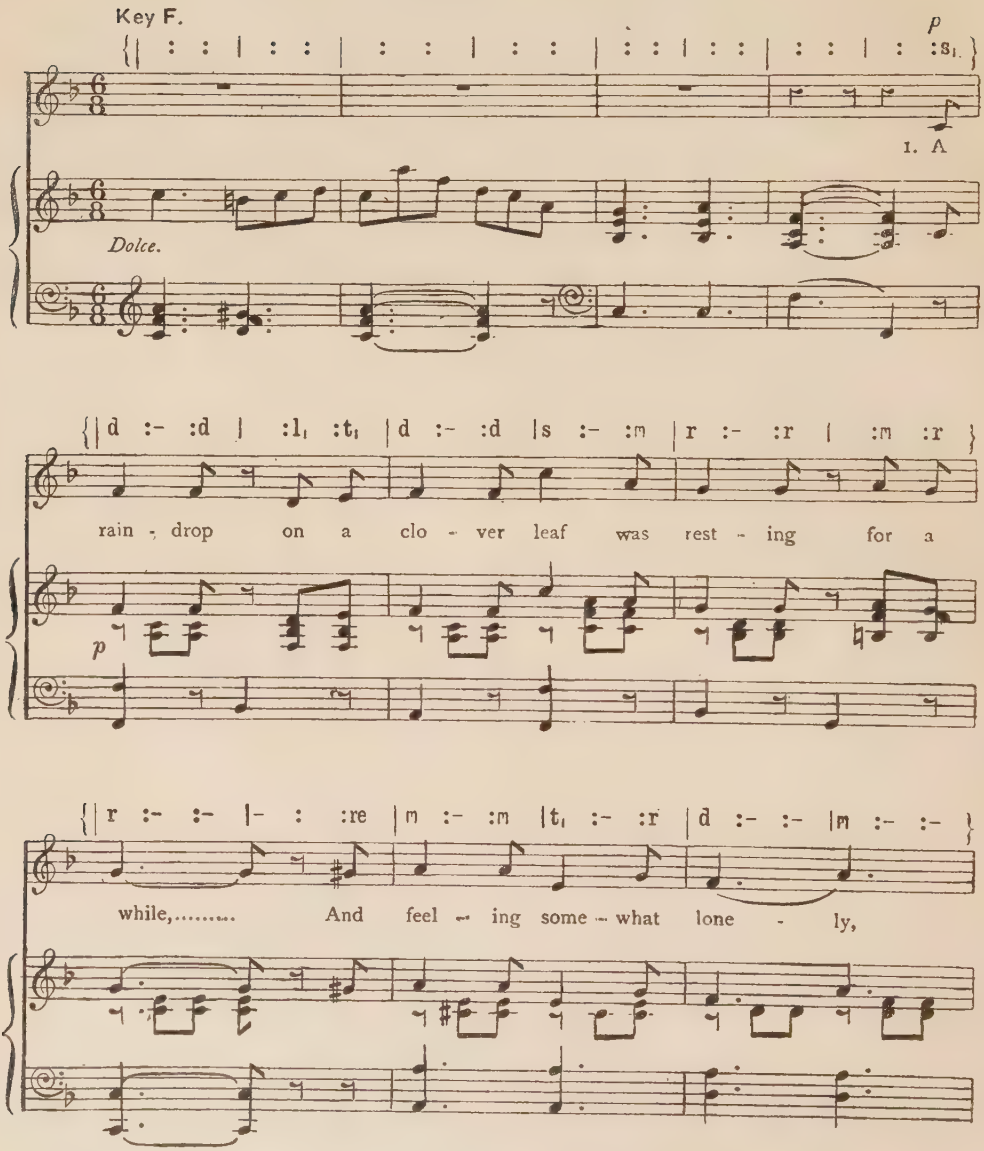
SPRING'S ROBE.

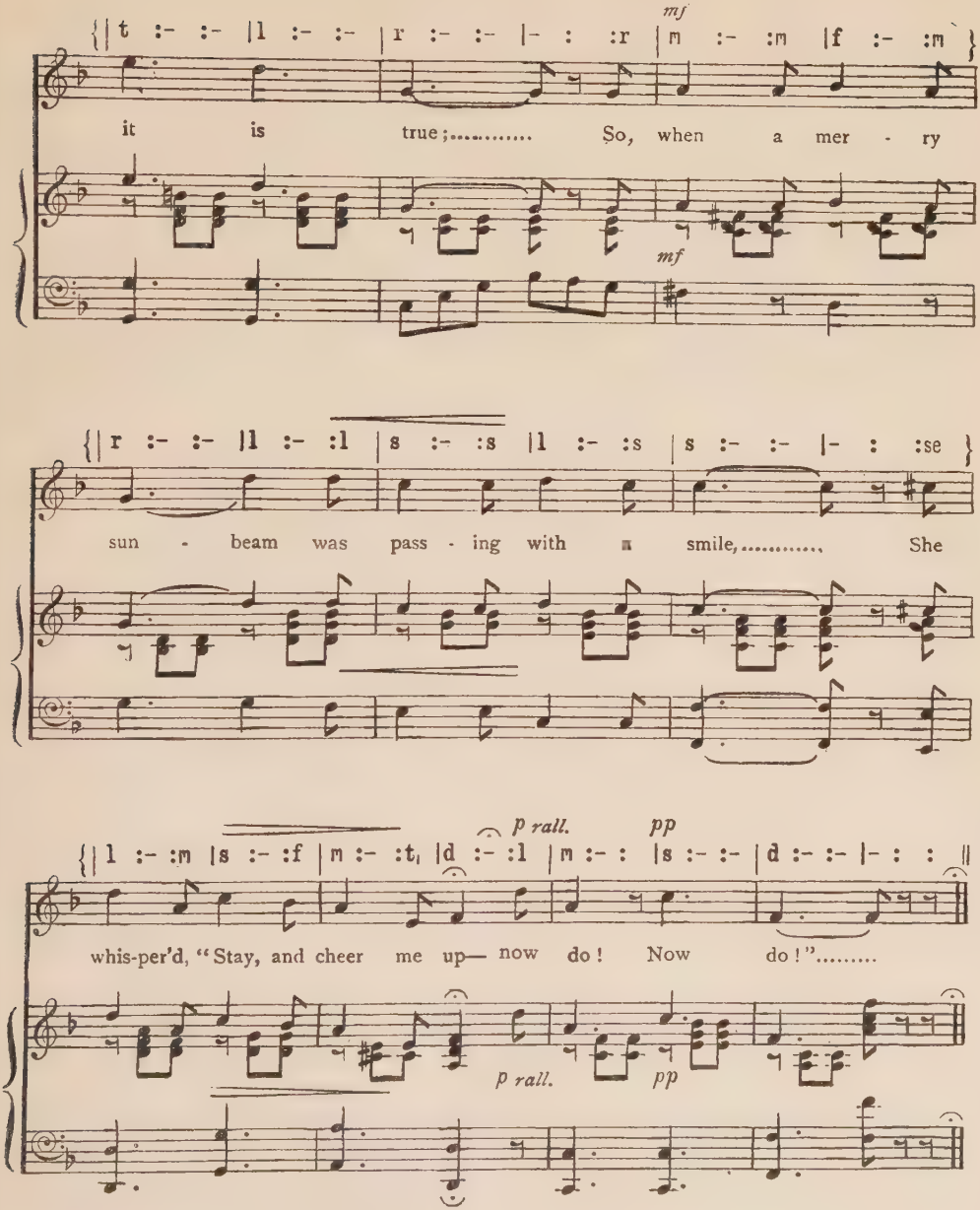
"Come, let us weave a robe for Spring,"
The Flower Fairies said;
"For soon across the fresh, green fields
She'll come with gentle tread.
Sweet violets, bring your velvet fine,
In many a scented fold;
Bright buttercups, we look to you
To broider it with gold.

" Dear daisies, lend your lacy frills,
As white as drifted snow ;
And over all a mantle wide
Of new green leaves we'll throw.
Gay daffodils shall bind her crown ;
A perfumed hawthorn spray
Shall be her sceptre ; and her orb
A ball of cowslips gay."

From " The Schoolmistress."

(11) THE TIRED RAINDROP.




mf
t :- :- |l :- :- | r :- :- |- : :r | m :- :m |f :- :m
it is true;..... So, when a mer - ry
mf
r :- :- |l :- :l | s :- :s |l :- :s | s :- :- |- : :se
sun - beam was pass - ing with a smile,..... She
p rall. pp
l :- :m |s :- :f | m :- :t, |d :- :l | m :- : |s :- :- | d :- :- |- : :
whis-per'd, "Stay, and cheer me up— now do! Now do!".....
p rall. pp

THE TIRED RAINDROP

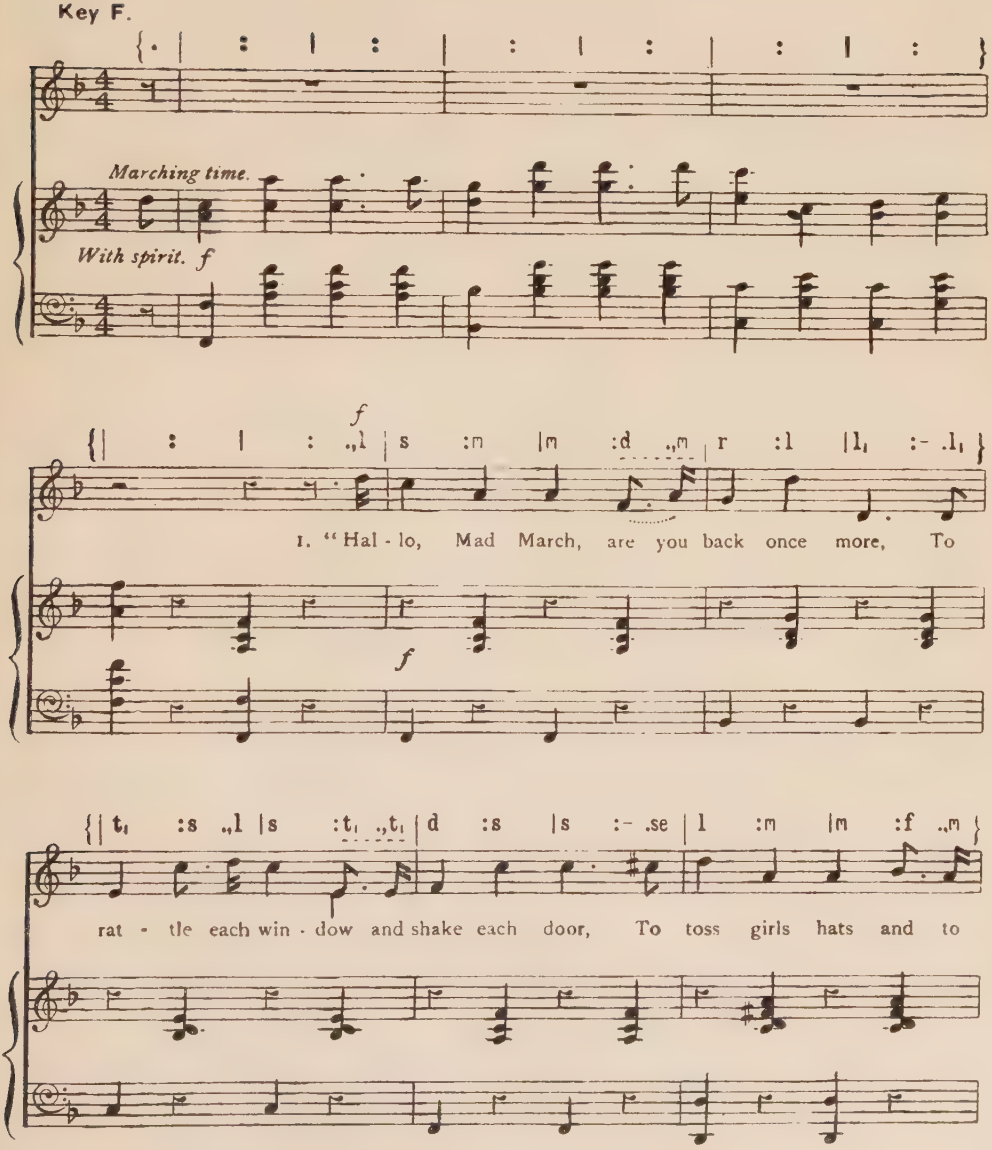
A raindrop on a clover leaf was resting for a while,
And feeling somewhat lonely, it is true ;
So, when a merry sunbeam was passing with a smile,
She whisper'd, " Stay and cheer me up—now do !
Now do ! "

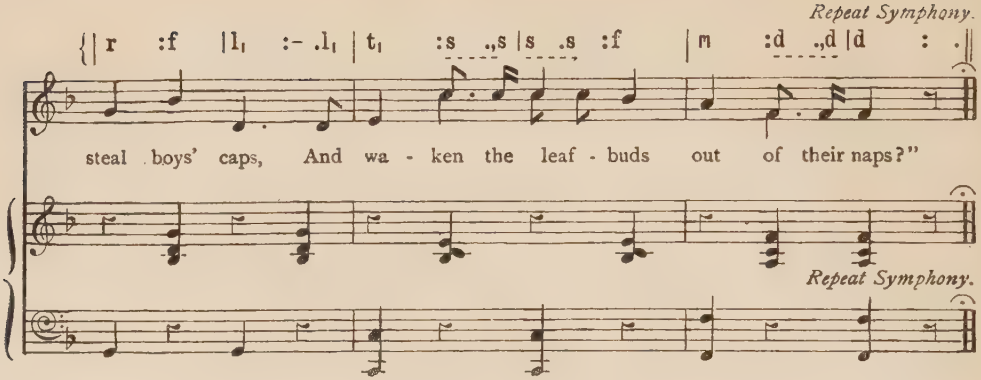
The sunbeam kissed her shining face and lingered by her side,
" Wherever did you come from, dear raindrop ? "
" I came from distant Cloudland," the weary drop replied ;
" It seemed as if the wind just said, ' Don't stop !
Don't stop ! '

" Then others came on after me and called out, ' What is wrong ? '
But down, and down, and down, I *had* to fall ;
And I am very weary, the way has seemed so long,
I thought I'd take a little rest, that's all,
That's all ! "

From " The Schoolmistress."

(12) MAD MARCH.


Key F.
Marching time.
With spirit. f
f
1. "Hal - lo, Mad March, are you back once more, To
f
rat - tle each win - dow and shake each door, To toss girls hats and to



MAD MARCH.

" Hallo, Mad March, are you back once more,
To rattle each window and shake each door,
To toss girls' hats and to steal boys' caps,
And waken the leaf-buds out of their naps ? "

" Hallo, Spring World," Mad March cries out,
" 'Tis time I was here without a doubt !
You lazy flowers, come and shake your gowns,
Or else all my smiles will turn into frowns."

Away he goes o'er the fields so green,
To banks where the violets lurk unseen,
And pulls the leaves from each flower face,
Till there they stand in scented grace.

Along the road then he swiftly flies,
And drives the white dust right in our eyes ;
He twists the vane on the steeples tall,
It grows so giddy it's fit to fall.

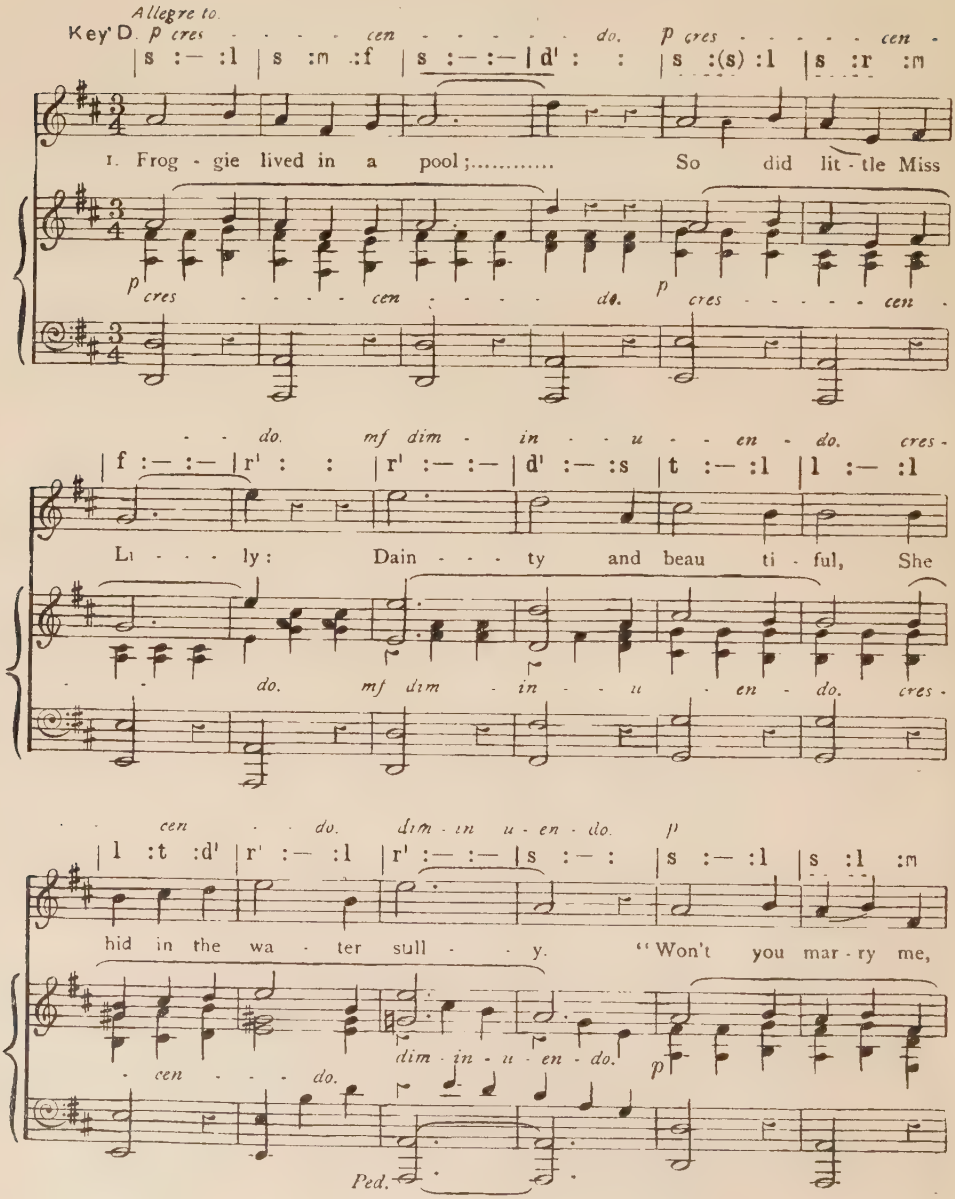
" Good-bye," he shouts, in his mighty voice,
" I'm going at last ! You'll all rejoice.
But though I'm rough, it is only fun,
My work you will find is quite well done."

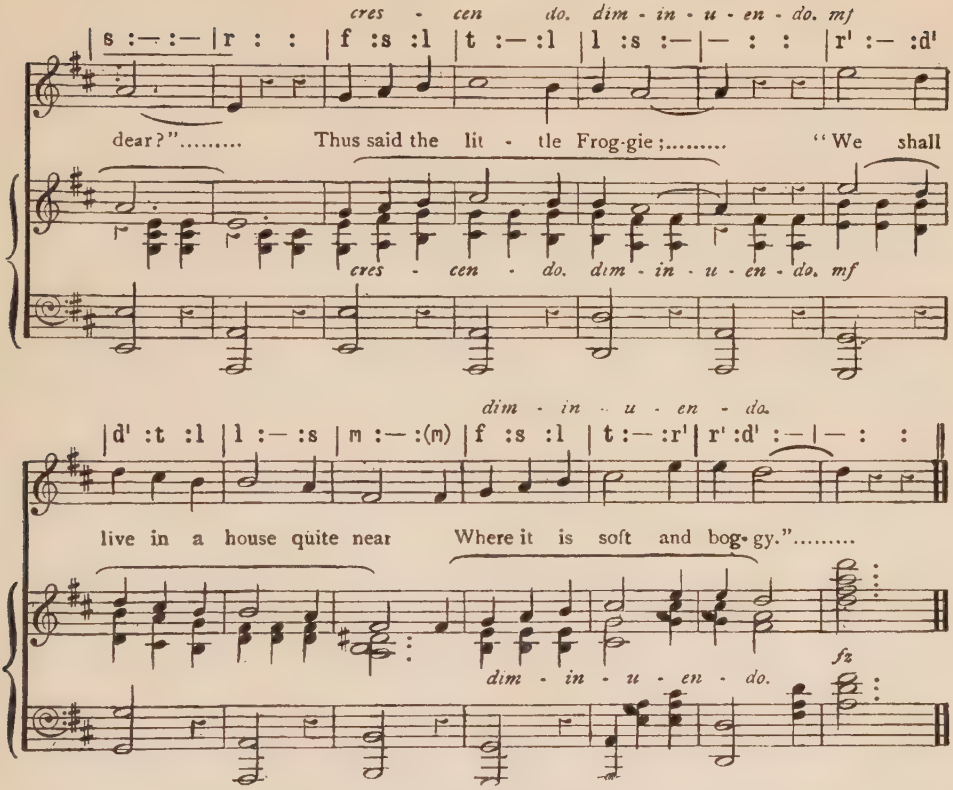
From " The Schoolmistress."

PART II

Summer

(13) FROGGIE'S WOOING.


Allegro to.
Key D.
1. Frog - gie lived in a pool;..... So did lit - tle Miss
Li - - - ly: Dain - - - ty and beau ti - ful, She
hid in the wa - ter sull - - - y. "Won't you mar - ry me,
Ped.


cres - cen do. dim - in - u - en - do. mf
dear?"..... Thus said the lit - tle Frog-gie;..... "We shall
cres - cen - do. dim - in - u - en - do. mf
dim - in - u - en - do.
live in a house quite near Where it is soft and bog-gy.".....
fz
dim - in - u - en - do.

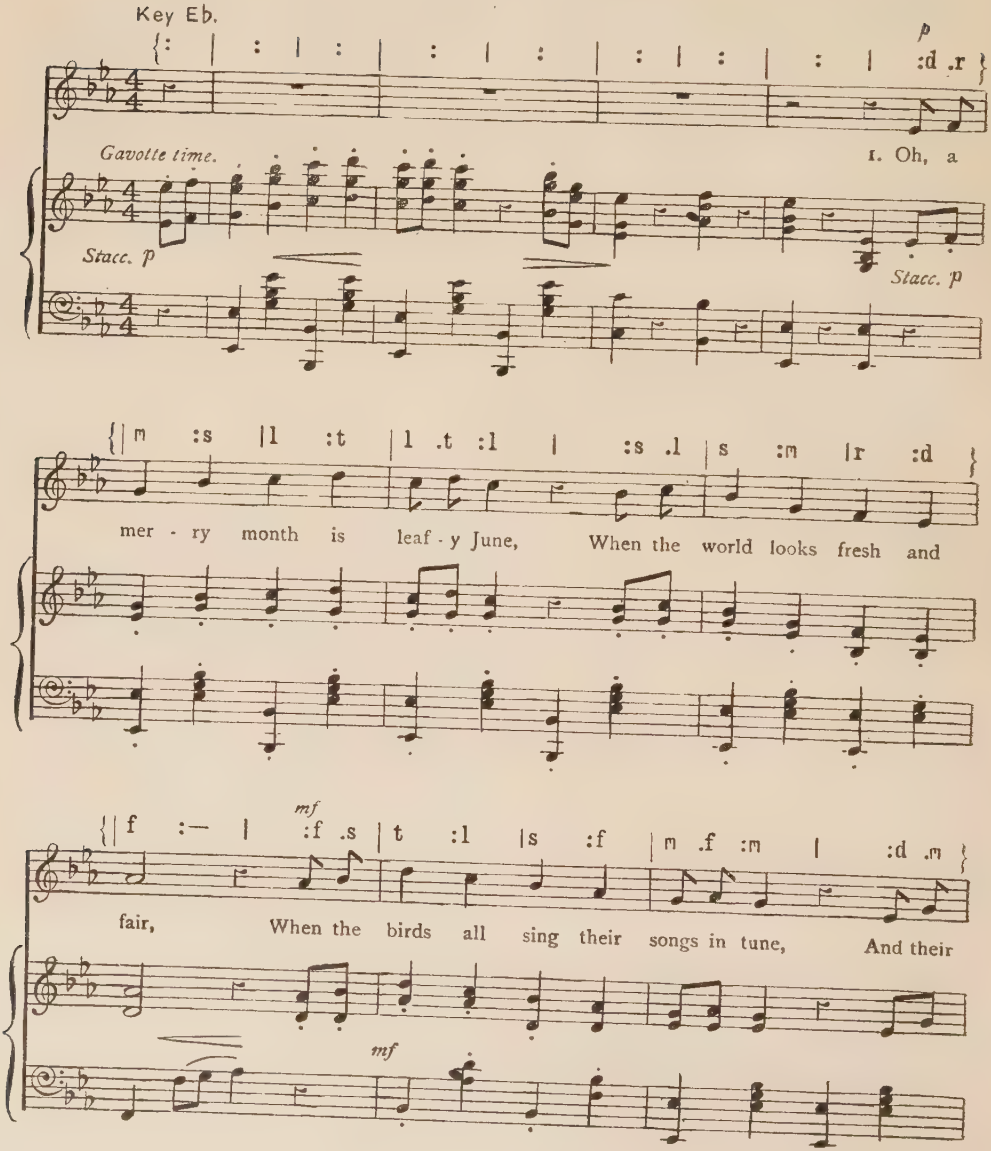
FROGGIE'S WOOING.

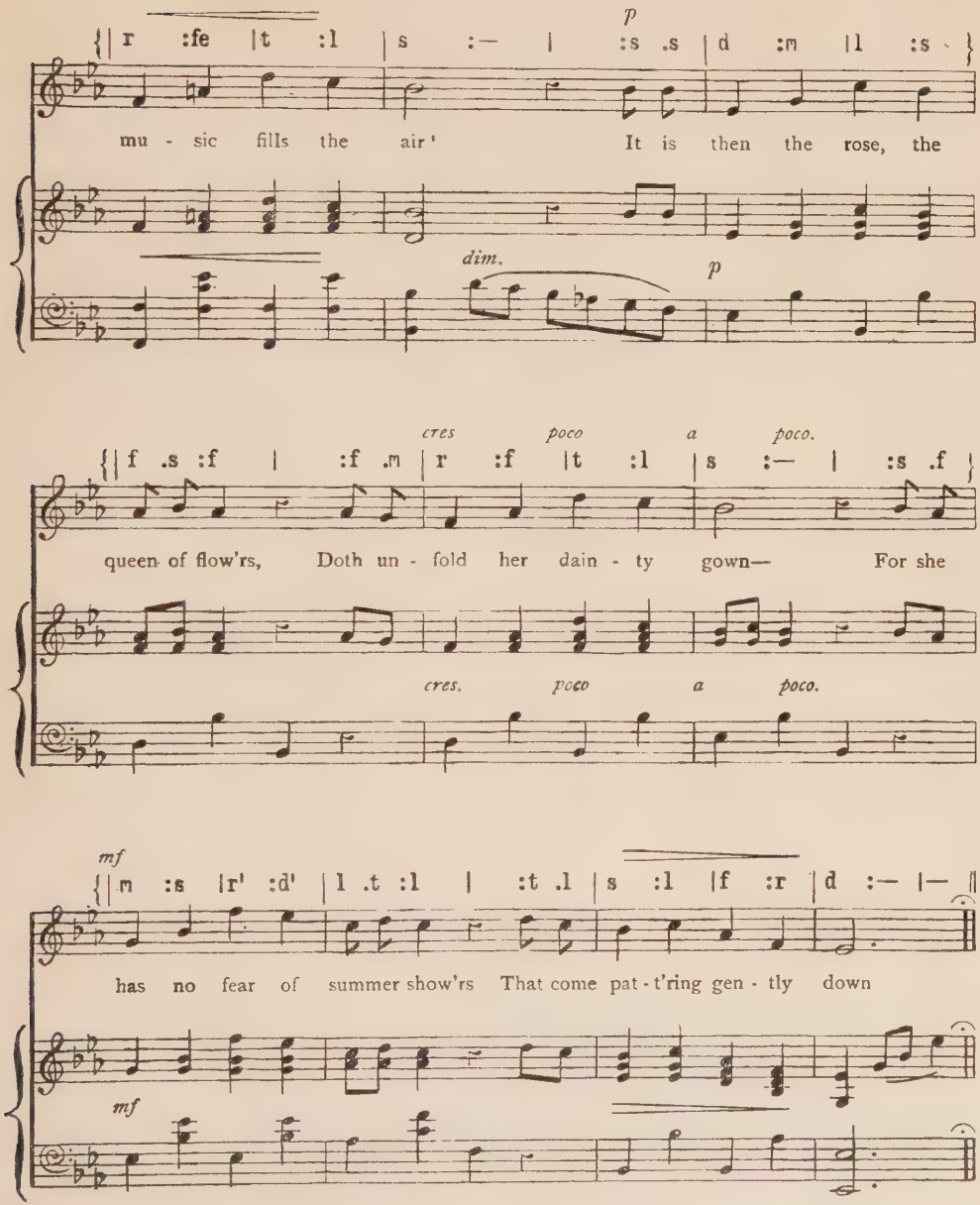
Froggie lived in a pool;
So did little Miss Lily:
Dainty and beautiful,
She hid in the water stilly.
"Won't you marry me, dear?"
Thus said the little Froggie;
"We shall live in a house quite near
Where it is soft and boggy."
"Thank you, Froggie," she said,
Spreading her dress all frilly,
"But I'm engaged to wed
A gentleman Water Lily.

Do not sorrow, I pray;
Go to your home all boggy,
Then please choose for yourself to-day
A dear little lady Froggie."
"Thank you, Lily," said he,
From the bank all shady,
"It surely seems to me
That you are a wise young lady.
For if you lived my life,
Never in one place stopping,
I should really require a wife
Who knew how to do some hopping."

From "The Schoolmistress."

(14) LEAFY JUNE.


Key Eb.
p
:d .r
Gavotte time.
1. Oh, a
Stacc. p
Stacc. p
m :s |l :t |l .t :l | :s .l |s :m |r :d
mer - ry month is leaf - y June, When the world looks fresh and
mf
f :— | :f .s |t :l |s :f |m .f :m | :d .m
fair, When the birds all sing their songs in tune, And their
mf


p
r :fe |t :l | s :— | :s .s | d :m |l :s
mu - sic fills the air' It is then the rose, the
dim.
p
cres poco a poco.
f .s :f | :f .m | r :f |t :l | s :— | :s .f
queen of flow'rs, Doth un - fold her dain - ty gown— For she
cres. poco a poco.
mf
m :s |r' :d' | l .t :l | :t .l | s :l |f :r | d :— |—
has no fear of summer show'rs That come pat - t'ring gen - tly down
mf

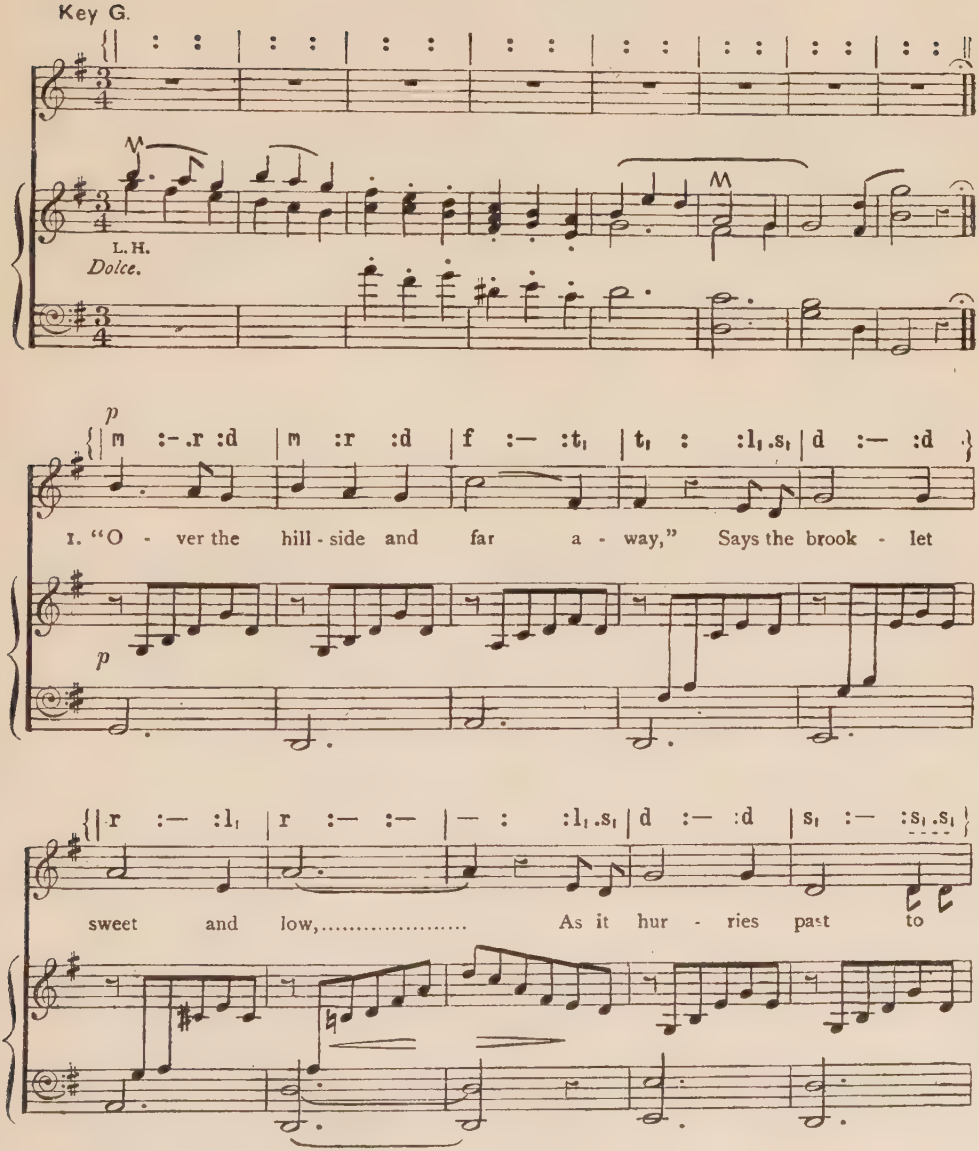
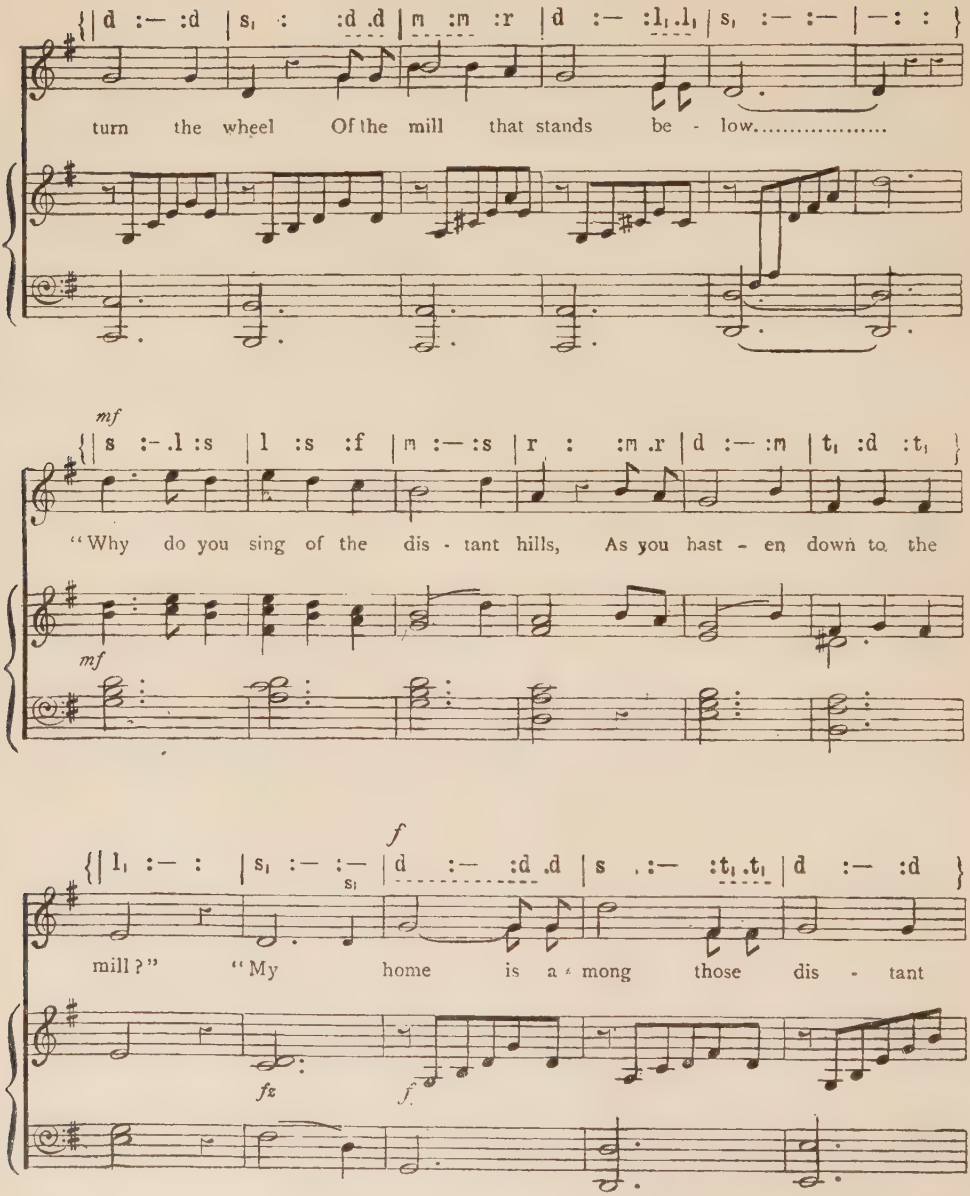
LEAFY JUNE.

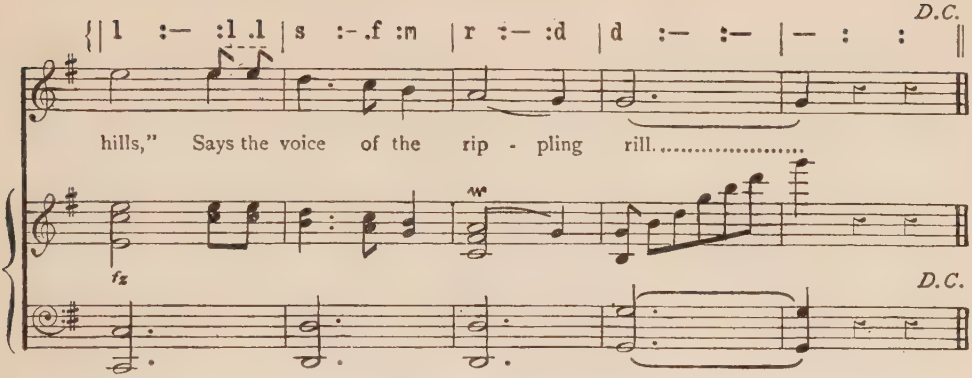
Oh, a merry month is leafy June,
When the world looks fresh and fair,
When the birds all sing their songs in tune,
And their music fills the air!
It is then the rose, the queen of flow'rs,
Doth unfold her dainty gown—
For she has no fear of summer show'rs
That come patt'ring gently down.

Then the sweet-pea shows her blossoms bright,
Like a butterfly's gay wings,
Gaily dancing each bright summer-day,
To the air the skylark sings.
June has decked the trees in brightest green,
She has bathed the grass in dew;
And the wee, white clouds at play are seen
In the sky-fields wide and blue.

From "The Schoolmistress."

(15) THE BROOKLET.


Key G.
L. H.
Dolce.
p
m :- .r :d | m :r :d | f :— :t, | t, : :l, .s, | d :— :d
1. "O - ver the hill - side and far a - way," Says the brook - let
p
r :— :l, | r :— :— | — : :l, .s, | d :— :d | s, :— :s, .s,
sweet and low,..... As it hur - ries past to

d :— :d | s, : :d .d | m :m :r | d :— :l, .l, | s, :— :— | —: : |
turn the wheel Of the mill that stands be - low.....
mf
s :— .l :s | l :s :f | m :— :s | r : :m .r | d :— :m | t, :d :t, |
"Why do you sing of the dis - tant hills, As you hast - en down to the
mf
f
l, :— : | s, :— :— | d :— :d .d | s :— :t, .t, | d :— :d |
mill?" "My home is a - mong those dis - tant
fz
f

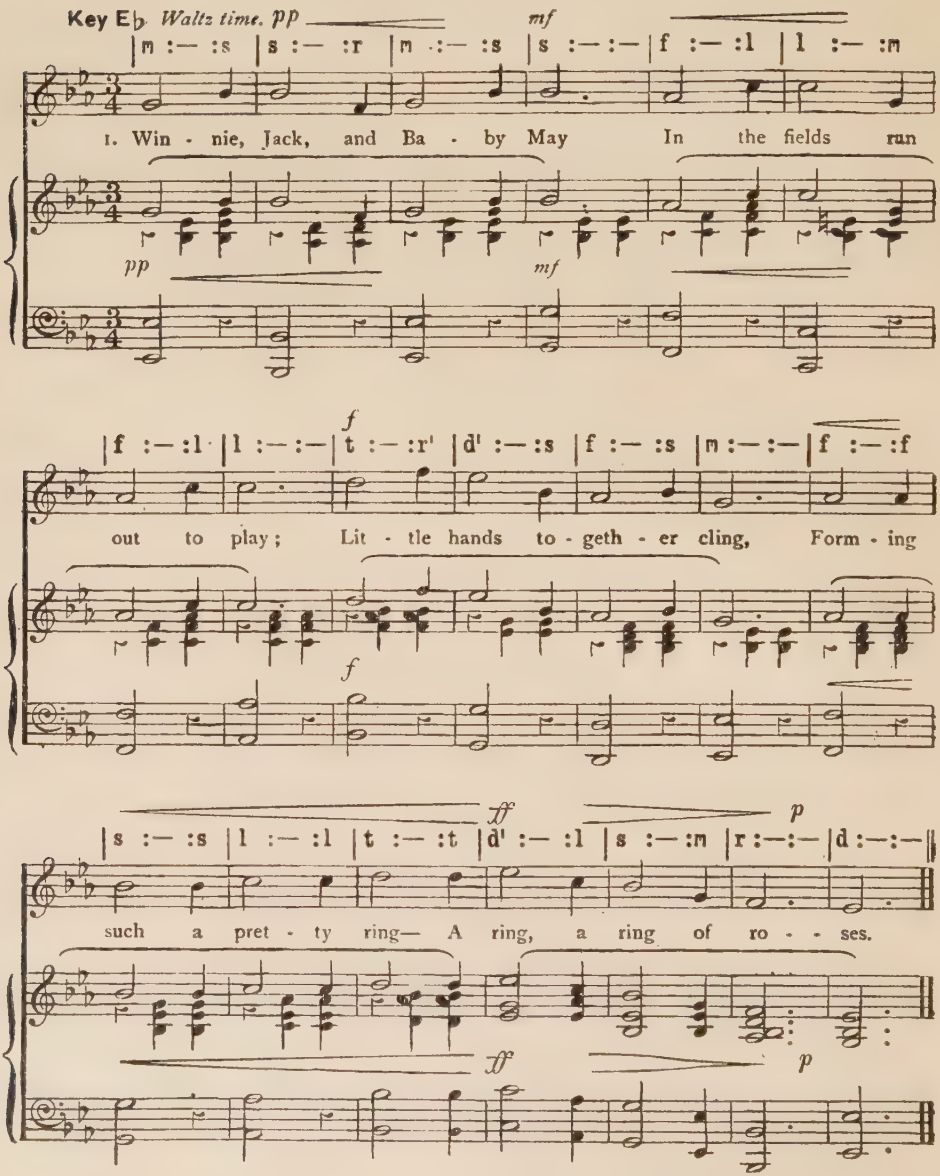


THE BROOKLET.

"Over the hillside and far away,"
Says the brooklet sweet and low,
As it hurries past to turn the wheel
Of the mill that stands below.
"Why do you sing of the distant hills,
As you hasten down to the mill?"
"My home is among those distant hills,"
Says the voice of the rippling rill.

"But I grew tired of my quiet home,
And I longed to travel far;
So I made a path down the steep hill-side
That sparkled with snow like a star.
And, very often, I've longed in vain
To go back the way that I've come,
But I'll ne'er return, so each day I'll toil
And sing of my mountain home."

From "The Schoolmistress."

(16) "A RING OF ROSES."

Key E♭ Waltz time. pp
mf
| m :— :s | s :— :r | m :— :s | s :— :— | f :— :l | l :— :m
1. Win - nie, Jack, and Ba - by May In the fields run
pp
mf
f
| f :— :l | l :— :— | t :— :r' | d' :— :s | f :— :s | m :— :— | f :— :f
out to play; Lit - tle hands to - geth - er cling, Form - ing
f
ff
p
| s :— :s | l :— :l | t :— :t | d' :— :l | s :— :m | r :— :— | d :— :—
such a pret - ty ring— A ring, a ring of ro - - ses.
ff
p

"A RING OF ROSES."

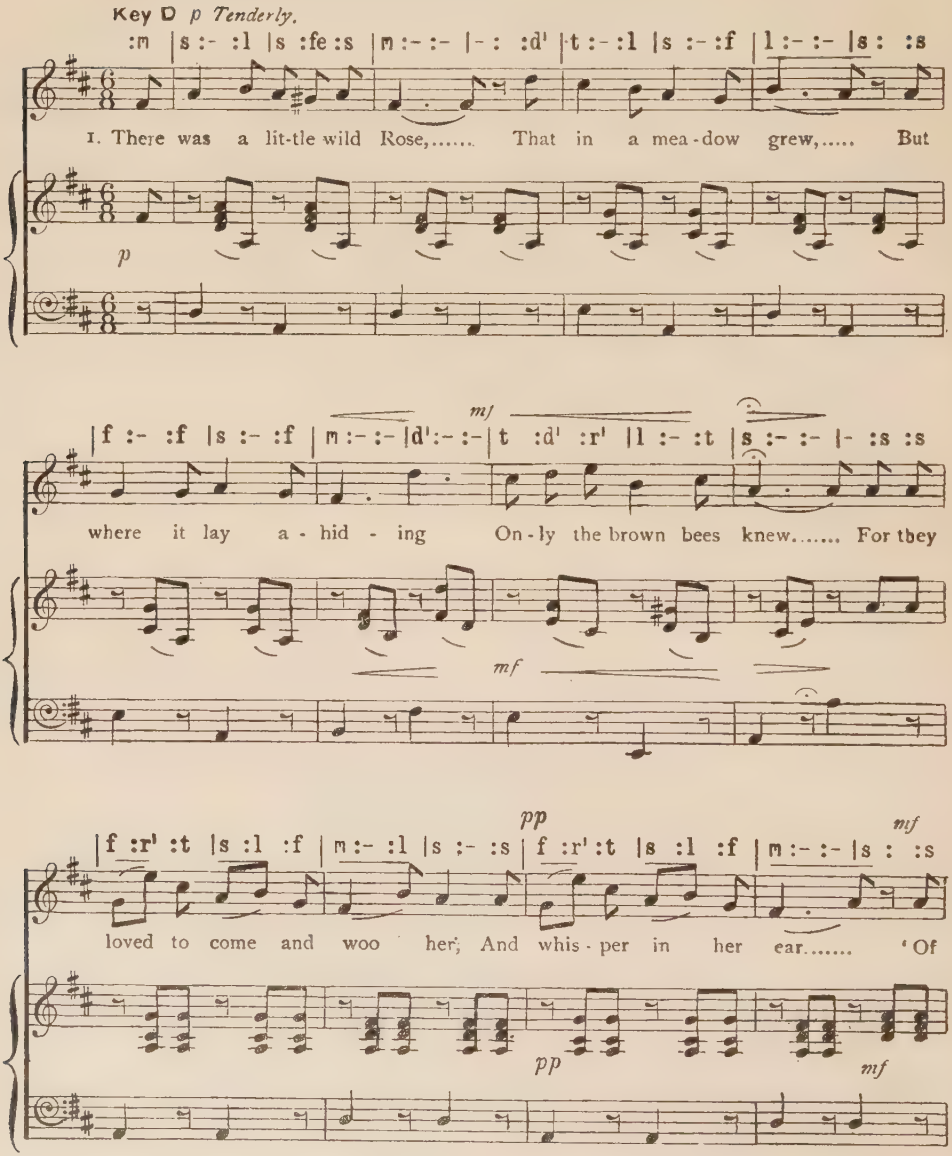
Winnie, Jack, and Baby May
In the fields run out to play;
Little hands together cling,
Forming such a pretty ring,—
A ring, a ring of roses.

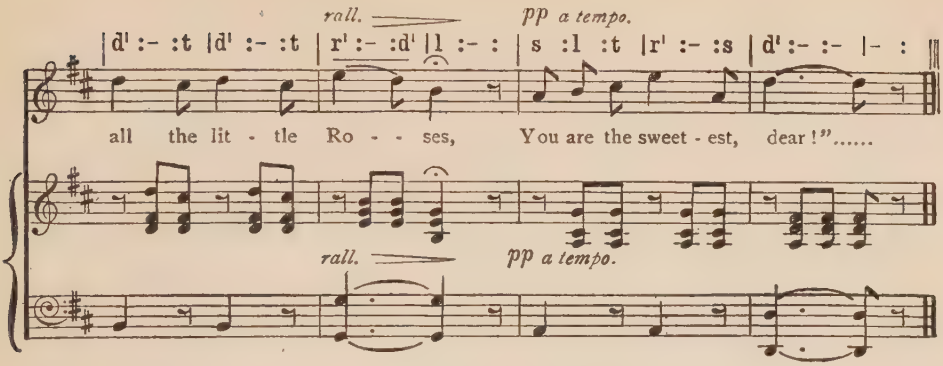
Daisies peep from out the grass
Just to see the children pass,
And 'tis good indeed to hear
Laughing voices ringing clear,—
A ring, a ring of roses.

Round and round the merry feet
Trip upon the meadow sweet,
And the birdies hush their song
And the children dance along,—
A ring, a ring of roses.

Then the streamlet crooning near
Catches up the voices clear,
And all nature seems to sing
With the merry, laughing ring,—
A ring, a ring of roses.

From "The Child's Companion," 1906.

(17) THE LITTLE WILD ROSE.

Key D p Tenderly.
:m |s :- :l |s :fe :s |m :- :- |- : :d' |t :- :l |s :- :f |l :- :- |s : :s
1. There was a lit-tle wild Rose,..... That in a mea-dow grew,..... But
p
mf
|f :- :f |s :- :f |m :- :- |d' :- :- |t :d' :r' |l :- :t |s :- :- |- :s :s
where it lay a - hid - ing On-ly the brown bees knew..... For they
mf
pp
mf
|f :r' :t |s :l :f |m :- :l |s :- :s |f :r' :t |s :l :f |m :- :- |s : :s
loved to come and woo her, And whis - per in her ear..... 'Of
pp
mf



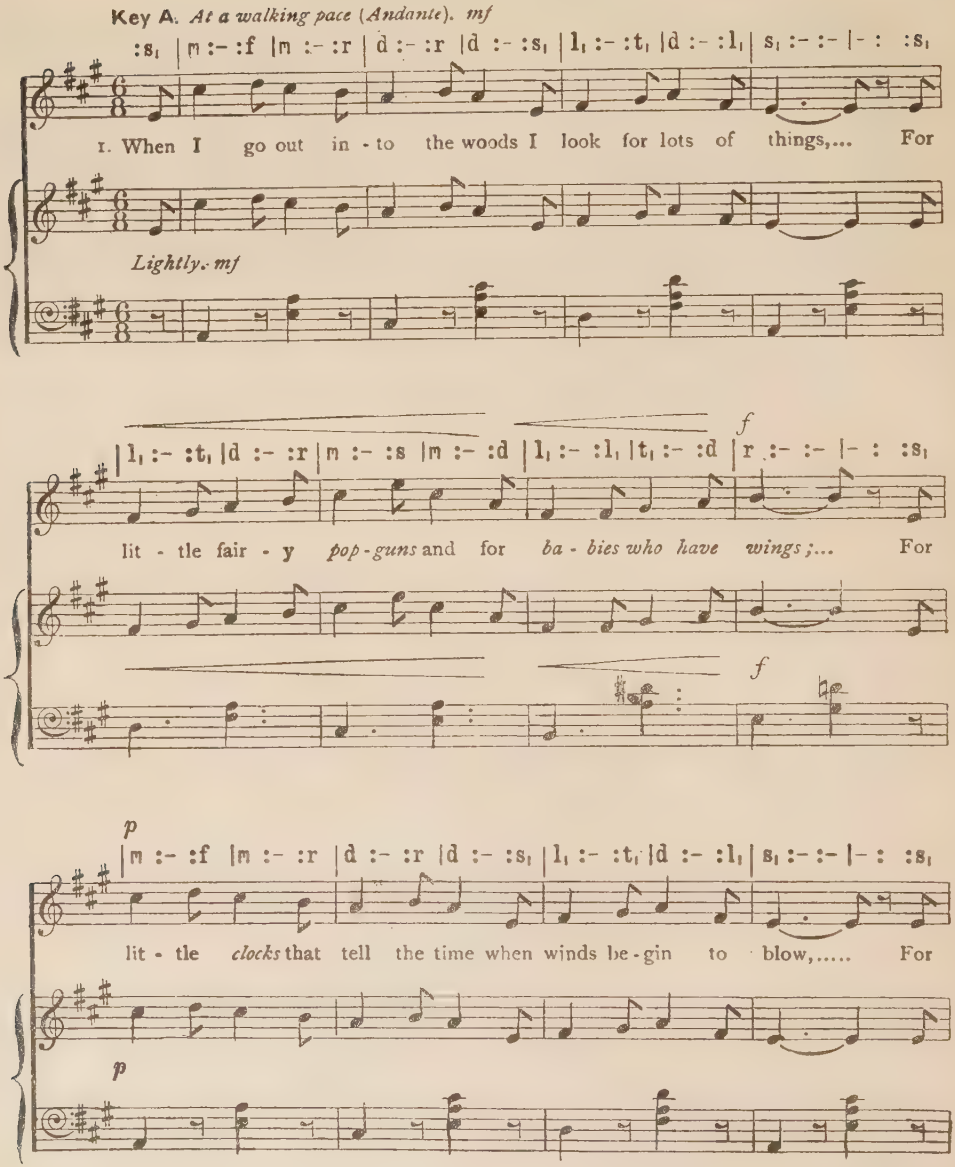
THE LITTLE WILD ROSE.

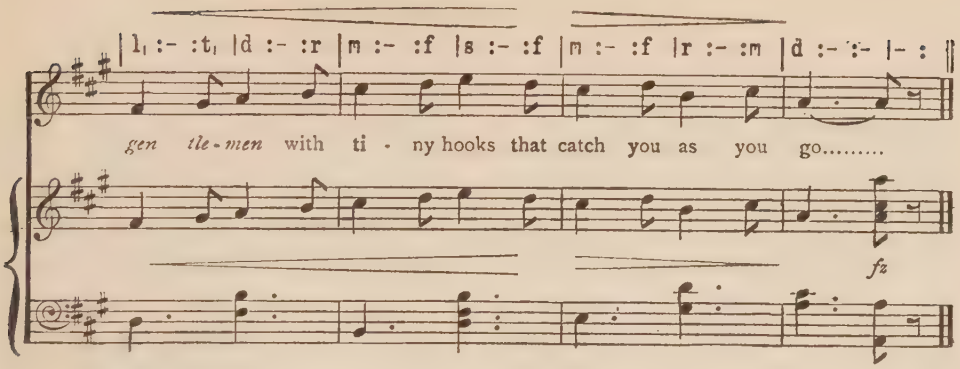
There was a little Wild Rose
That in a meadow grew,
But where it lay a-hiding
Only the brown bees knew.
For they loved to come and woo her,
And whisper in her ear,
" Of all the little Roses
You are the sweetest, dear ! "

But soon the little Wild Rose
Began to droop her head.
The bees were gone that woo'd her ;
" She's not so sweet," they said.
But a little wind came sighing
And whispered low and clear,
" Of all the little Roses
You're still the sweetest, dear "

From " The Schoolmistress."

(18) IN THE WOODS.


Key A. At a walking pace (Andante). mf
1. When I go out in - to the woods I look for lots of things,... For
Lightly. mf
lit - tle fair - y pop - guns and for ba - bies who have wings;... For
lit - tle clocks that tell the time when winds be - gin to blow,..... For



IN THE WOODS.

When I go out into the woods I look for lots of things,—
For little fairy popguns,[1] and for babies who have wings ;[2]
For little clocks that tell the time[3] when winds begin to blow ;
For gentlemen with tiny hooks[4] that catch you as you go.

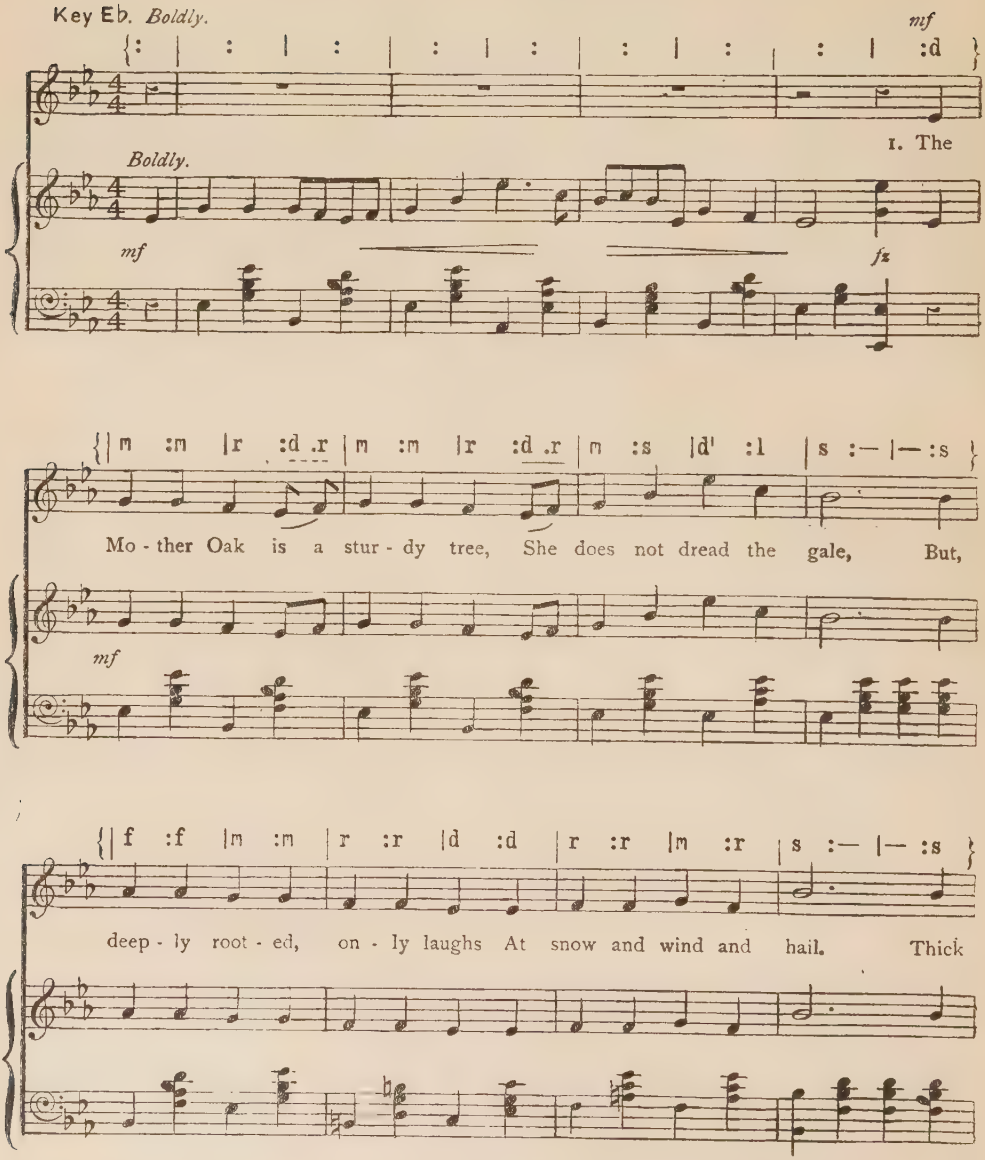
I see the little mannikin whose house is on his back,[5]
He crawls along the mossy wall and leaves a silver track.
And, looking in the pretty pond where water lilies float,
I see a little boatman[6] who is rowing in his boat.

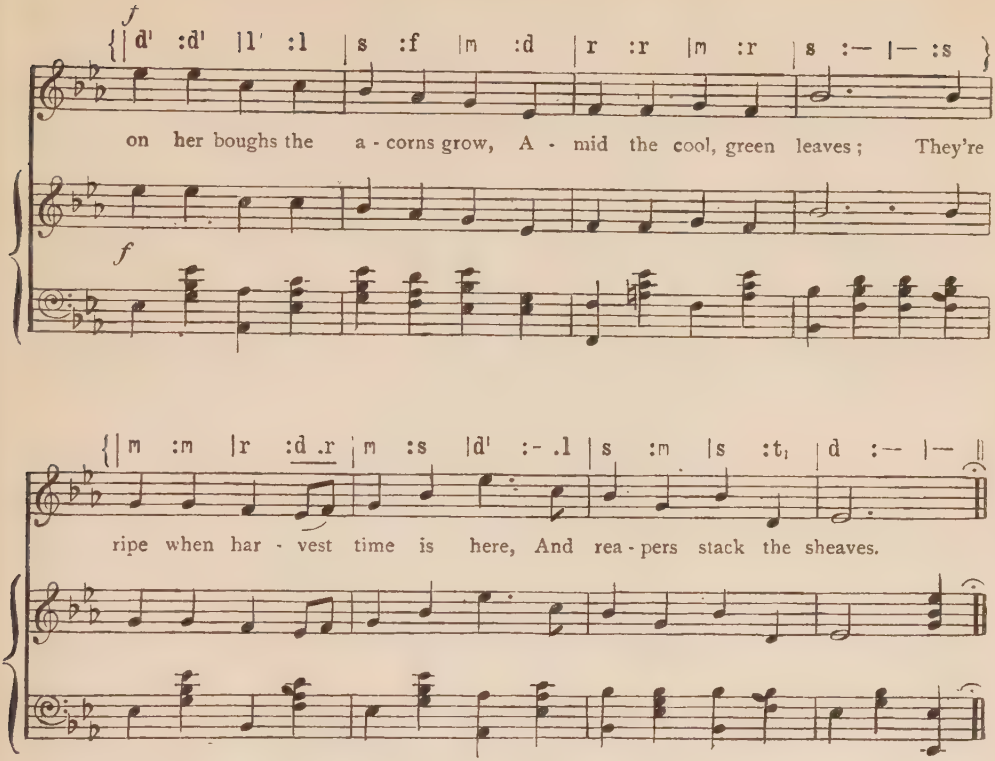
I see a lady sentinel[7] beside the ivy wall ;
She guards the very little flowers, she is so straight and tall,
She has a lot of pinky bells all lined with silky hair,—
And people say they are the gloves for Fairy Folk to wear.

From "The Schoolmistress."

[1] Gorse seed pods. [2] Sycamore winged seeds. [3] Seeds of dandelion. [4] Goosegrass. [5] Snail. [6] Water-boatman. [7] Foxglove.

(19) THE MOTHER OAK


Key Eb. Boldly.
mf
1. The
Boldly.
mf
fz
Mo - ther Oak is a stur - dy tree, She does not dread the gale, But,
mf
deep - ly root - ed, on - ly laughs At snow and wind and hail. Thick


f
d' :d' |l' :l |s :f |m :d |r :r |m :r |s :— |— :s
on her boughs the a - corns grow, A - mid the cool, green leaves; They're
f
m :m |r :d .r |m :s |d' :- .l |s :m |s :t, |d :— |—
ripe when har - vest time is here, And rea - pers stack the sheaves.

THE MOTHER OAK.

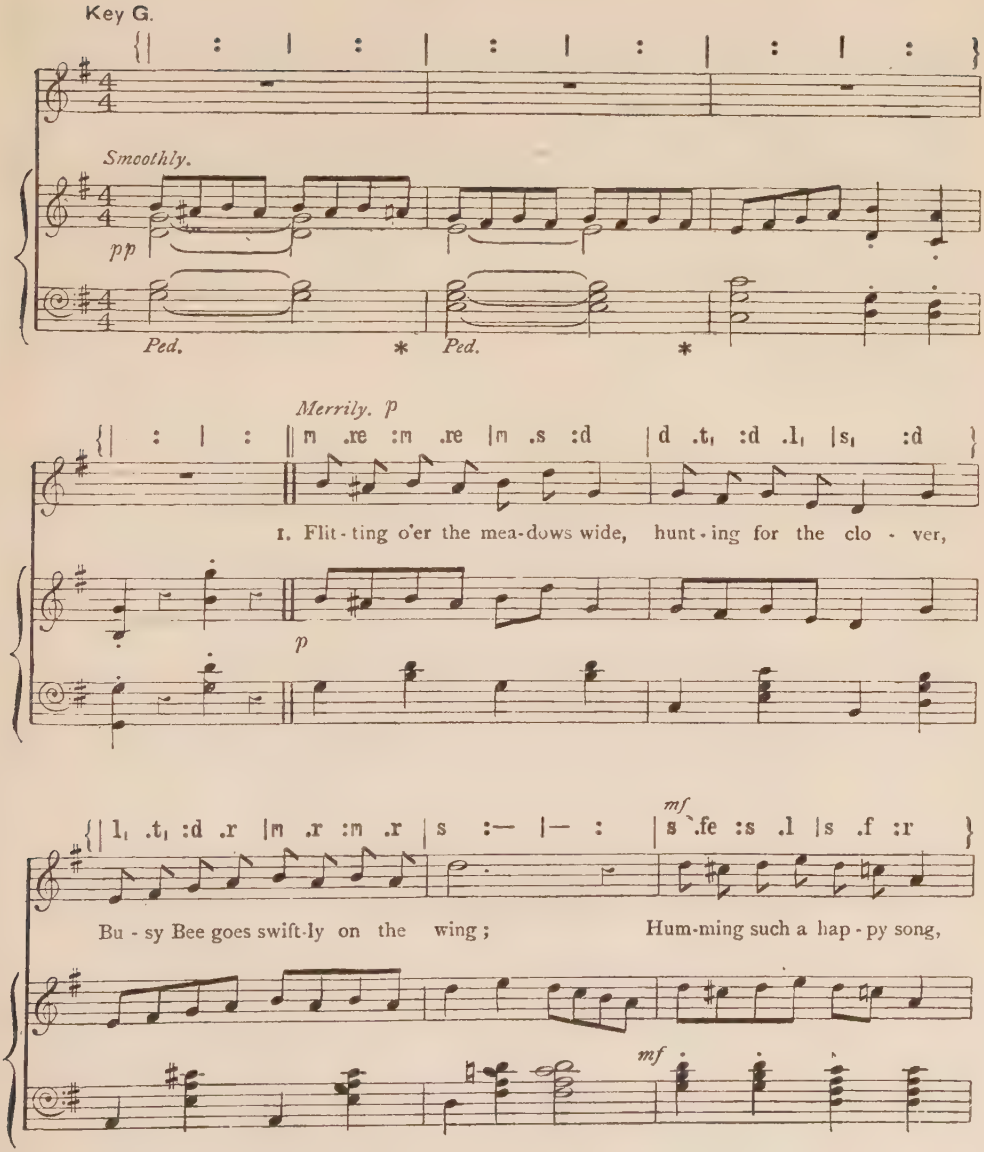
The Mother Oak is a sturdy tree,
  She does not dread the gale,
But, deeply rooted, only laughs
  At snow and wind and hail.
Thick on her boughs the acorns grow
  Amid the cool, green leaves;
They're ripe when harvest-time is here
  And reapers stack the sheaves.

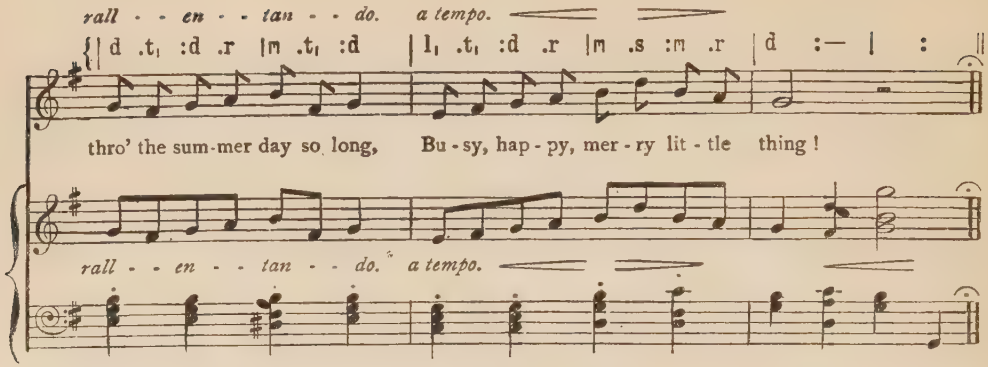
Each acorn has a cosy cup
That holds him on his bough,
But soon he'll tumble from his perch—
The wind is rising now!
The Mother Oak it cannot harm,
For she is far too strong;
But, in a rage, it tears her leaves
And hoots both loud and long.

Then, with full many a hearty bump,
The little acorns fall;
Some in their cups, and some without!
For help they cannot call.
The Mother Oak is not afraid
The tumbling nuts to see,
For in new homes she hopes each one
Will grow a sturdy tree!

From "The Schoolmistress."

(20) BUSY BEE.


Key G.
Smoothly.
pp
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
Merrily. p
m .re :m .re |m .s :d | d .t, :d .l, |s, :d
1. Flit - ting o'er the mea-dows wide, hunt - ing for the clo - ver,
p
l, .t, :d .r |m .r :m .r | s :— |— : | mf s .fe :s .l |s .f :r
Bu - sy Bee goes swift-ly on the wing; Hum-ming such a hap - py song,
mf



BUSY BEE.

Flitting o'er the meadows wide, hunting for the clover,
Busy Bee goes swiftly on the wing;
Humming such a happy song, thro' the summer day so long,
Busy, happy, merry little thing!

Swinging on the blossoms sweet, seeking for their honey,
Busy Bee has such a jolly time!
Buzzing through the scented air, o'er my garden gay and fair,
Hurrying to his home beneath the lime.

Busy Bee can answer us, flitting through the flowers,
"Do you think my life is all good fun?
Though, I own, 'tis pleasant work, yet my task I cannot shirk
Till the summer day is nearly done!"

From "The Schoolmistress."

(21) OFF TO POPPY-LAND.

Key F. *f Lively.*

:s, | d :- :d | r :d :r | m :- :l | s :- :s .f | m :s :m | r :- :l, | r :- :- | - : :s,

1. The first train leaves at six p. m. For the land where the pop - py blows,..... And

f

| d :- :d | r :d :r | m :- :l | s :- :s .s | fe :m :r | fe :- :l | s :- :- | - : :s

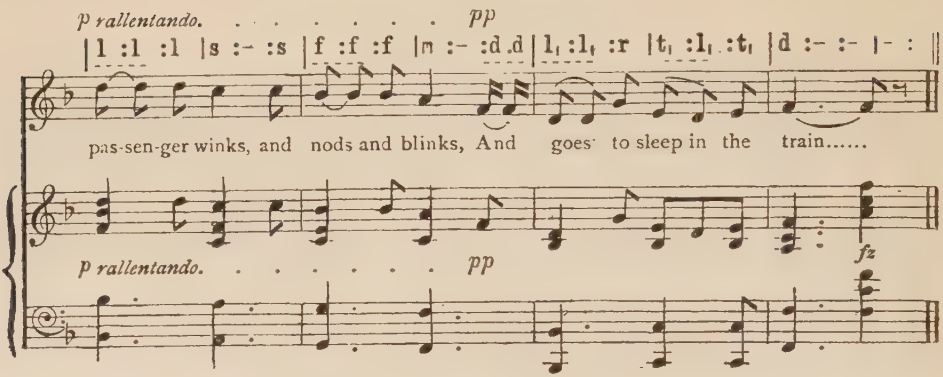
mf

mo - ther dear is the en - gin - eer, And the pas - sen - ger laughs and crows !..... The

mf

| d :- :l | s :- :m | d :- :l | s :- :m | d :r :m | r :- :l, | r :- :- | - : :s

pal - ace car is mo - ther's arms, The whis - tle a low sweet strain ;..... The



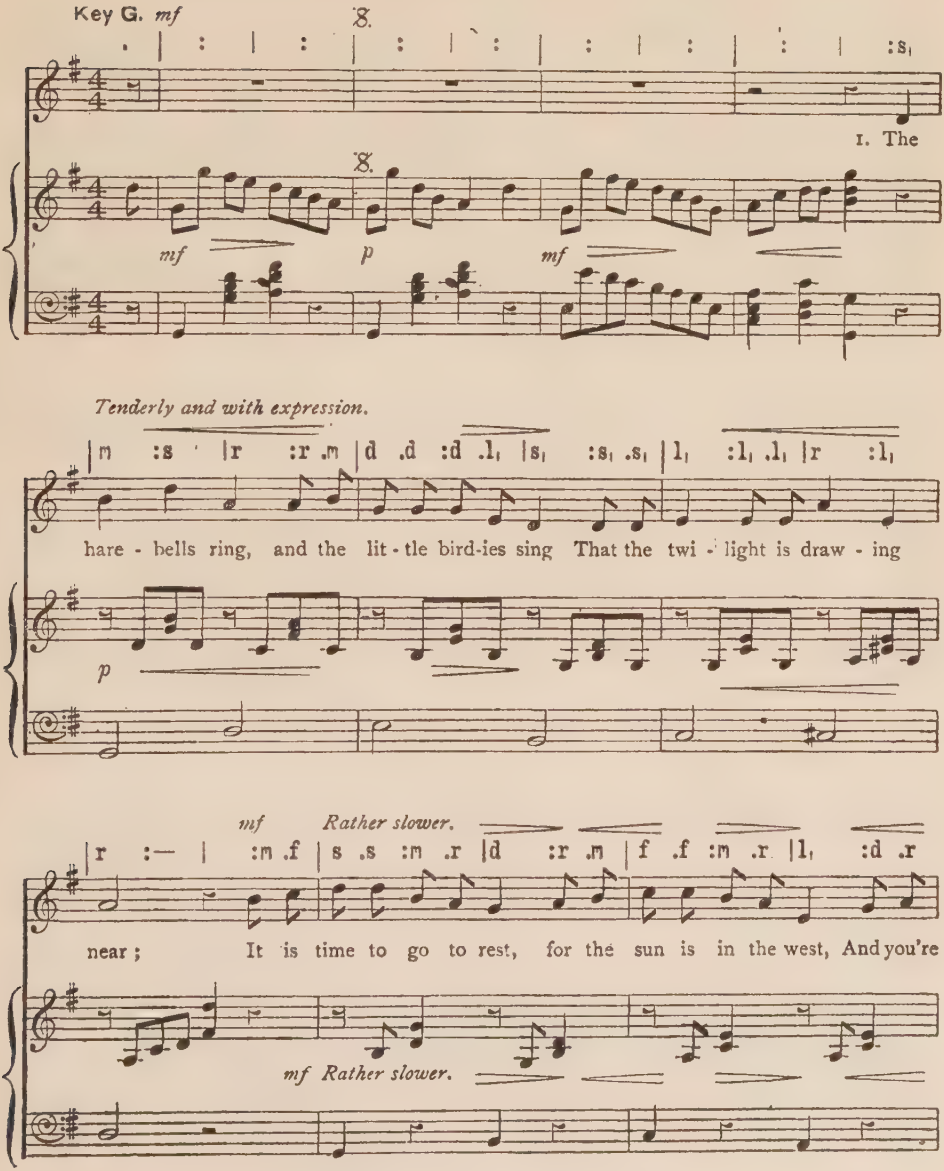
OFF TO POPPY-LAND.

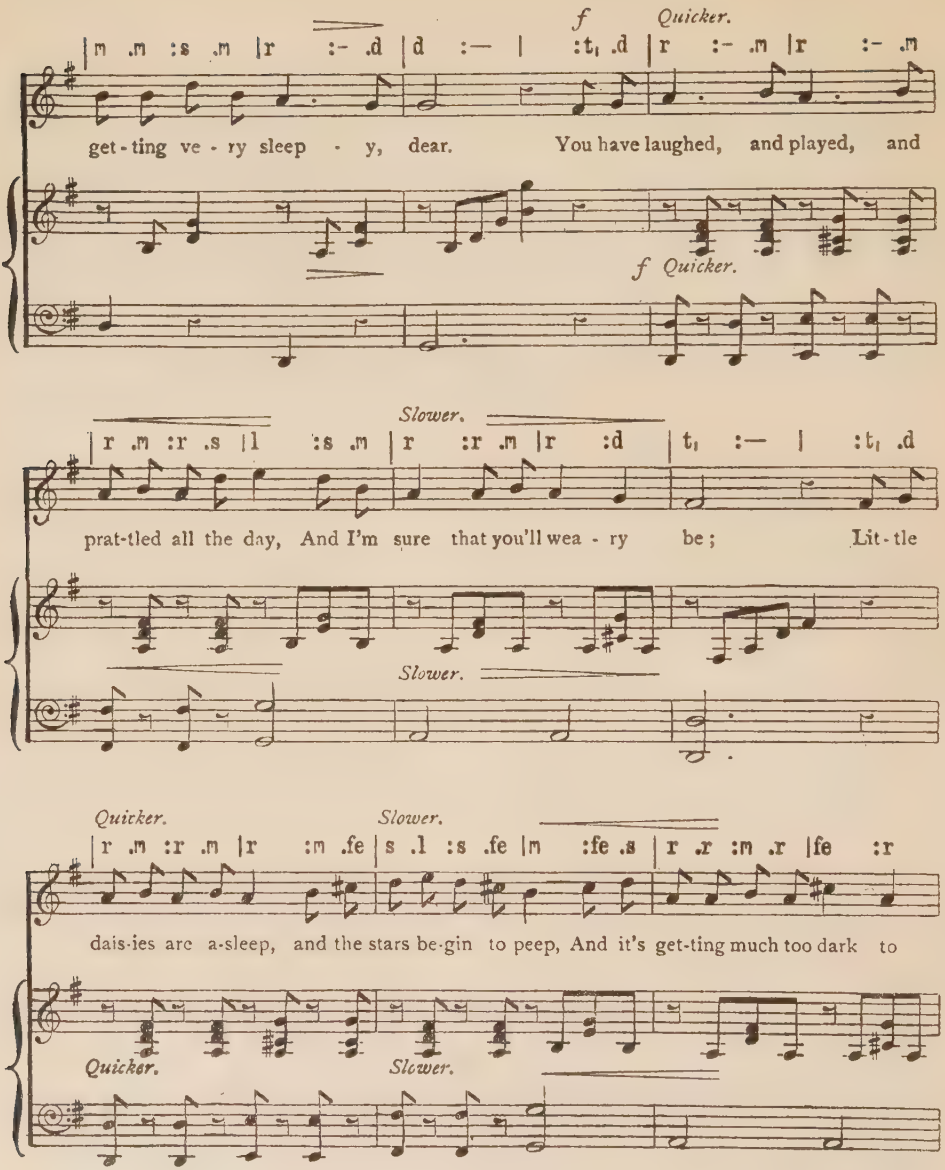
The first train leaves at six p.m.
For the land where the poppy blows,
And mother dear is the engineer,
And the passenger laughs and crows.
The palace car is mother's arms,
The whistle a low, sweet strain ;
The passenger winks and nods and blinks,
And goes to sleep in the train.

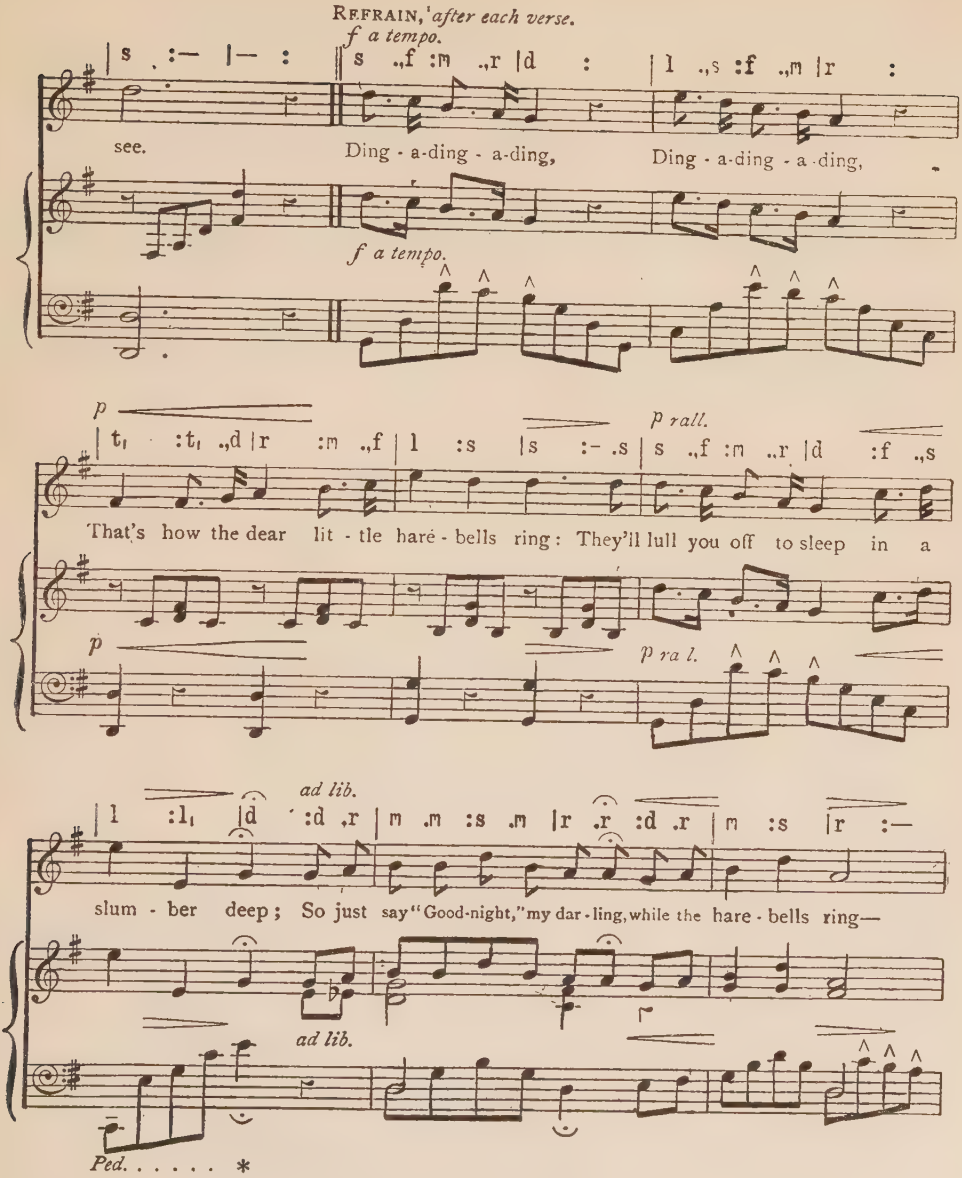
At eight p.m. the next train starts
For the poppy-land afar ;
The summons clear falls on the ear,—
"All aboard on the sleeping car!"
And what's the fare to Poppy-land ?
I hope it is not too dear.
The fare is this : a hug and a kiss,
And it's paid to the engineer.

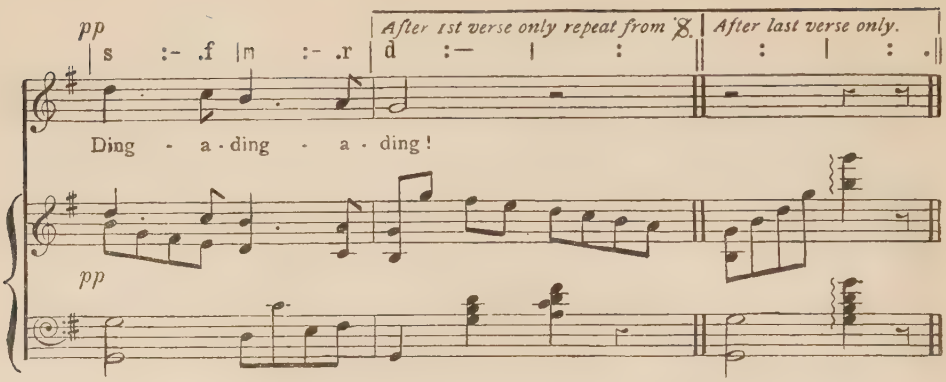
From "Pitman's Illustrated Poetry Book I."

(22) THE HAREBELLS' LULLABY.


Key G. mf
1. The
mf
p
mf
Tenderly and with expression.
hare - bells ring, and the lit - tle bird-ies sing That the twi - light is draw - ing
p
mf Rather slower.
near; It is time to go to rest, for the sun is in the west, And you're
mf Rather slower.


f Quicker.
get-ting ve-ry sleep-y, dear. You have laughed, and played, and
f Quicker.
Slower.
prat-tled all the day, And I'm sure that you'll wea-ry be; Lit-tle
Slower.
Quicker. Slower.
dais-ies are a-sleep, and the stars be-gin to peep, And it's get-ting much too dark to
Quicker. Slower.


REFRAIN, *after each verse.*
f a tempo.
see.
Ding - a-ding - a-ding,
Ding - a-ding - a-ding,
f a tempo.
p
p rall.
That's how the dear lit - tle haré - bells ring: They'll lull you off to sleep in a
p
p ra l.
ad lib.
slum - ber deep; So just say "Good-night," my dar - ling, while the hare - bells ring—
ad lib.
Ped. . . . . . *

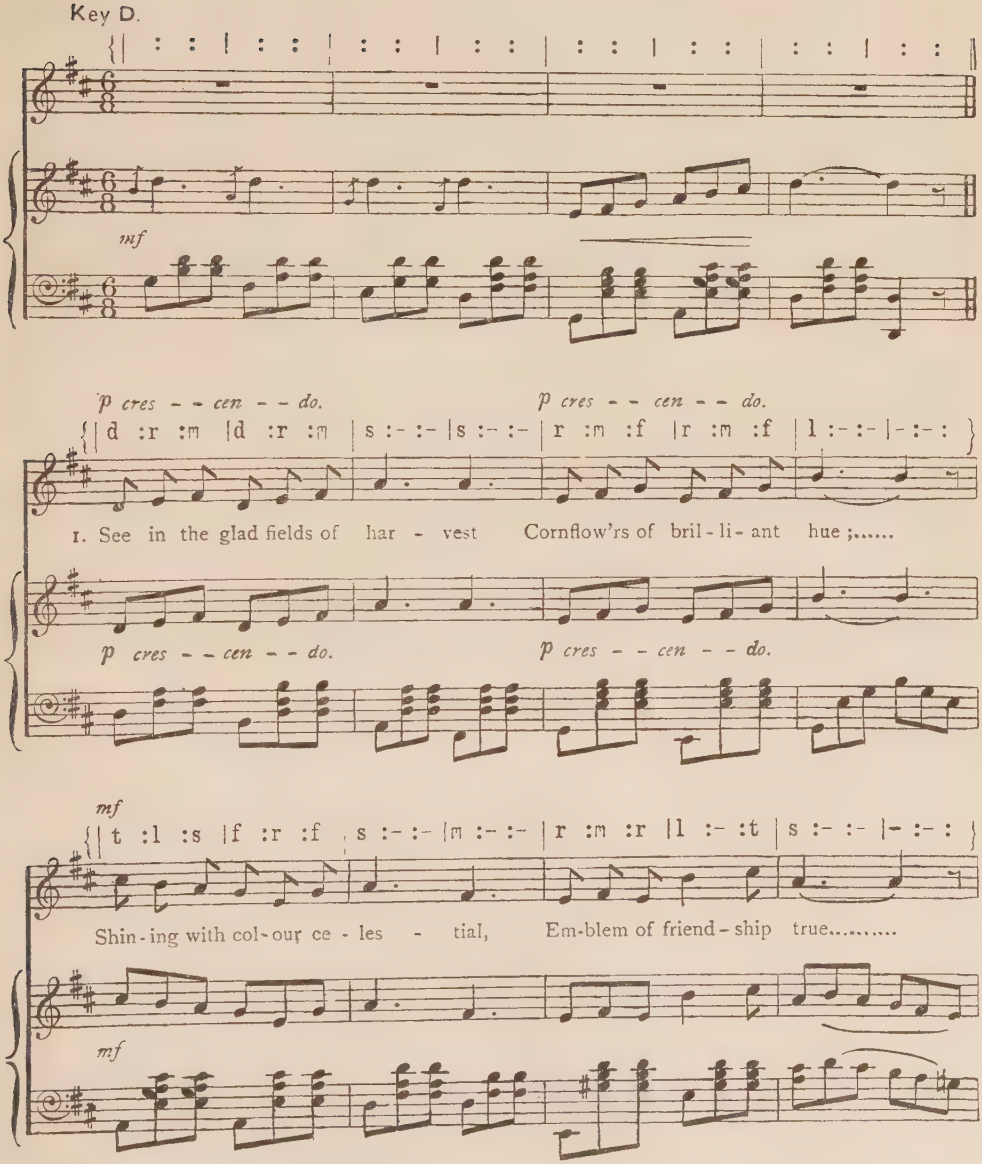


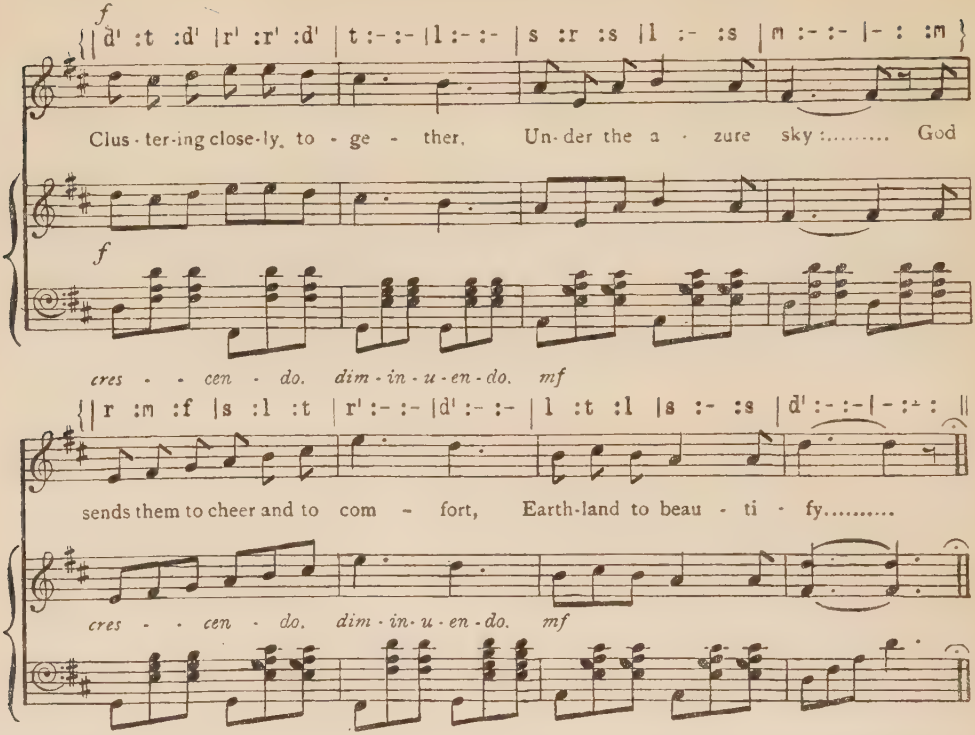
THE HAREBELLS' LULLABY.

The harebells ring and the little birdies sing
That the twilight is drawing near ;
It is time to go to rest, for the sun is in the west
And you're getting very sleepy, dear.
You have laughed and played and prattled all the day,
And I'm sure that you'll weary be.
Little daisies are asleep, and the stars begin to peep,
And it's getting much too dark to see.

Ding-a-ding-a-ding,
Ding-a-ding-a-ding,
That's how the dear little harebells ring.
They'll lull you off to sleep
In a slumber deep ;
So just say "Good-night," my darling, while the
harebells ring,
Ding-a-ding-a-ding !

(23) HARVEST FLOWERS


Key D.
mf
p cres - - cen - - do.
p cres - - cen - - do.
d :r :m |d :r :m |s :- :- |s :- :- |r :m :f |r :m :f |l :- :- |- :- :
1. See in the glad fields of har - vest Cornflow'rs of bril - li - ant hue ;.....
p cres - - cen - - do.
p cres - - cen - - do.
mf
t :l :s |f :r :f |s :- :- |m :- :- |r :m :r |l :- :t |s :- :- |- :- :
Shin - ing with col - our ce - les - tial, Em - blem of friend - ship true.....
mf


f
Clus - ter-ing close-ly, to - ge - ther, Un- der the a - zure sky :..... God
f
cres - - cen - do. dim - in - u - en - do. mf
sends them to cheer and to com - fort, Earth-land to beau - ti - fy.....
cres - - cen - do. dim - in - u - en - do. mf

HARVEST FLOWERS.

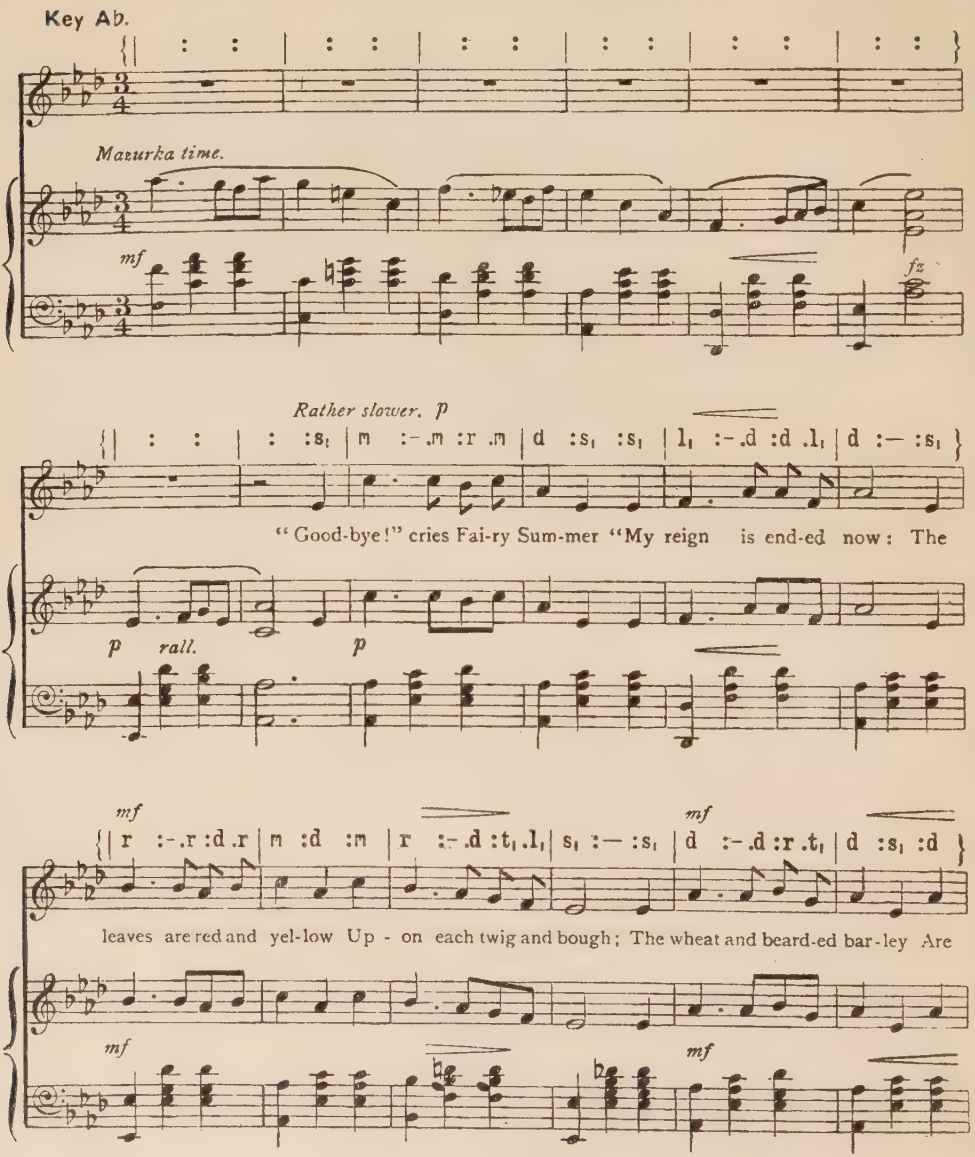
See in the glad fields of harvest
  Cornflow'rs of brilliant hue ;
Shining with colour celestial,
  Emblem of friendship true.
Clustering closely together,
  Under an azure sky :
God sends them to cheer and to comfort,
  Earthland to beautify.

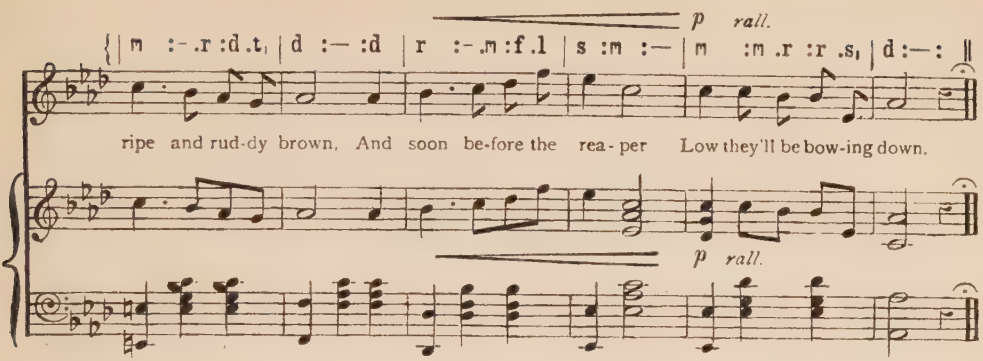
Daisies are flowers of sunshine,
When their white petals unfold,
See how the light is reflected,
Deep in their hearts of gold.
Guarded by tall, waving grasses,
Dainty and fresh and sweet,
They're always the first to awaken,
The new-born day to greet.

There in their glorious beauty,
Tall, waving corn-ears above,
Poppies in scarlet resplendent
Speak of the fire of love.
Gilding the picture of beauty,
Brightly the sunbeams shine.
The daisies and poppies and cornflowers
Gracefully all entwine.

From "The Schoolmistress."

(24) SUMMER'S GOOD-BYE





SUMMER'S GOOD-BYE.

" Good-bye ! " cries Fairy Summer,
" My reign is ended now :
The leaves are red and yellow
Upon each twig and bough ;
The wheat and bearded barley
Are ripe and ruddy-brown,
And soon before the reaper
Low they'll be bowing down.

" Good-bye, dear lark and blackbird,
And merry speckled thrush,
When chilly winds are blowing,
Your sweet songs you must hush.
Good-bye ! gay robin redbreast,
You'll not be quiet, I know,
But sing right through the winter,
Though earth is white with snow.

" Good-bye, my darling flowers,
Sweet-pea, heart's-ease, and rose,
At Fairy Autumn's bidding
Your bright eyes you must close.
Sleep warm and safe, my treasures,
Jack Frost you need not fear !
I shall return to wake you
Ere you have slept a year ! "

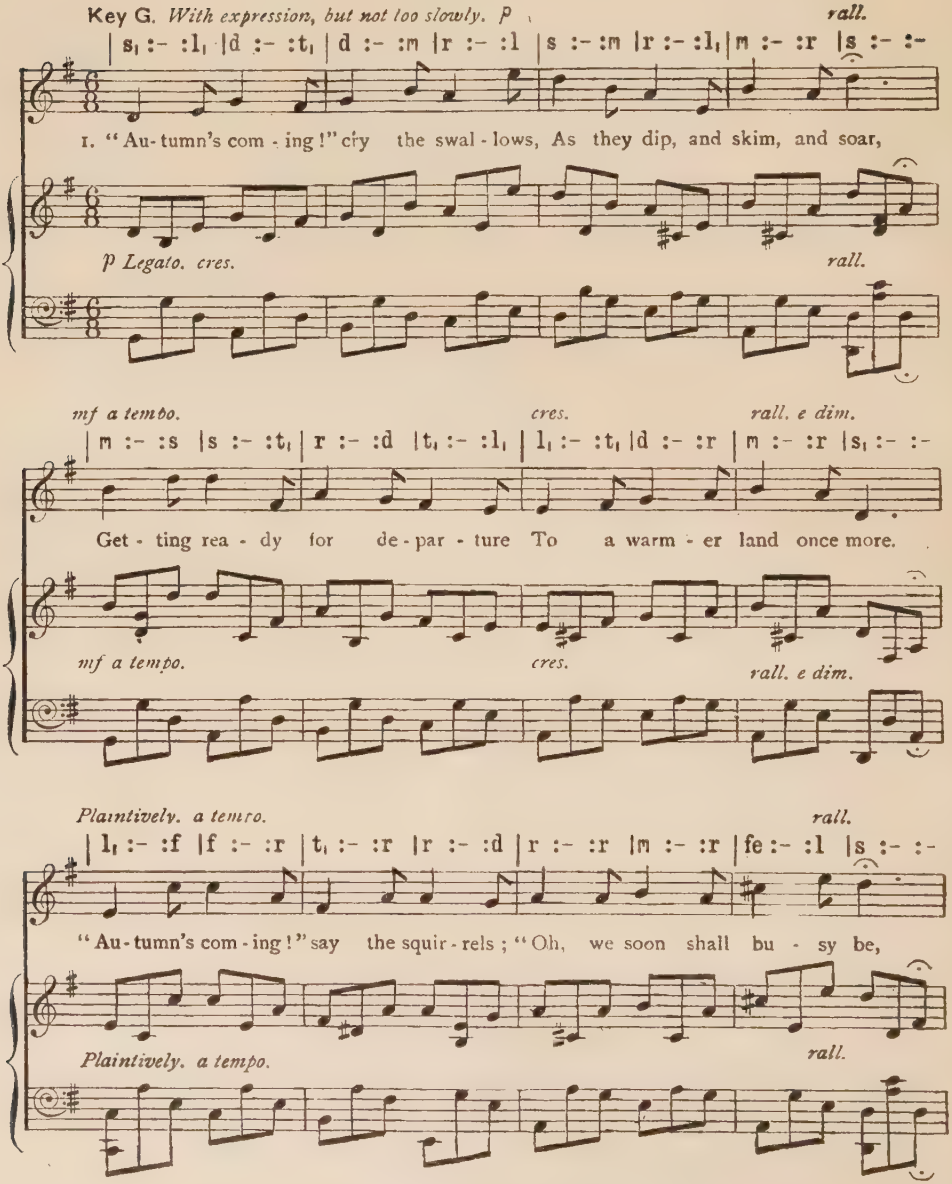
So Fairy Summer passes
  And Autumn comes again ;
We trace her footsteps plainly
  In garden, field, and lane.
So many gifts she brings us
  Of things both old and new
That, though we sigh for Summer,
  We love the Autumn, too !

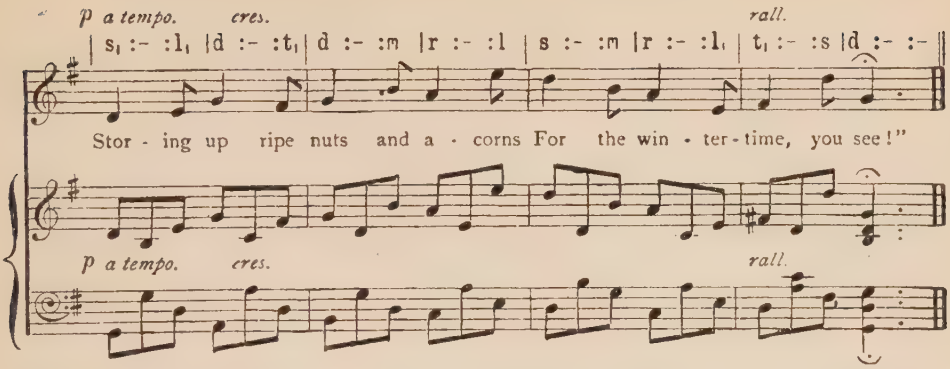
From "The Schoolmistress."

PART III

Autumn

(25) "AUTUMN'S COMING!"


Key G. With expression, but not too slowly. p
rall.
| s1 :- :l1 |d :- :t1 | d :- :m |r :- :l |s :- :m |r :- :l1 |m :- :r |s :- :-
1. "Au-tumn's com-ing!" cry the swal-lows, As they dip, and skim, and soar,
p Legato. cres.
rall.
mf a tempo.
cres.
rall. e dim.
| m :- :s |s :- :t1 | r :- :d |t1 :- :l1 | l1 :- :t1 |d :- :r | m :- :r |s1 :- :-
Get-ting rea-dy for de-par-ture To a warm-er land once more.
mf a tempo.
cres.
rall. e dim.
Plaintively. a tempo.
rall.
| l1 :- :f |f :- :r | t1 :- :r |r :- :d | r :- :r |m :- :r | fe :- :l |s :- :-
"Au-tumn's com-ing!" say the squir-rels; "Oh, we soon shall bu-sy be,
Plaintively. a tempo.
rall.



"AUTUMN'S COMING!"

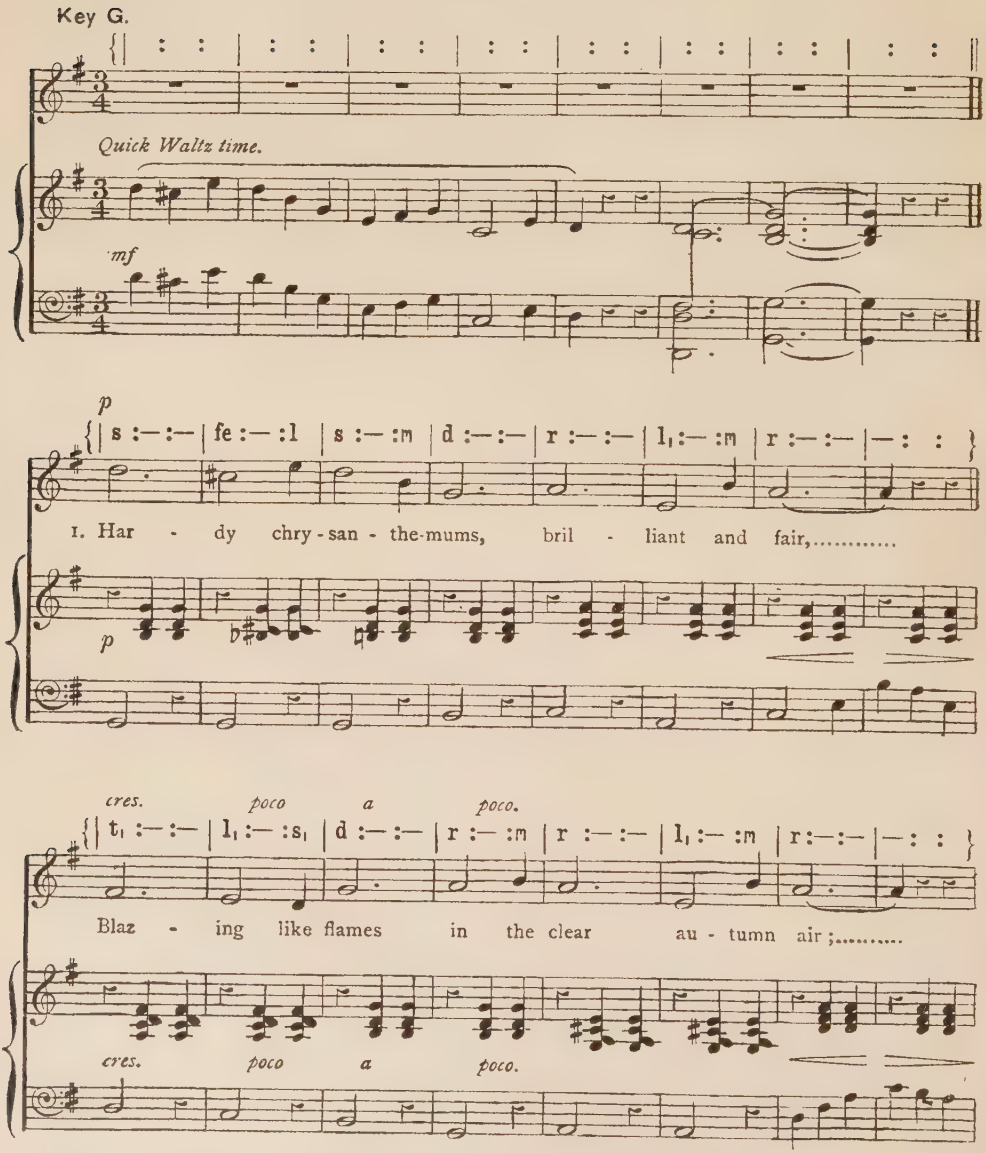
"Autumn's coming!" cry the swallows,
As they dip and skim and soar,
Getting ready for departure
To a warmer land once more.
"Autumn's coming!" say the squirrels;
"Oh, we soon shall busy be,
Storing up ripe nuts and acorns
For the winter time, you see!"

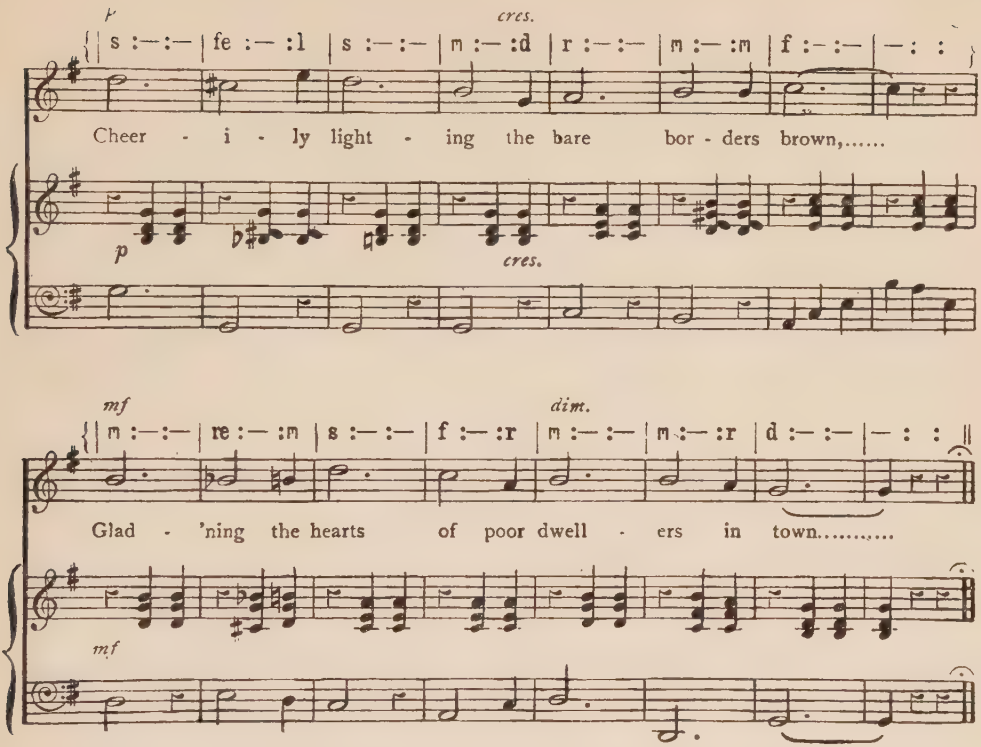
"Autumn's coming!" say the cornfields,
With their rows of golden sheaves.
"Autumn's coming!" say the orchards,
Where fruit gleams amid the leaves.
"Autumn's coming!" sigh the tree-tops,
"We can feel the fresh keen air;
Soon you'll see our green leaves changing
To a wealth of colour fair!"

"Autumn's coming!" breathe the roses,
As each droops its lovely head,
And the petals fall down lightly
On the soft brown garden bed.
"Autumn's coming! Oh, we're sorry
That the summer time is o'er,
But you're welcome, glowing Autumn,
You are welcome back once more!"

From "The Schoolmistress."

(26) CHRYSANTHEMUMS.


Key G.
Quick Waltz time.
mf
p
s :—:— | fe :— :l | s :— :m | d :—:— | r :— :— | l, :— :m | r :— :— | — : : |
1. Har - dy chry - san - the-mums, bril - liant and fair,.....
p
cres. poco a poco.
t, :—:— | l, :— :s, | d :— :— | r :— :m | r :— :— | l, :— :m | r :— :— | — : : |
Blaz - ing like flames in the clear au - tumn air;.....
cres. poco a poco.


p
cres.
s :—:— | fe :— :l | s :—:— | m :— :d | r :—:— | m :— :m | f :—:— | —: :
Cheer - i - ly light - ing the bare bor - ders brown,.....
p
cres.
mf
dim.
m :—:— | re :— :m | s :—:— | f :— :r | m :—:— | m :— :r | d :—:— | —: : ‖
Glad - 'ning the hearts of poor dwell - ers in town.....
mf

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

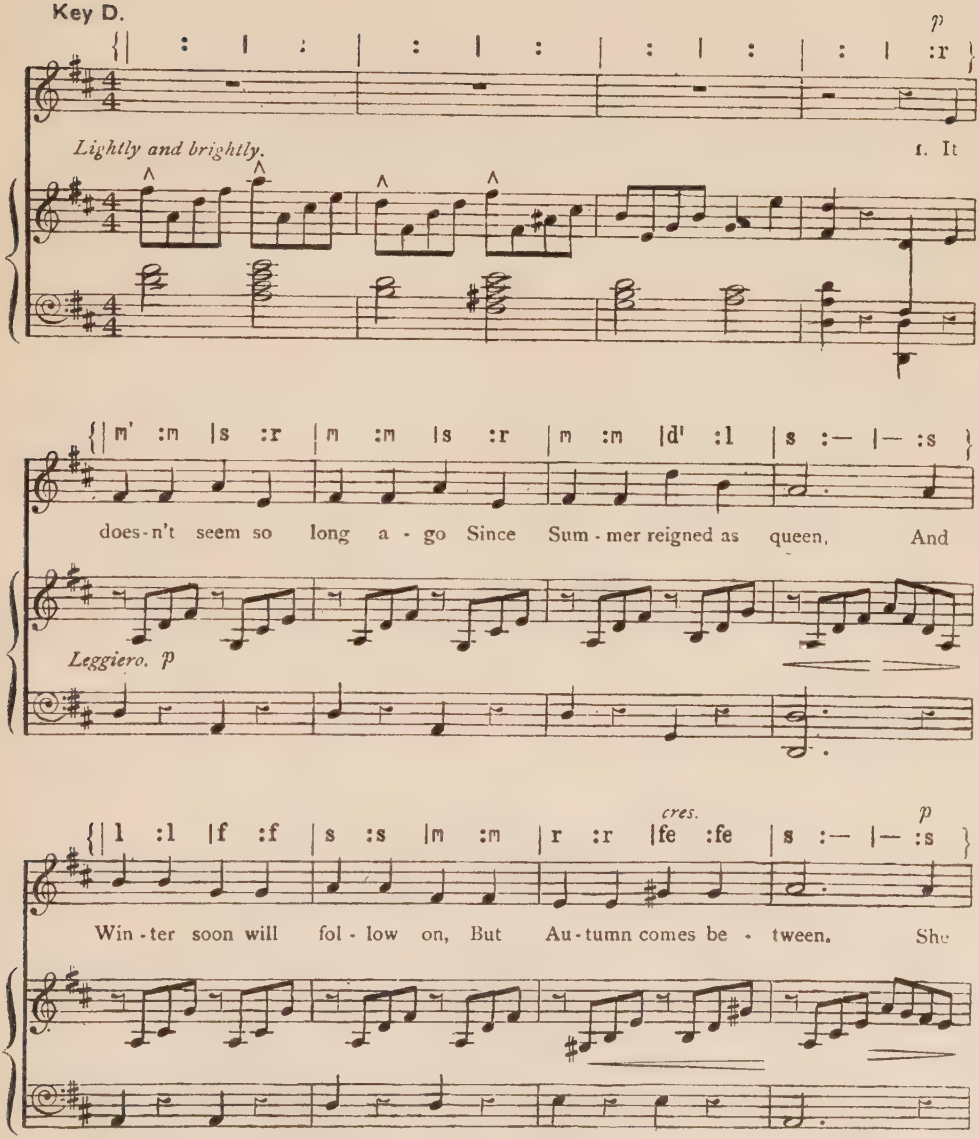
Hardy chrysanthemums, brilliant and fair,
Blazing like flames in the clear autumn air ;
Cheerily lighting the bare borders brown,
Glad'ning the hearts of poor dwellers in town.

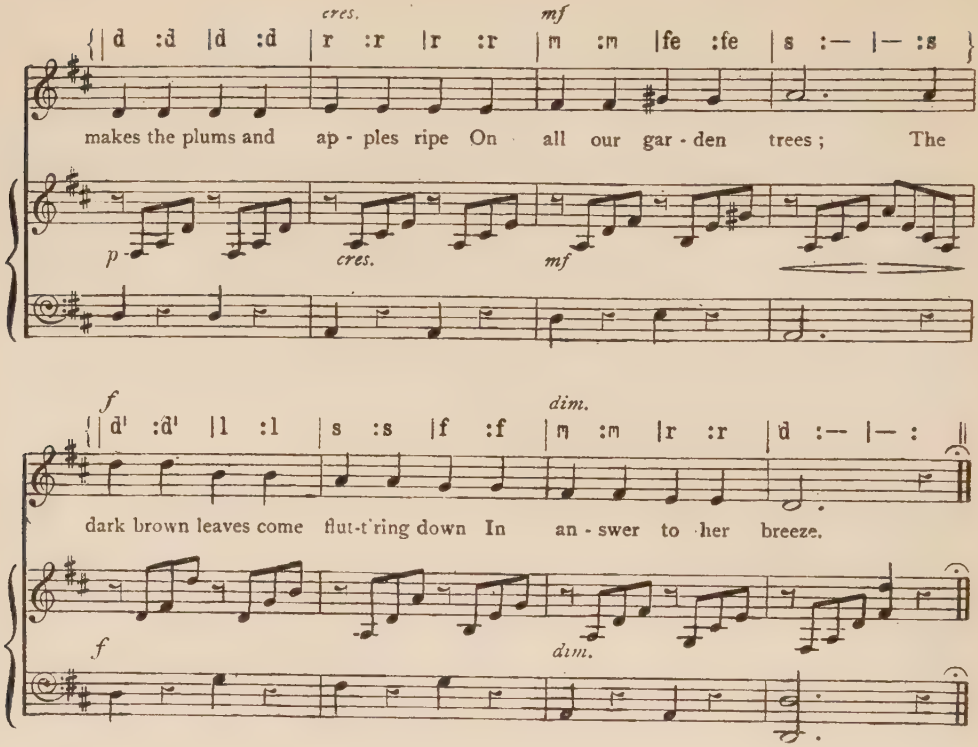
Welcome we give to you, brave flowers and bright,
Blooming when Summer has said her good-night ;
Gone are the pansy, the stock, and the rose,
When your green buds their warm wrappers unclose.

Hard is the ground for you, yet you don't care,
Rough autumn breezes and chilly keen air ;
Still in your colours, pink, russet, and gold,
Sheaves of rich blossom you gaily uphold.

From "The Schoolmistress."

(27) BROWN AUTUMN.


Key D.
p
Lightly and brightly.
1. It
m' :m |s :r |m :m |s :r |m :m |d' :l |s :— |— :s
does-n't seem so long a - go Since Sum - mer reigned as queen, And
Leggiero. p
l :l |f :f |s :s |m :m |r :r |fe :fe |s :— |— :s
cres.
p
Win - ter soon will fol - low on, But Au - tumn comes be - tween. She


cres.
mf
d :d |d :d |r :r |r :r |m :m |fe :fe |s :— |— :s
makes the plums and ap - ples ripe On all our gar - den trees ; The
p
cres.
mf
f
dim.
d' :d' |l :l |s :s |f :f |m :m |r :r |d :— |— :
dark brown leaves come flut-t'ring down In an - swer to her breeze.
f
dim.

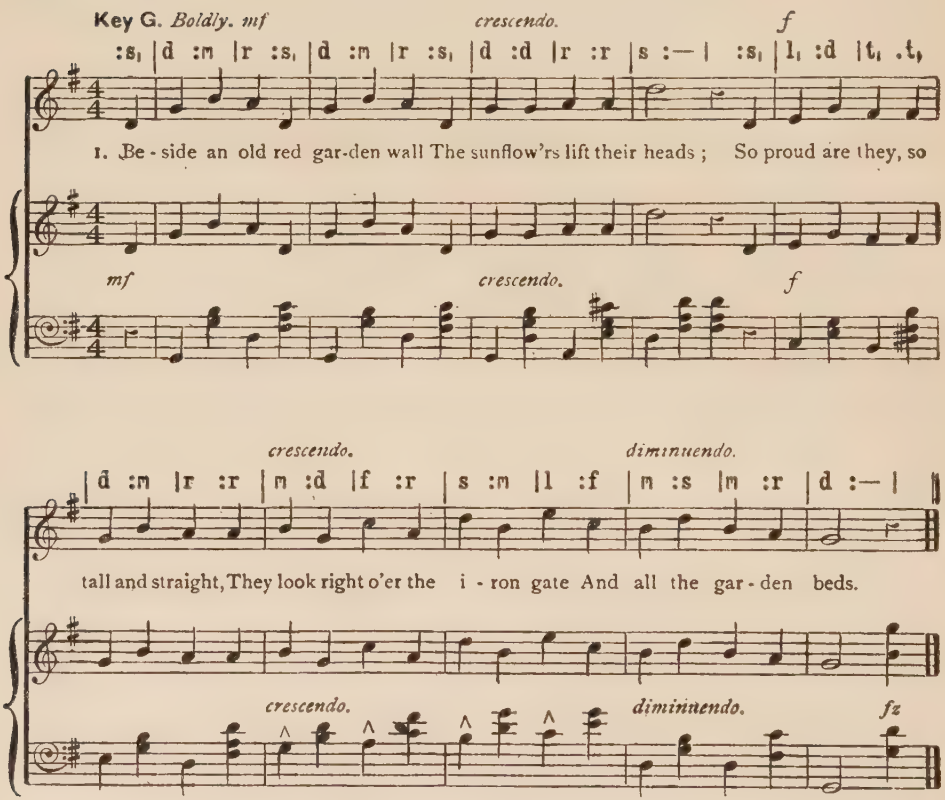
BROWN AUTUMN.

It doesn't seem so long ago
  Since summer reigned as queen,
And winter soon will follow on,
  But autumn comes between.
She makes the plums and apples ripe
  On all our garden trees ;
And dark brown leaves come flutt'ring down
  In answer to her breeze.

She paints the woods like fairyland
With yellow, brown, and red ;
In summer they were all quite green,
But now the summer's fled.
Next, winter, with its frost and snow,
Will come, but will not stay,
For springtime comes with blossoms bright
And many a happy day.

From "The Schoolmistress."

(28) GOLDEN SUNFLOWERS.


Key G. Boldly. mf
crescendo.
f
:s, |d :m |r :s, |d :m |r :s, |d :d |r :r |s :— | :s, |l, :d |t, .t,
1. Be - side an old red gar-den wall The sunflow'rs lift their heads ; So proud are they, so
mf
crescendo.
f
crescendo.
diminuendo.
d :m |r :r |m :d |f :r |s :m |l :f |m :s |m :r |d :— |
tall and straight, They look right o'er the i - ron gate And all the gar - den beds.
crescendo.
diminuendo.
fz

GOLDEN SUNFLOWERS.

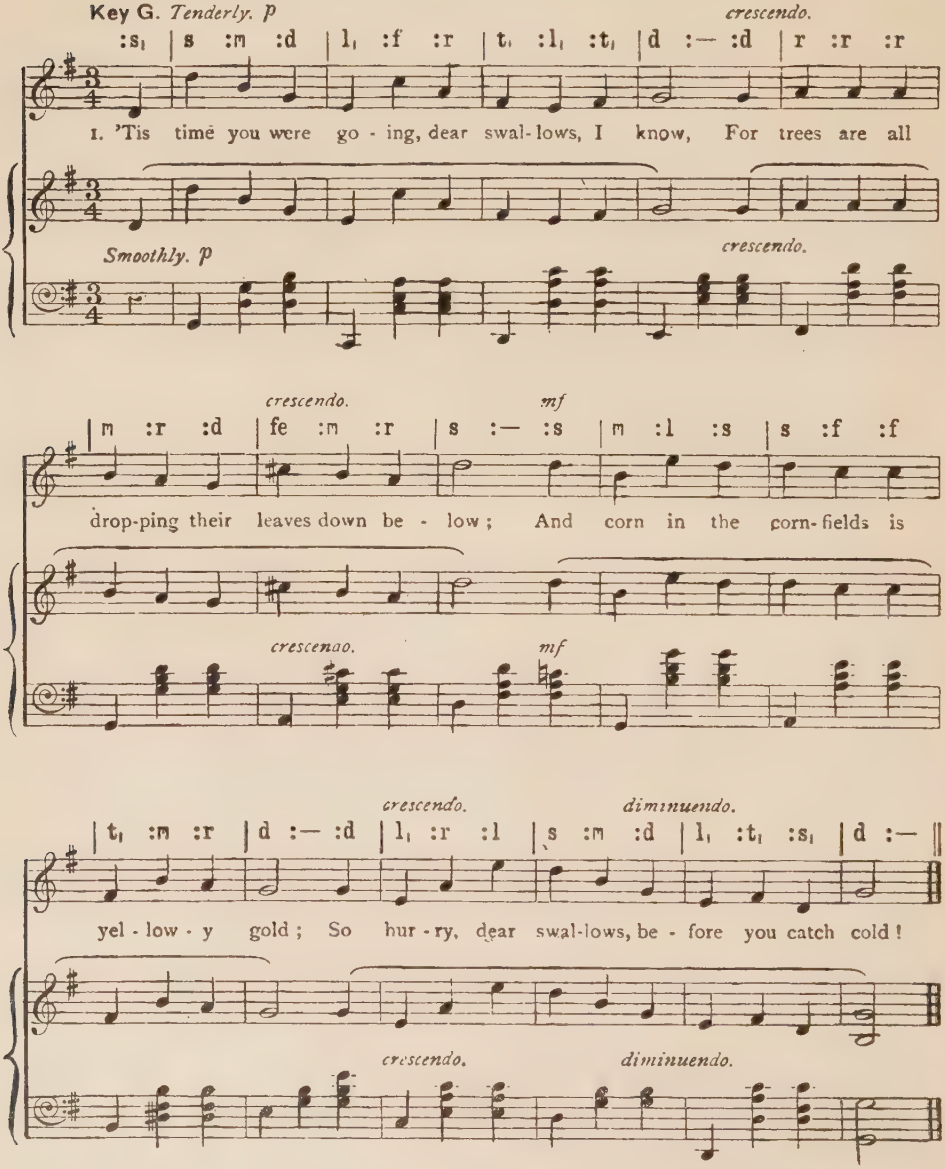
Beside an old red garden-wall
  The sunflowers lift their heads.
So proud are they, so tall and straight,
They look right o'er the iron gate
  And all the garden beds.

The smaller flow'rs peep shyly up
  From near the sunflowers' feet,
The pansies, pink, and columbine,
Nasturtiums gay that creep and twine,
  And mignonette so sweet.

Each sunflower wears around her face
  A crown that looks like gold ;
In sun and shower alike they shine,
These beautiful sunflowers of mine,
  And fear not heat or cold.

They do their very best to grow,
  And tower so straight and high ;
They love to meet the sun's bright rays,
And that is why they boldly gaze
  Towards the clear blue sky.

From "The Schoolmistress."

(29) "GOODBYE, LITTLE SWALLOWS!"

Key G. Tenderly. p
crescendo.
:s, | s :m :d | l, :f :r | t, :l, :t, | d :— :d | r :r :r
1. 'Tis time you were go - ing, dear swal-lows, I know, For trees are all
Smoothly. p
crescendo.
crescendo.
mf
| m :r :d | fe :m :r | s :— :s | m :l :s | s :f :f
drop-ping their leaves down be - low; And corn in the corn-fields is
crescendo.
mf
crescendo.
diminuendo.
| t, :m :r | d :— :d | l, :r :l | s :m :d | l, :t, :s, | d :—
yel - low - y gold; So hur - ry, dear swal-lows, be - fore you catch cold!
crescendo.
diminuendo.

"GOODBYE, LITTLE SWALLOWS!"

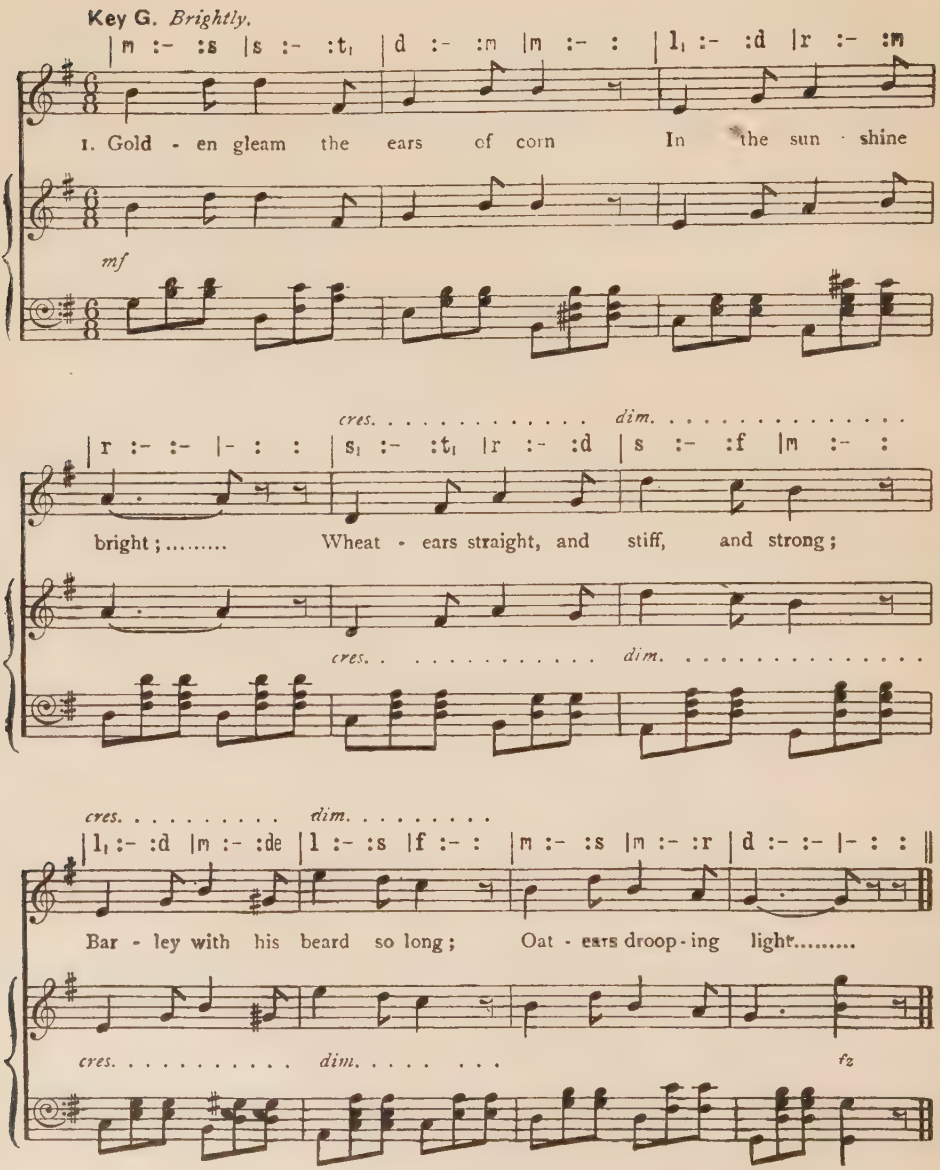
'Tis time you were going, dear swallows, I know,
For trees are all dropping their leaves down below,
And corn in the cornfields is yellowy gold,
So hurry, dear swallows, before you catch cold!

The air in the morning feels frosty and chill;
There isn't a flower across on the hill;
But when you return you will bring them with you:
The air will be warmer and the skies will be blue.

Goodbye, little swallows, dear birdies, goodbye,
I'm not going to sorrow or worry or cry,
For after the winter and after the rain
You'll come back for certain to see me again!

From "The Schoolmistress."

(30) POPPIES IN THE CORNFIELD.


Key G. Brightly.
| m :- :s | s :- :t1 | d :- :m | m :- : | l1 :- :d | r :- :m
1. Gold - en gleam the ears of corn In the sun - shine
mf
cres. dim.
| r :- :- | - : : | s1 :- :t1 | r :- :d | s :- :f | m :- :
bright; ..... Wheat - ears straight, and stiff, and strong;
cres. dim.
cres. dim.
| l1 :- :d | m :- :de | l :- :s | f :- : | m :- :s | m :- :r | d :- :- | - : : ||
Bar - ley with his beard so long; Oat - ears droop - ing light.....
cres. dim. fz

POPPIES IN THE CORNFIELD.

Golden gleam the ears of corn
  In the sunshine bright,
Wheat-ears straight and stiff and strong,
Barley with his beard so long.
  Oat-ears drooping light.

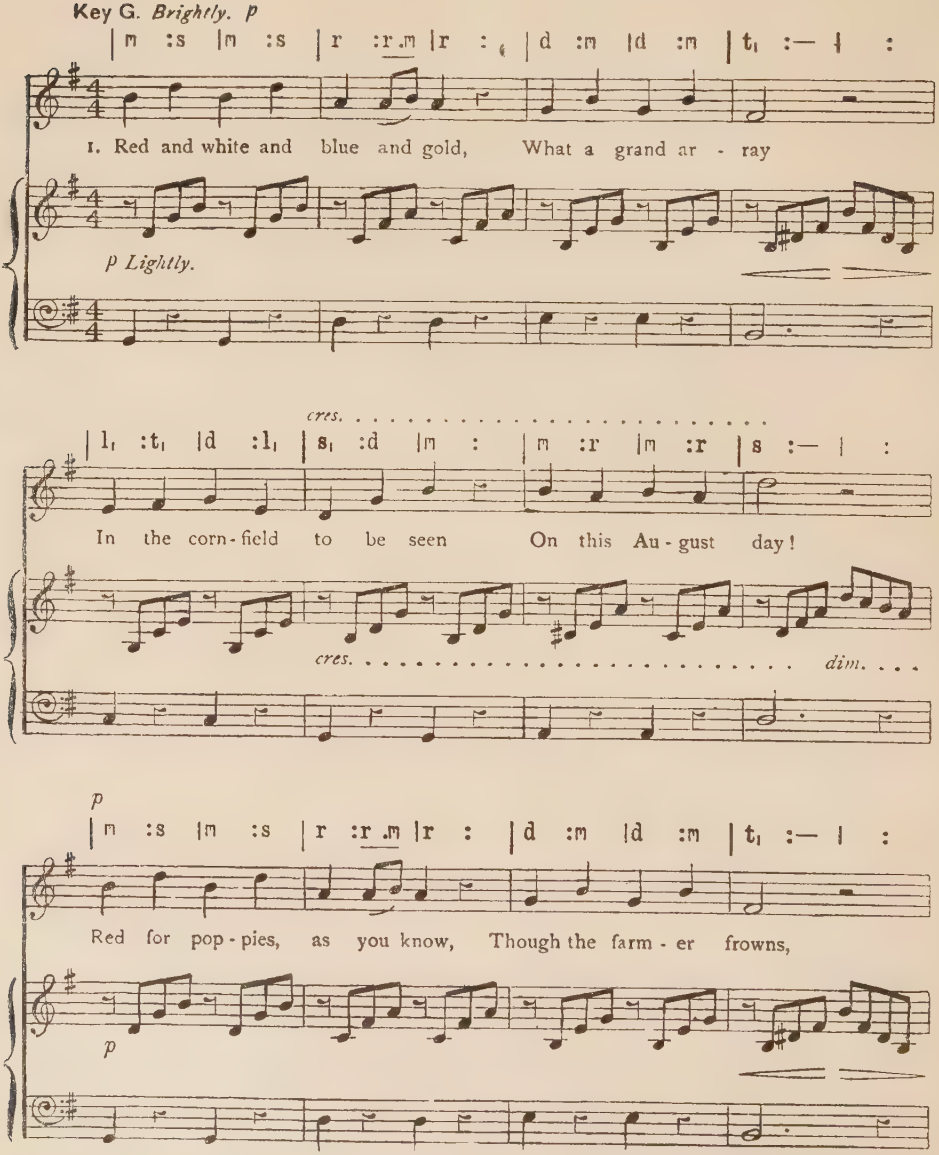
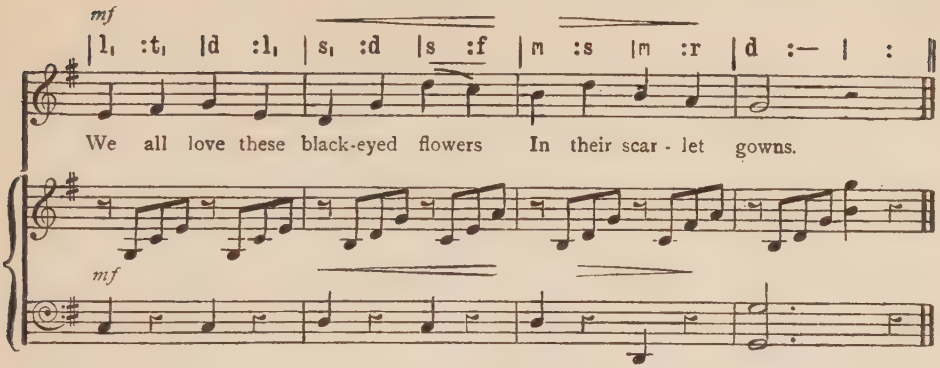
Hidden in the field of corn,
  Swaying to and fro,
Bloom the scarlet poppies bold
All amongst the ears of gold,—
  There they dare to grow.

Gay and handsome though they look,
  Farmer calls them weeds,
Says, "When harvest is begun
Even then their work's not done,
  For they drop their seeds."

But you look so gay and bright
  In amongst the corn,
Gleaming just like jewels rare,
We must pluck you, poppies fair,
  Ere the harvest morn.

From "The Schoolmistress."

(31) THE CORNFIELD.


Key G. Brightly. p
| m :s |m :s | r :r .m |r : | d :m |d :m | t, :— | :
1. Red and white and blue and gold, What a grand ar - ray
p Lightly.
cres.
| l, :t, |d :l, | s, :d |m : | m :r |m :r | s :— | :
In the corn-field to be seen On this Au-gust day!
cres. dim.
p
| m :s |m :s | r :r .m |r : | d :m |d :m | t, :— | :
Red for pop-pies, as you know, Though the farm-er frowns,
p

THE CORNFIELD.

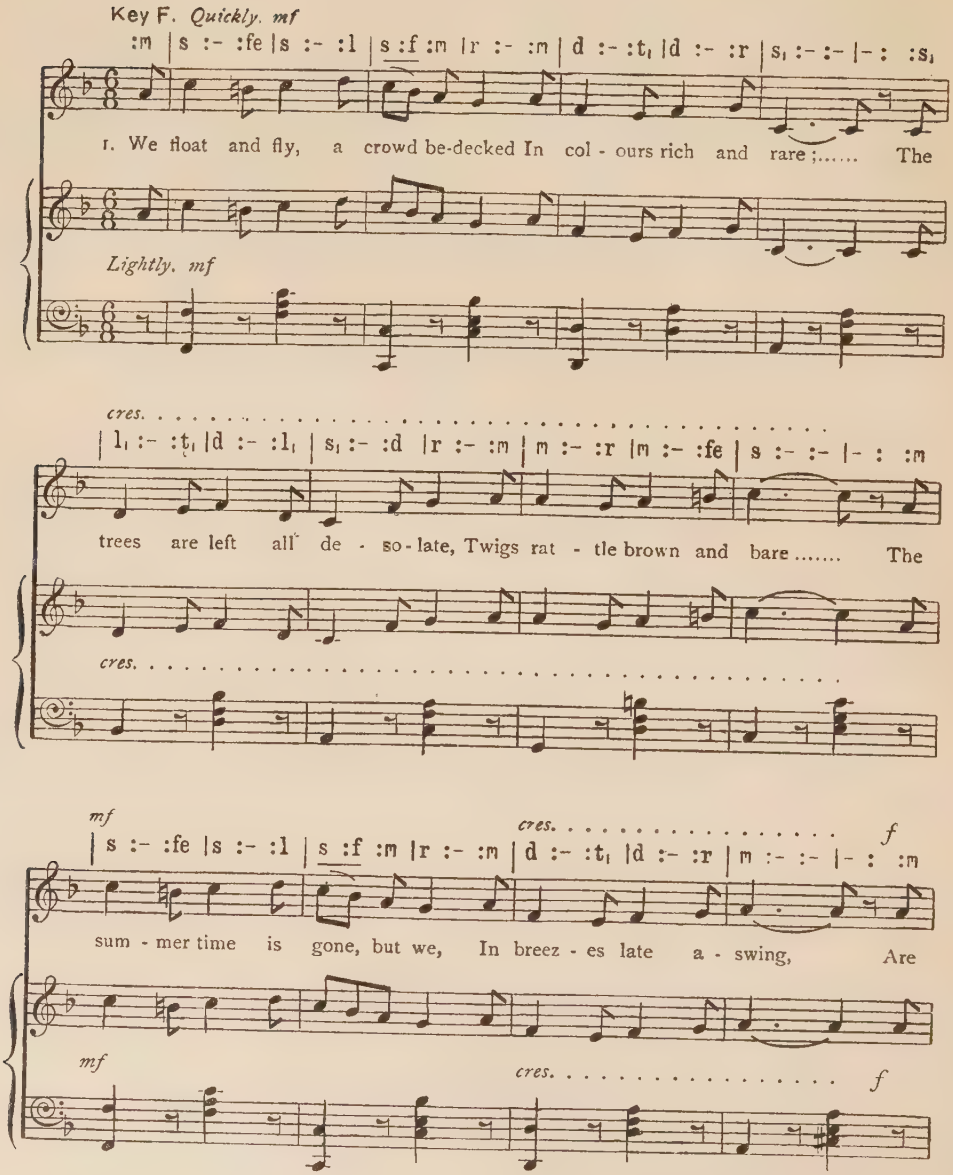
Red and white and blue and gold!
What a grand array
In the cornfield to be seen
On this August day!
Red for poppies as you know.
—Though the farmer frowns,
We all love these black-eyed flowers
In their scarlet gowns.

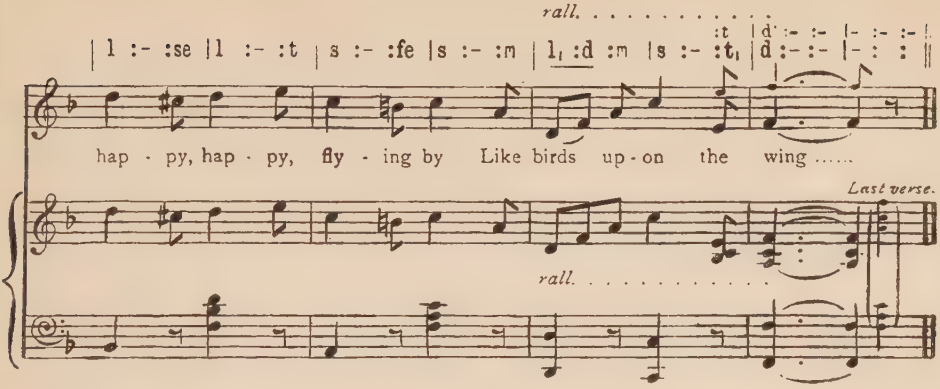
White for daisies is of course,
With their golden eyes,
Sleeping through the summer night,
Waking at sunrise.
Blue for cornflowers, blossoms fair,
Blue as summer sea,
Fit to grace a garden bed,
Yet here growing free.

Gold,—O see the rippling corn
Rustling in the wind!
Tell me, now, which of the four
Is most to your mind?
Why, the corn, 'tis very plain,
As we're often told,
Corn's a treasure we should prize
Better far than gold.

From "The Schoolmistress."

(32) FALLING LEAVES.


Key F. Quickly. mf
:m | s :- :fe | s :- :l | s :f :m | r :- :m | d :- :t, | d :- :r | s, :- :- | - : :s,
1. We float and fly, a crowd be-decked In col - ours rich and rare;..... The
Lightly. mf
cres.
| l, :- :t, | d :- :l, | s, :- :d | r :- :m | m :- :r | m :- :fe | s :- :- | - : :m
trees are left all de - so - late, Twigs rat - tle brown and bare..... The
cres.
mf
cres. f
| s :- :fe | s :- :l | s :f :m | r :- :m | d :- :t, | d :- :r | m :- :- | - : :m
sum - mer time is gone, but we, In breez - es late a - swing, Are
mf
cres. f



FALLING LEAVES.

We float and fly, a crowd bedecked
In colours rich and rare.
The trees are left all desolate ;
Twigs rattle, brown and bare.
The summer-time is gone, but we,
In breezes late a-swing,
Are happy, happy, flying by,
Like birds upon the wing.

Think not we mourn the season gone,
The golden sun so bright ;
Was ever there a merry day
Unfollowed by a night ?
Along the roads, along the lanes,
We dance in noisy glee,
Light-hearted, jocund members of
A strolling company.

Come, follow us unto the end !
We all are madly gay !
'Tis new to find from branch and twig
We're free to skip away.
What races of delight we run.
A scattered, whirling throng !
Or chase the friends of other days
In wild career along !

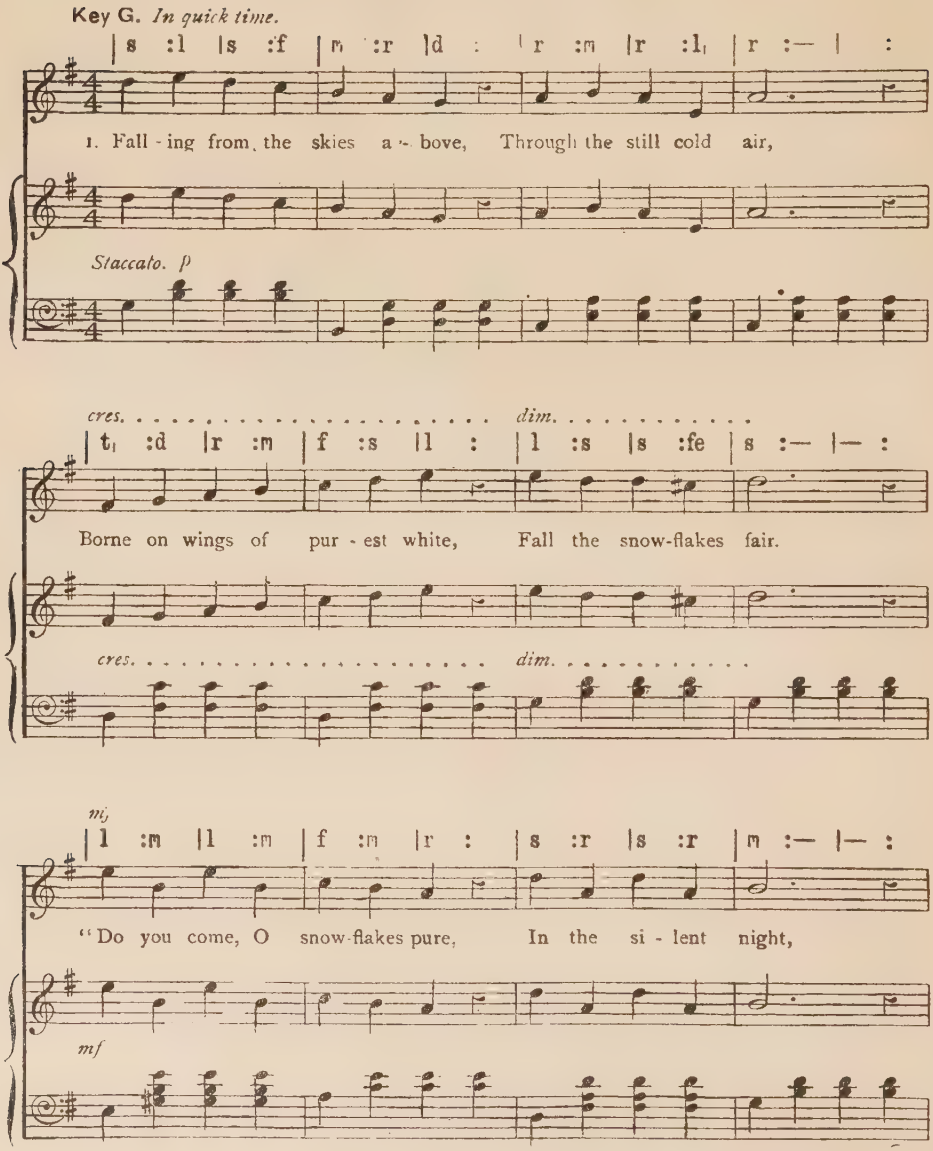
No dusky day of gloom is ours,
Good mother Earth we love,
When dancing on the ground, or high
In airy height above.
And though she'll hide us soon away
In numbers thick as rain,
When summer-time returns anew
You'll see us all again.

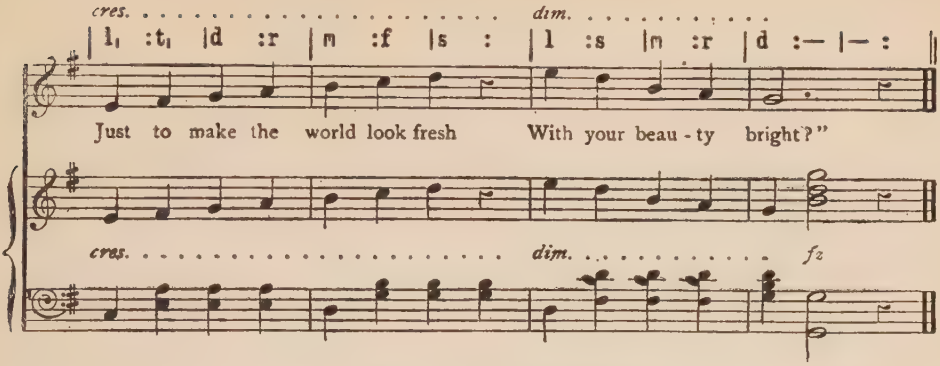
From "The Schoolmistress."

PART IV

Winter

(33) THE SNOWFLAKES.


Key G. In quick time.
| s :l |s :f | m :r |d : | r :m |r :l, | r :— | :
1. Fall - ing from the skies a - bove, Through the still cold air,
Staccato. p
cres. dim.
| t, :d |r :m | f :s |l : | l :s |s :fe | s :— |— :
Borne on wings of pur - est white, Fall the snow-flakes fair.
cres. dim.
mj
| l :m |l :m | f :m |r : | s :r |s :r | m :— |— :
"Do you come, O snow-flakes pure, In the si - lent night,
mf



THE SNOWFLAKES.

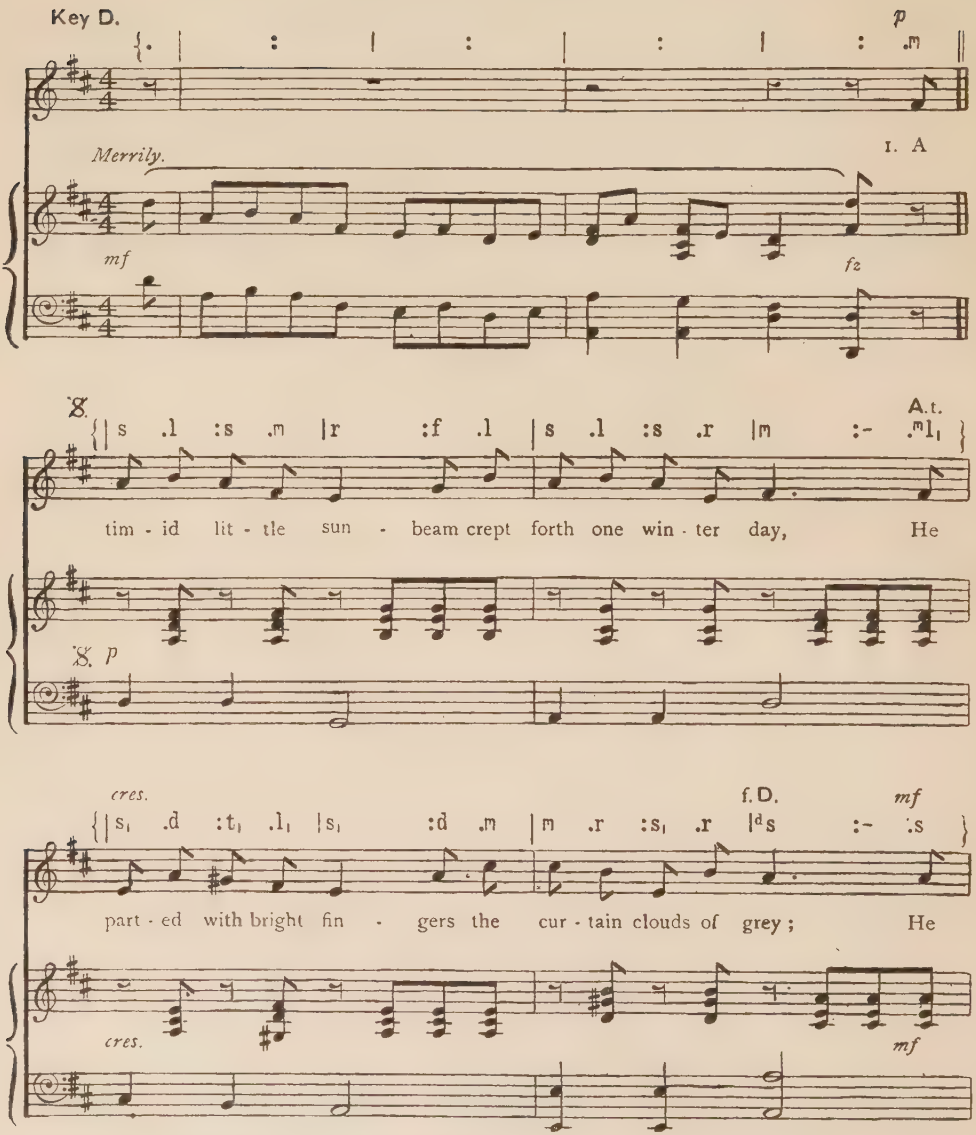
Falling from the skies above
Through the still cold air,
Borne on wings of purest white,
Fall the snowflakes fair.
" Do you come, O snowflakes pure,
In the silent night,
Just to make the world look fresh
With your beauty bright ? "

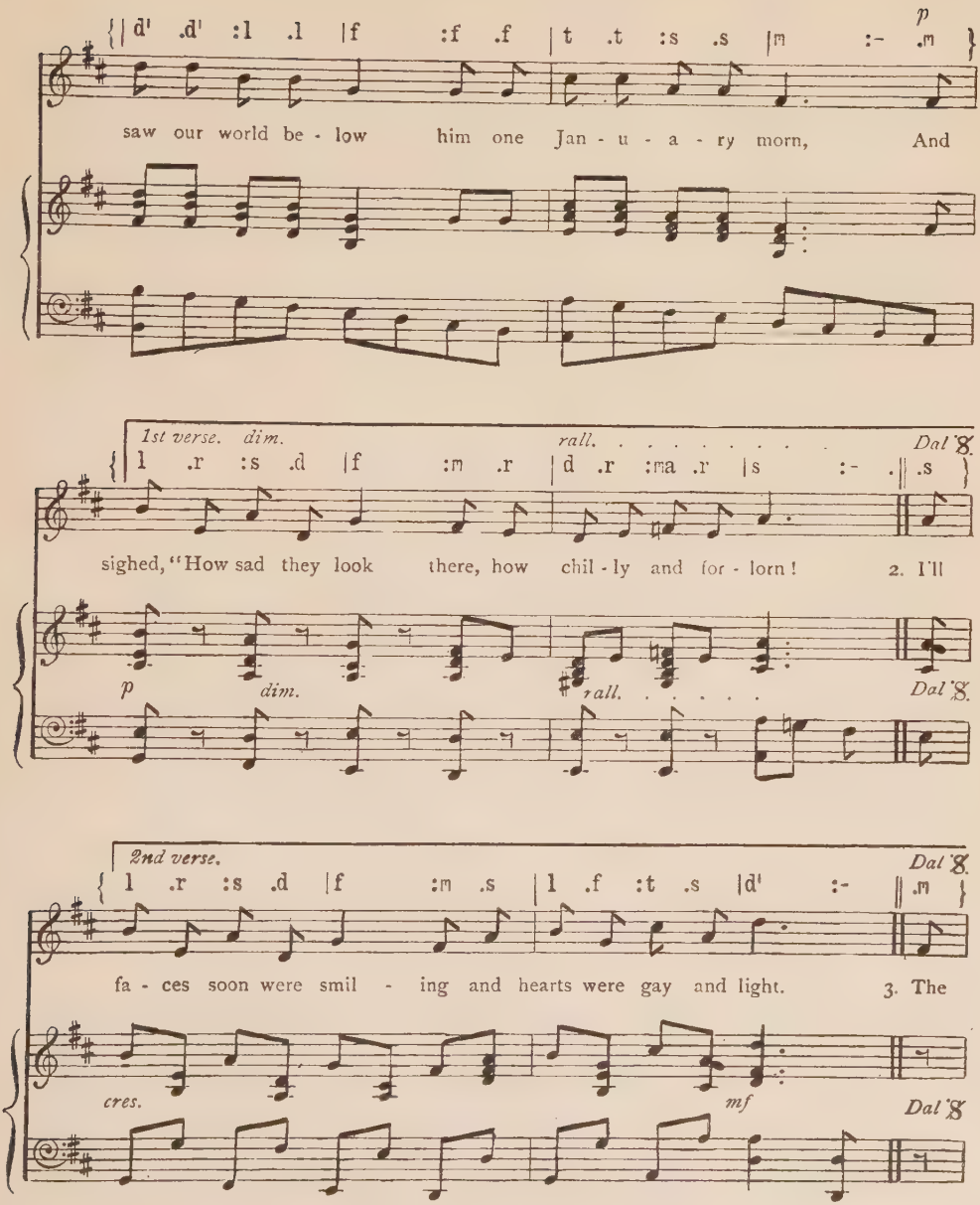
" Though we make the world look fresh,"
Snowflakes whispered low,
" That is not the reason why
Winter brings the snow.
No, we spread a cov'ring warm
Over baby seeds,
Over roots and bulbs and ferns,—
Each one comfort needs.

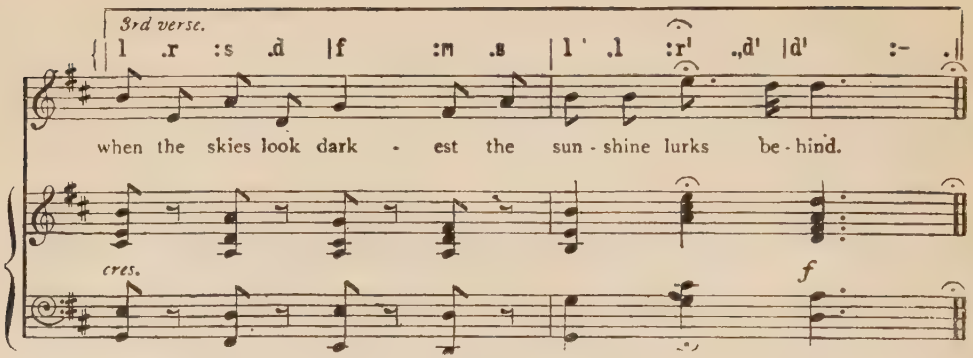
" That's our work," the snowflakes say,
" And we love it too ;
When we change to water drops
Work begins anew.
Then we feed each root and bulb
Hidden deeply down,
That we once kept safe and warm
In its bed of brown."

From " The Schoolmistress."

(34) THE WINTER SUNBEAM




p
d' .d' :l .l |f :f .f |t .t :s .s |m :- .m
saw our world be - low him one Jan - u - a - ry morn, And
1st verse. dim.
rall.
Dal 𝄋
l .r :s .d |f :m .r |d .r :ma .r |s :- .s
sighed, "How sad they look there, how chil - ly and for - lorn! 2. I'll
p
dim.
rall.
Dal 𝄋
2nd verse.
Dal 𝄋
l .r :s .d |f :m .s |l .f :t .s |d' :- .m
fa - ces soon were smil - ing and hearts were gay and light. 3. The
cres.
mf
Dal 𝄋



THE WINTER SUNBEAM.

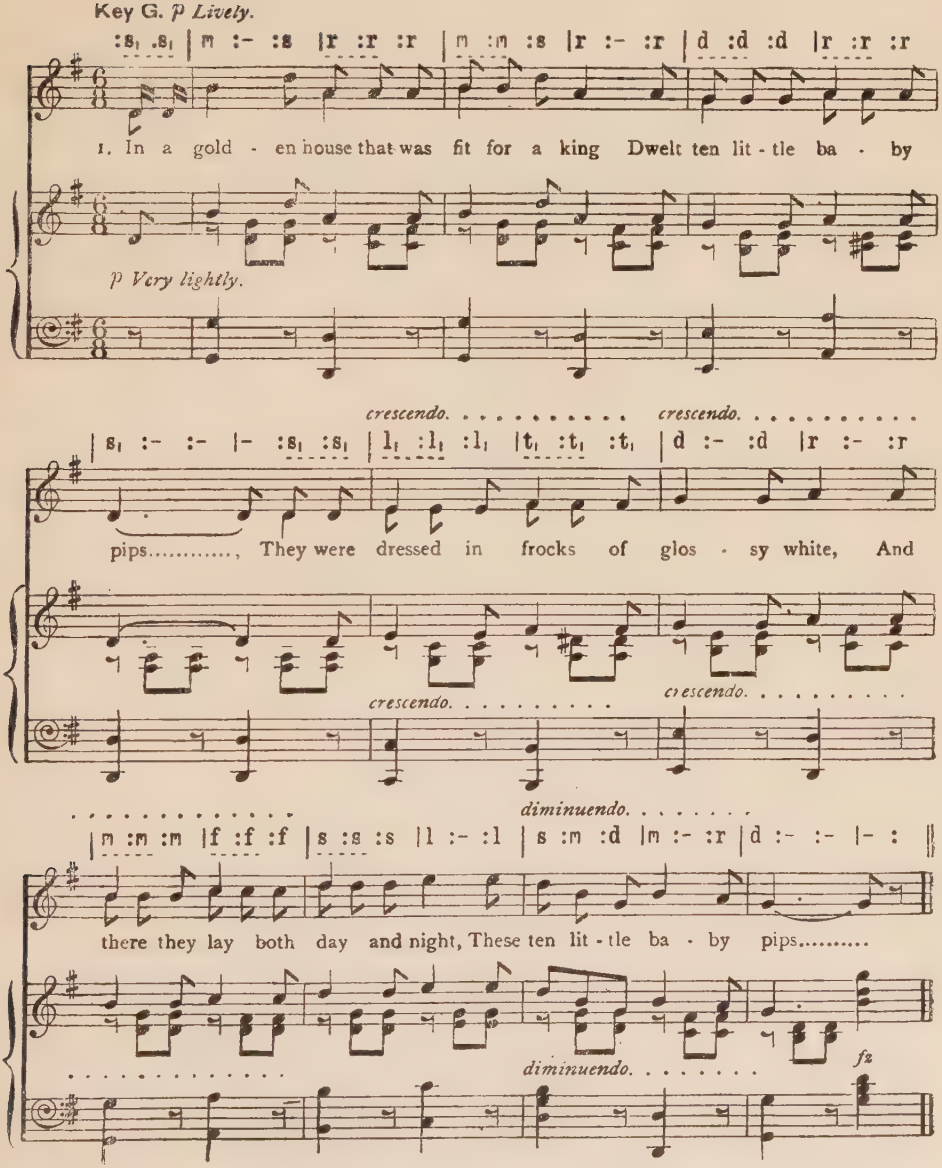
A timid little sunbeam crept forth one winter day,
He parted with bright fingers the curtain clouds of grey ;
He saw our world below him one January morn,
And sighed, " How sad they look there, how chilly and forlorn !

" I'll go and try to cheer them," the Winter Sunbeam said,
And on his loving errand in haste he lightly sped.
The mists before him vanished, the world grew warm and bright,
And faces soon were smiling and hearts were gay and light.

The grey clouds ceased to threaten, the wet trees dried their tears,
The birds all preened their feathers and quite forgot their fears.
The little Winter Sunbeam had told his message kind,
That when the skies look darkest the sunshine lurks behind.

From " The Schoolmistress."

(35) TEN LITTLE PIPS.


Key G. p Lively.
:s, .s, | m :- :s | r :r :r | m :m :s | r :- :r | d :d :d | r :r :r
1. In a gold - en house that was fit for a king Dwelt ten lit - tle ba - by
p Very lightly.
crescendo.
crescendo.
| s, :- :- | - :s, :s, | l, :l, :l, | t, :t, :t, | d :- :d | r :- :r
pips....., They were dressed in frocks of glos - sy white, And
crescendo.
crescendo.
diminuendo.
| m :m :m | f :f :f | s :s :s | l :- :l | s :m :d | m :- :r | d :- :- | - :
there they lay both day and night, These ten lit - tle ba - by pips.....
diminuendo.
fz

TEN LITTLE PIPS.

In a golden house that was fit for a King
  Dwelt ten little baby pips.
They were dressed in frocks of glossy white,
And there they lay both day and night,—
  Those ten little baby pips.

But thieves broke into that golden house
  And woke the baby pips.
Those thieves broke down the shining door,
And down with a plop upon the floor
  Fell ten little baby pips.

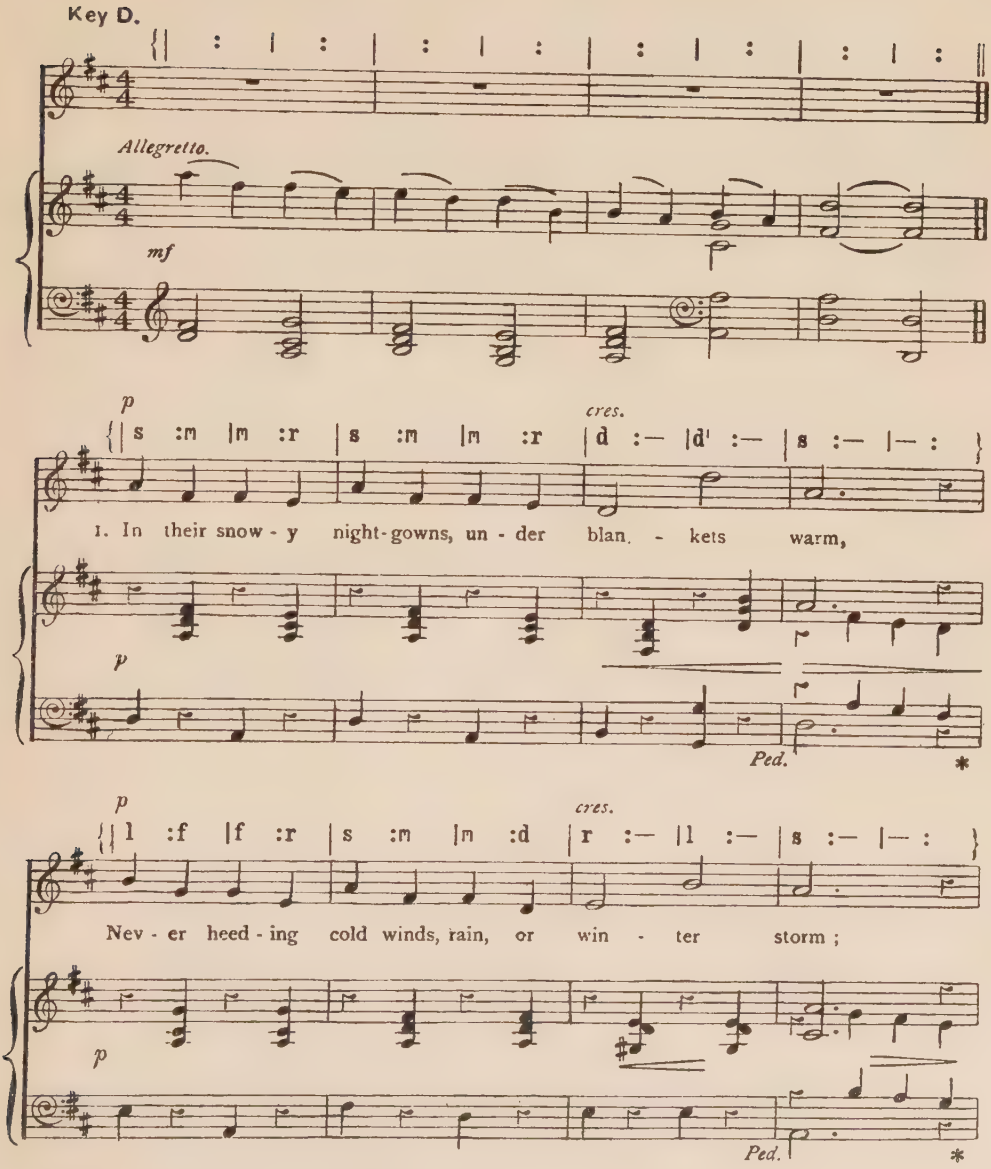
They rolled away in great affright,
  And sobbed, those baby pips.
" Oh, what will become of us now ? Oh, dear,
We all shall die, we very much fear,"
  Cried ten little baby pips.

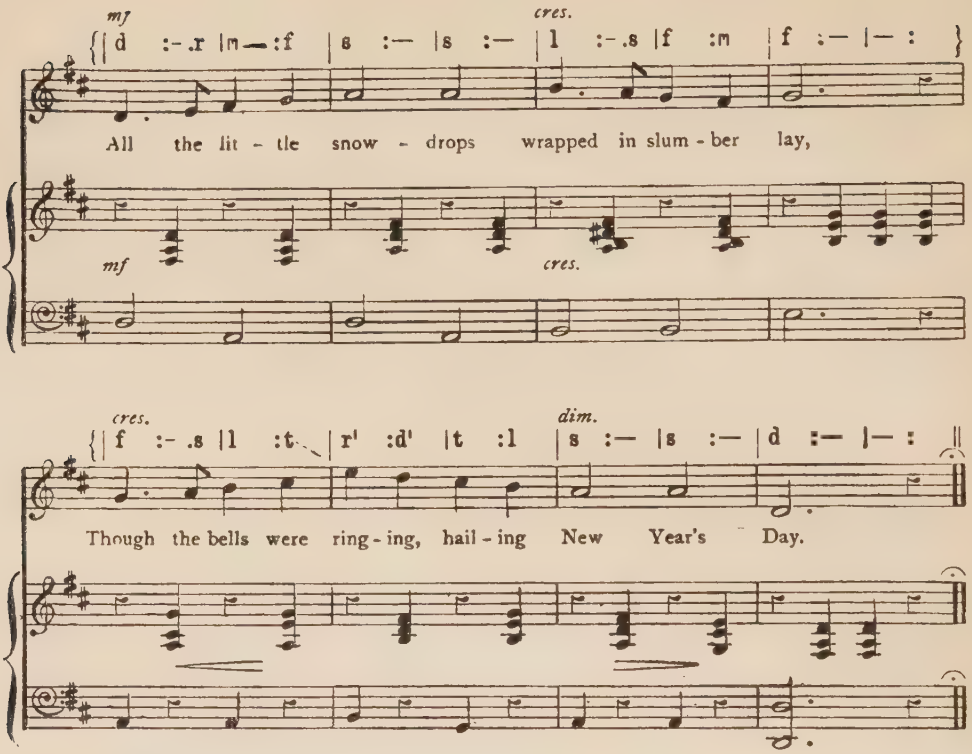
But those strong thieves were really kind
  To ten little baby pips,
For they gathered them up with care and toil,
And found a nice warm bed of soil
  For ten little baby pips.

They snuggled down and laughed for joy,
  To find themselves safe little pips.
" Oh, come, let us grow," they whispered gay,
" For orange trees we shall all be one day,
  And not little baby pips."

From " The Schoolmistress."

(36) THE SLEEPY SNOWDROPS.


Key D.
Allegretto.
mf
p
cres.
s :m |m :r | s :m |m :r | d :— |d' :— | s :— |— :
1. In their snow - y night-gowns, un - der blan. - kets warm,
p
Ped.
*
p
cres.
l :f |f :r | s :m |m :d | r :— |l :— | s :— |— :
Nev - er heed - ing cold winds, rain, or win - ter storm ;
p
Ped.
*


mf
d :- .r |m — :f |s :— |s :— |
cres.
l :- .s |f :m |f :— |— : }
All the lit - tle snow - drops wrapped in slum - ber lay,
mf
cres.
cres.
f :- .s |l :t |r' :d' |t :l |
dim.
s :— |s :— |d :— |— :
Though the bells were ring - ing, hail - ing New Year's Day.

THE SLEEPY SNOWDROPS.

In their snowy nightgowns, under blankets warm,
Never heeding cold winds, rain, or winter storm,
All the little snowdrops wrapped in slumber lay,
Though the bells were ringing, hailing New Year's Day.

Darling little Snowdrops, will you not awake ?
'Tis high time your cosy pillows to forsake.
See ! the sun is shining, and the sky is blue,
Hark to Robin singing ! He is calling you.

" Come and hear my message," sings the Robin gay ;
" Gloomy Winter's flying ; bright Spring's on her way.
Come and help me tell it—tell it all around,
Lift your slender blossoms high above the ground.

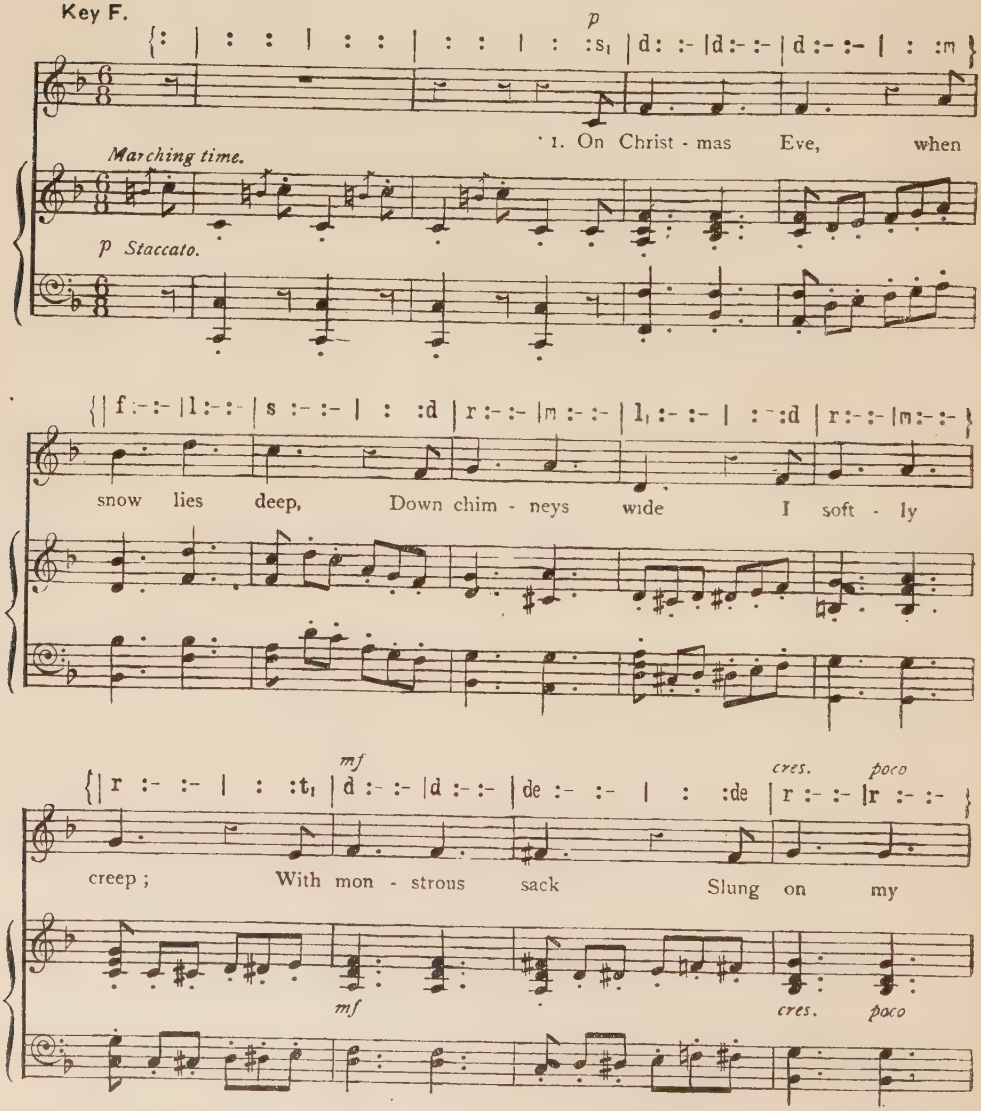
" What ! you lazy Snowdrops, are you sleeping yet ?
Surely," sings the Robin, " you must all forget
You are little handmaids, pure and shy and sweet,
Sent to deck the pathway under Spring's light feet."

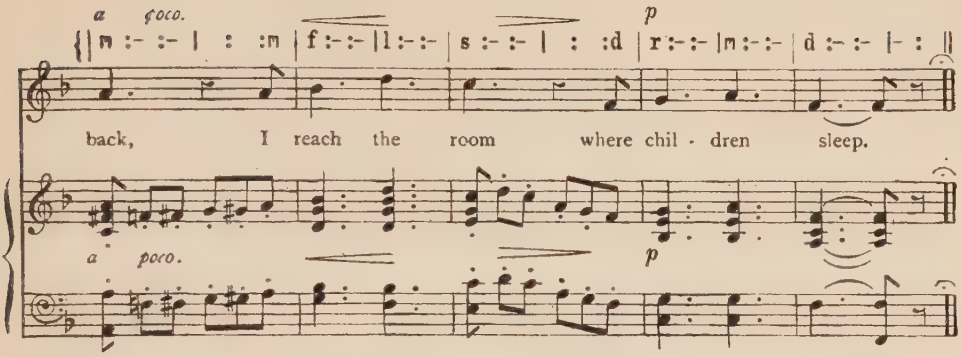
All the sleepy snowdrops hear the Robin's song ;
Quite ashamed, they whisper, " We have slept too long ! "
Up they spring from slumber in the borders brown,
Each in green striped kirtle under spotless gown.

From " The Schoolmistress."

(37) CHRISTMAS EVE.

Boy dressed as Santa Claus. Group of sleeping children.
Santa Claus, on tiptoe, steals among the sleepers, distributing toys, etc.
At end of last verse children awake—find toys.





CHRISTMAS EVE.

On Christmas Eve, when snow lies deep,
Down chimneys wide I softly creep ;
With monstrous sack
Slung on my back,
I reach the room where children sleep.

On tiptoe, stealing t'wards the bed,
I peep at every pillowed head ;
Should eyes be wide,
Away I glide
And take my toys elsewhere instead.

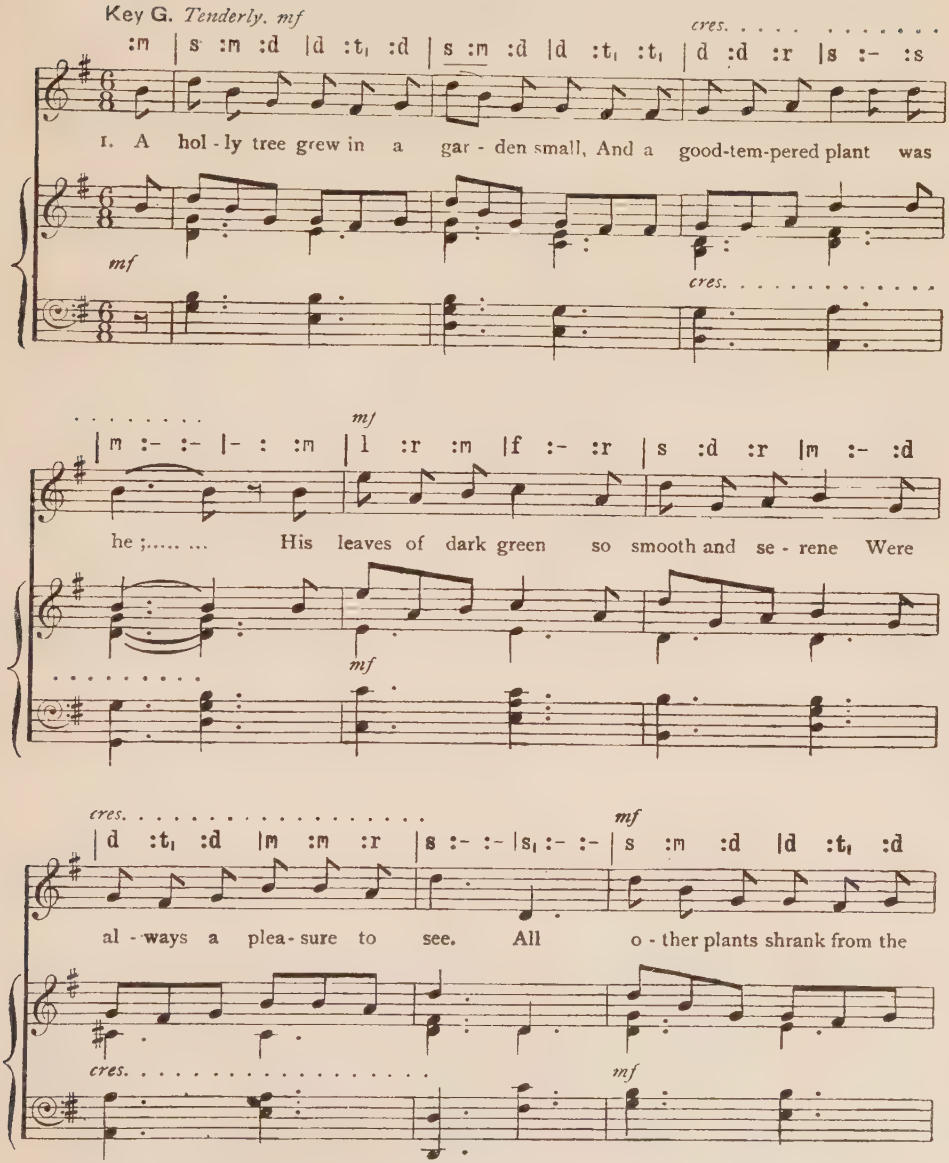
But boys and girls, in Dreamyland,
Should surely thank the man of sand
Who made them sleep,
Instead of peep
At Santa Claus with gifts in hand.

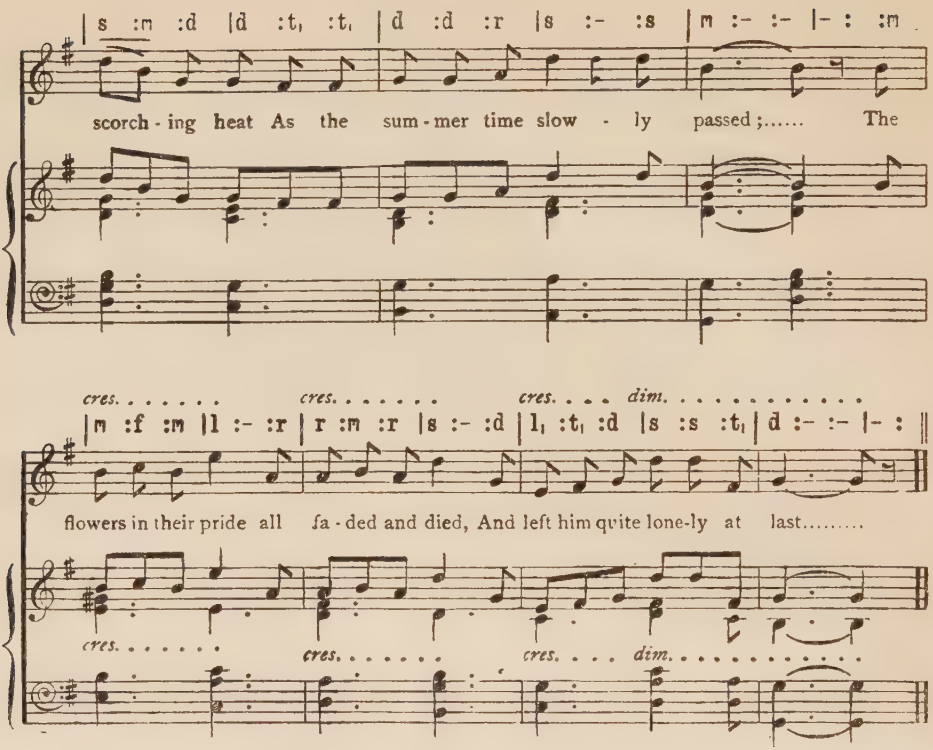
For if they sleep I loose my sack,
With lovely things their stockings pack,
    Cram full of toys
    And other joys—
From top to toe a glorious stack.

So, little folks, if you are wise,
You'll hop in bed and close your eyes,
    Sleep sweet and sound
    Till morn comes round,
Then wake to find your Christmas prize.

From "The Schoolmistress."

(38) THE HOLLY.


Key G. Tenderly. mf
:m | s :m :d |d :t, :d | s :m :d |d :t, :t, | d :d :r |s :- :s
cres.
1. A hol - ly tree grew in a gar - den small, And a good-tem-pered plant was
mf
cres.
mf
|m :- :- |- : :m | l :r :m |f :- :r | s :d :r |m :- :d
he ;..... ... His leaves of dark green so smooth and se - rene Were
mf
cres.
mf
| d :t, :d |m :m :r |s :- :- |s, :- :- | s :m :d |d :t, :d
al - ways a plea - sure to see. All o - ther plants shrank from the
cres.
mf


| s :m :d | d :t, :t, | d :d :r | s :- :s | m :- :- |- : :m
scorch - ing heat As the sum - mer time slow - ly passed ;..... The
cres. . . . . cres. . . . . cres. . . . dim. . . . . .
| m :f :m | l :- :r | r :m :r | s :- :d | l, :t, :d | s :s :t, | d :- :- |- : ‖
flowers in their pride all fa - ded and died, And left him quite lone-ly at last.....
cres. . . . . cres. . . . . cres. . . . dim. . . . . .

THE HOLLY.

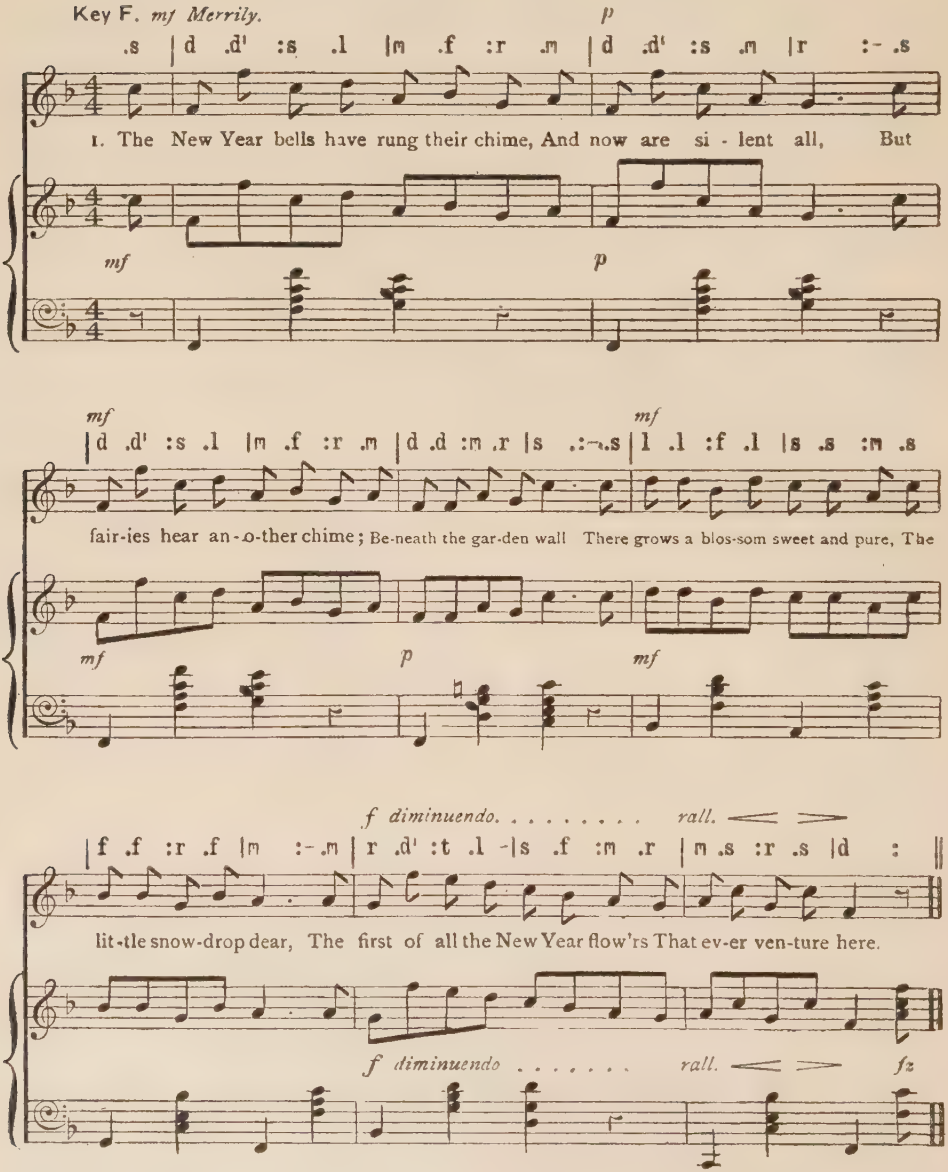
A holly tree grew in a garden small,
And a good-tempered plant was he.
His leaves of dark green, so smooth and serene.
Were always a pleasure to see.
All other plants shrank from the scorching heat,
As the summer time slowly passed,
The flowers in their pride all faded and died,
And left him quite lonely at last.

" Now what are you good for, you dull old thing ? "
Cried the sparrows with saucy glee.
But never a word, or sign that he heard,
Came forth from that knowing old tree.
Yet day after day, as he very well knew,
His berries were growing apace,
Bright bunches of red 'neath dark leaves soon spread,
And gave him new beauty and grace.

The sparrows soon saw them and wanted to taste,
But the leaves were all ready to prick,
So, when Christmas came, the tree was aflame
With red berries clustering thick.
Then someone came hunting for evergreen boughs—
The beautiful holly he spied ;
He cut every sprig, both little and big,
And bore them all off in their pride.

From " The Schoolmistress."

(39) THE NEW YEAR BELLS.


Key F. mf Merrily.
p
.s | d .d' :s .l |m .f :r .m | d .d' :s .m |r :- .s
1. The New Year bells have rung their chime, And now are si - lent all, But
mf
p
mf
mf
| d .d' :s .l |m .f :r .m | d .d :m .r |s .:-.s | l .l :f .l |s .s :m .s
fair-ies hear an-o-ther chime; Be-neath the gar-den wall There grows a blos-som sweet and pure, The
mf
p
mf
f diminuendo. . . . . rall.
| f .f :r .f |m :- .m | r .d' :t .l -|s .f :m .r | m .s :r .s |d :
lit-tle snow-drop dear, The first of all the New Year flow'rs That ev-er ven-ture here.
f diminuendo . . . . . rall.
fz

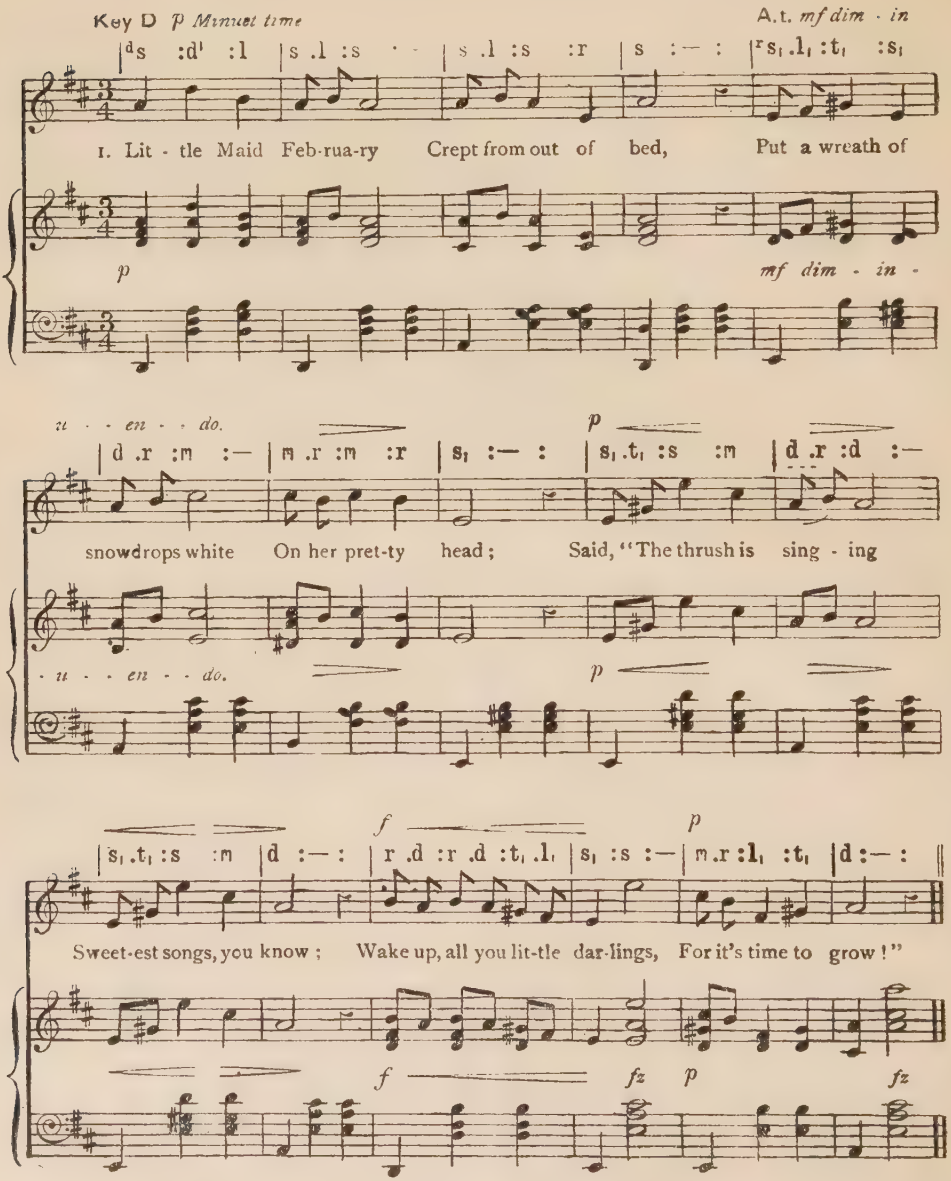
THE NEW YEAR BELLS.

The New Year bells have rung their chime
And now are silent all,
But fairies hear another chime
Beneath the garden wall ;
There grows a blossom sweet and pure,
The little snowdrop dear,
The first of all the New Year flowers
That ever venture here.

A tiny bell of white and green,
A fairy bell indeed,
It rings a chime so sweet and low
That only fairies heed.
But snowdrop knows that her soft chime
Speaks of the coming Spring,
And so through cold and wind and rain
The fairy bell will ring.

From "The Schoolmistress."

(40) LITTLE MAID FEBRUARY.


Key D p Minuet time
A.t. mf dim - in
1. Lit - tle Maid Feb-rua-ry Crept from out of bed, Put a wreath of
mf dim - in -
snowdrops white On her pret-ty head; Said, "The thrush is sing - ing
Sweet-est songs, you know; Wake up, all you lit-tle dar-lings, For it's time to grow!"

LITTLE MAID FEBRUARY.

Little Maid February
  Crept from out of bed,
Put a wreath of snowdrops white
  On her pretty head.
Said, " The thrush is singing
  Sweetest songs, you know.
Wake up all you little darlings,
  For it's time to grow."

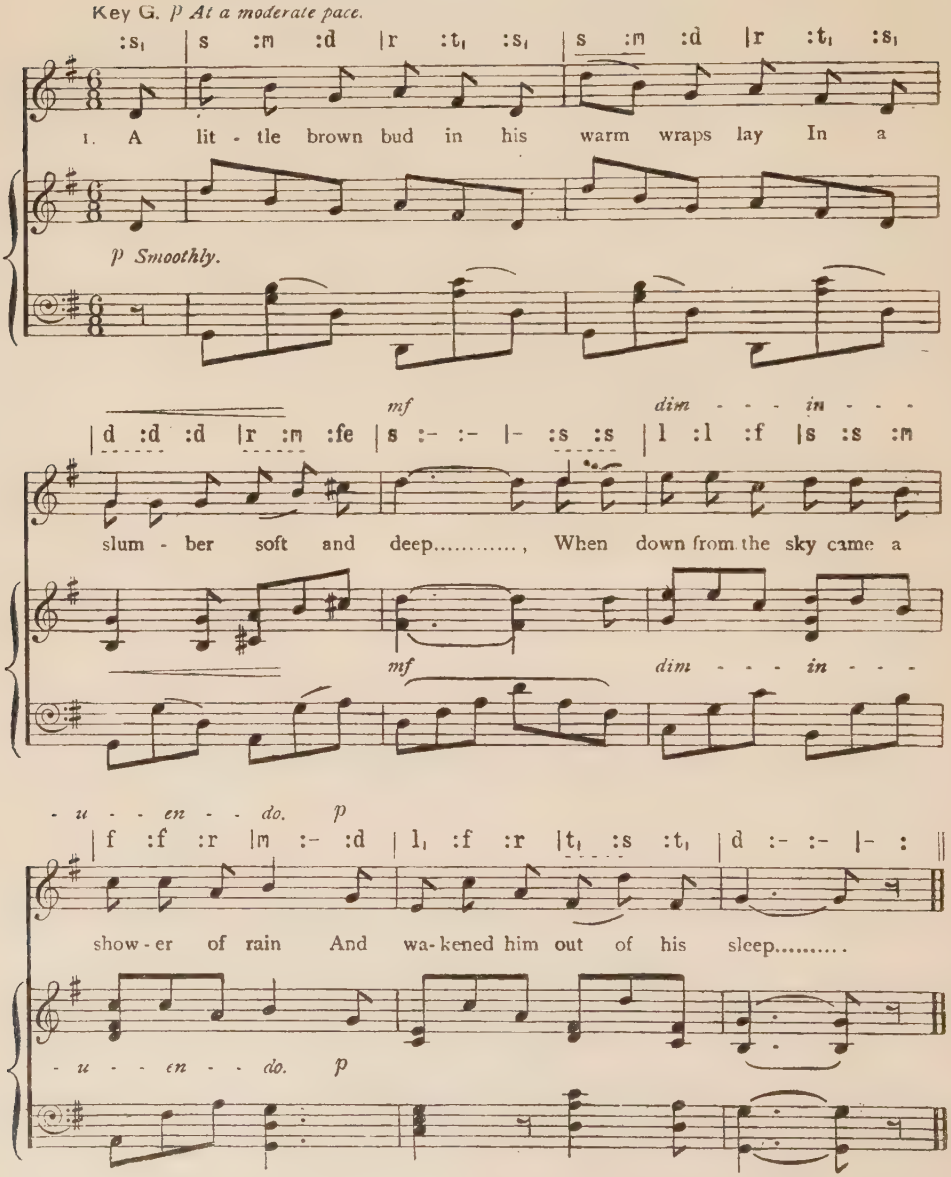
Little Maid February
  Breathed upon the snow,
Gently touched the seedlings brown
  Hidden down below,
Whispered to the little bulbs,
  " It is late, you know.
Wake up all you little darlings,
  For it's time to grow."

Little Maid February
  Went the garden round,
Leaving smiles and kisses sweet
  Hidden in the ground.
" For when Spring comes by," she said,
  " They'll be found, I know ;
Wake up all you little darlings,
  For it's time to grow."

Little Maid February,
  Peeping everywhere,
Said, " When Spring looks round to find
  Posies for her hair,
You'll be grown to pretty flowers,
  That I surely know ;
Wake up all you little darlings,
  For it's time to grow."

From " The Schoolmistress."

(41) THE LITTLE BROWN BUD.


Key G. p At a moderate pace.
:s, | s :m :d | r :t, :s, | s :m :d | r :t, :s,
1. A lit - tle brown bud in his warm wraps lay In a
p Smoothly.
mf dim - - - in - - -
| d :d :d | r :m :fe | s :- :- | - :s :s | l :l :f | s :s :m
slum - ber soft and deep....., When down from the sky came a
mf dim - - - in - - -
- u - - en - - do. p
| f :f :r | m :- :d | l, :f :r | t, :s :t, | d :- :- | - : ||
show - er of rain And wa - kened him out of his sleep.....
- u - - en - - do. p

THE LITTLE BROWN BUD.

A little brown bud in his warm wraps lay
In a slumber soft and deep,
When down from the sky came a shower of rain
And wakened him out of his sleep.

The bright raindrops said, as they pattered down
Through the Mother-tree's branches bare,
" Now come, sleepy bud, you must wake up and help
To make all the big world look fair."

The little brown bud then, with right good will,
From his warm wraps took a peep,
And, seeing his brothers and sisters awake,
He had no desire to sleep.

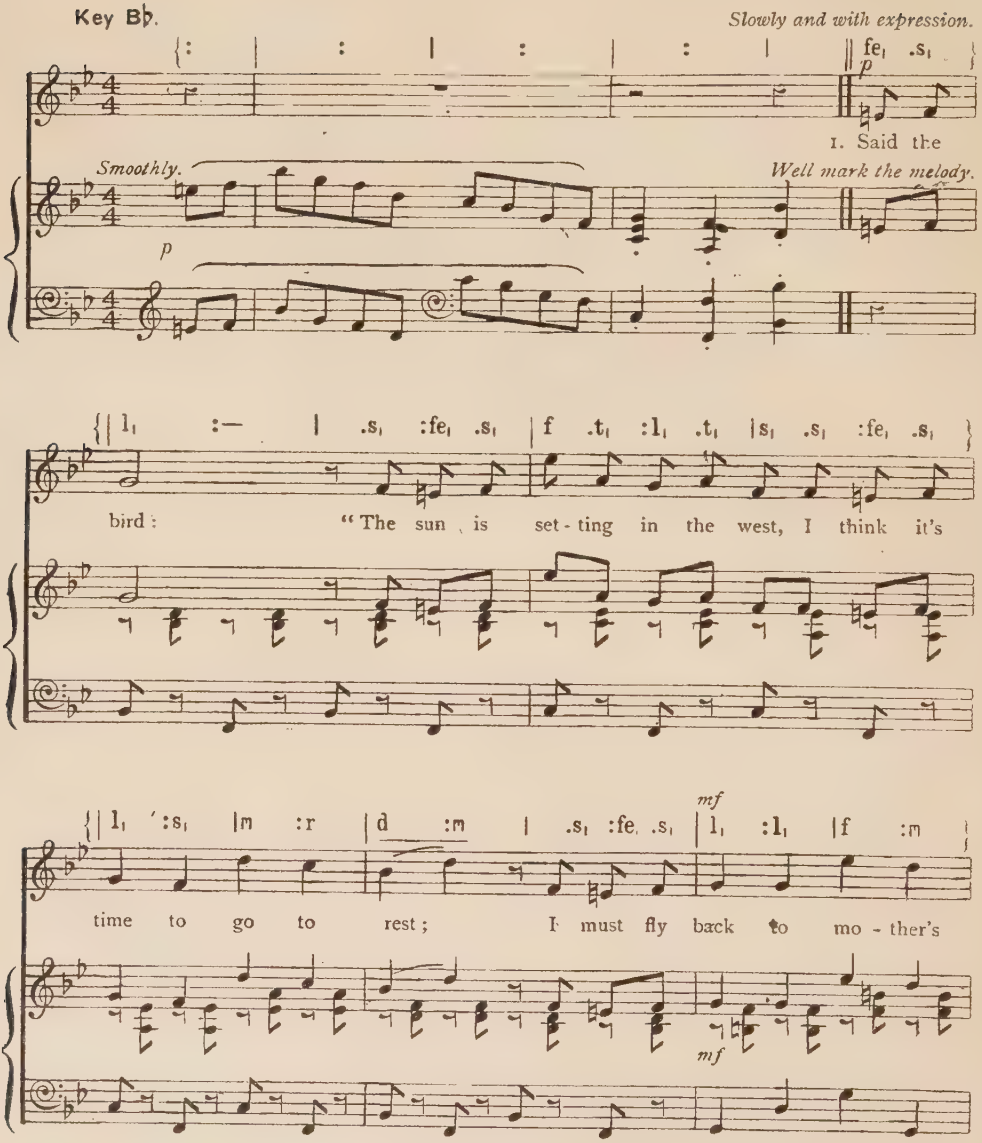
He worked very hard till his wraps slipped off,
And ere long it could plainly be seen
That the warm cosy wraps of the little brown bud
Had covered some small leaves of green.

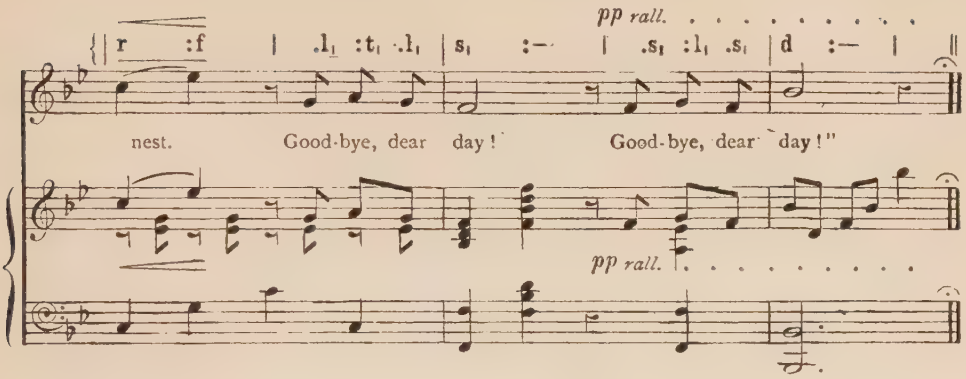
From " The Schoolmistress."

PART V

Miscellaneous

(42) GOOD-BYE, DEAR DAY.


Key B♭.
Slowly and with expression.
Smoothly.
Well mark the melody.
p
1. Said the
bird: "The sun is set-ting in the west, I think it's
time to go to rest; I must fly back to mo-ther's
mf



GOOD-BYE, DEAR DAY.

Said the bird :
" The sun is setting in the west,
I think it's time to go to rest ;
I must fly back to Mother's nest.
Good-bye, dear day,
Good-bye, dear day ! "

Said the bee :
" I've sipped the honey from the flower,
I'll hie me back to my sweet bower
Before the evening shadows lower—
Good-bye, dear day,
Good-bye, dear day ! "

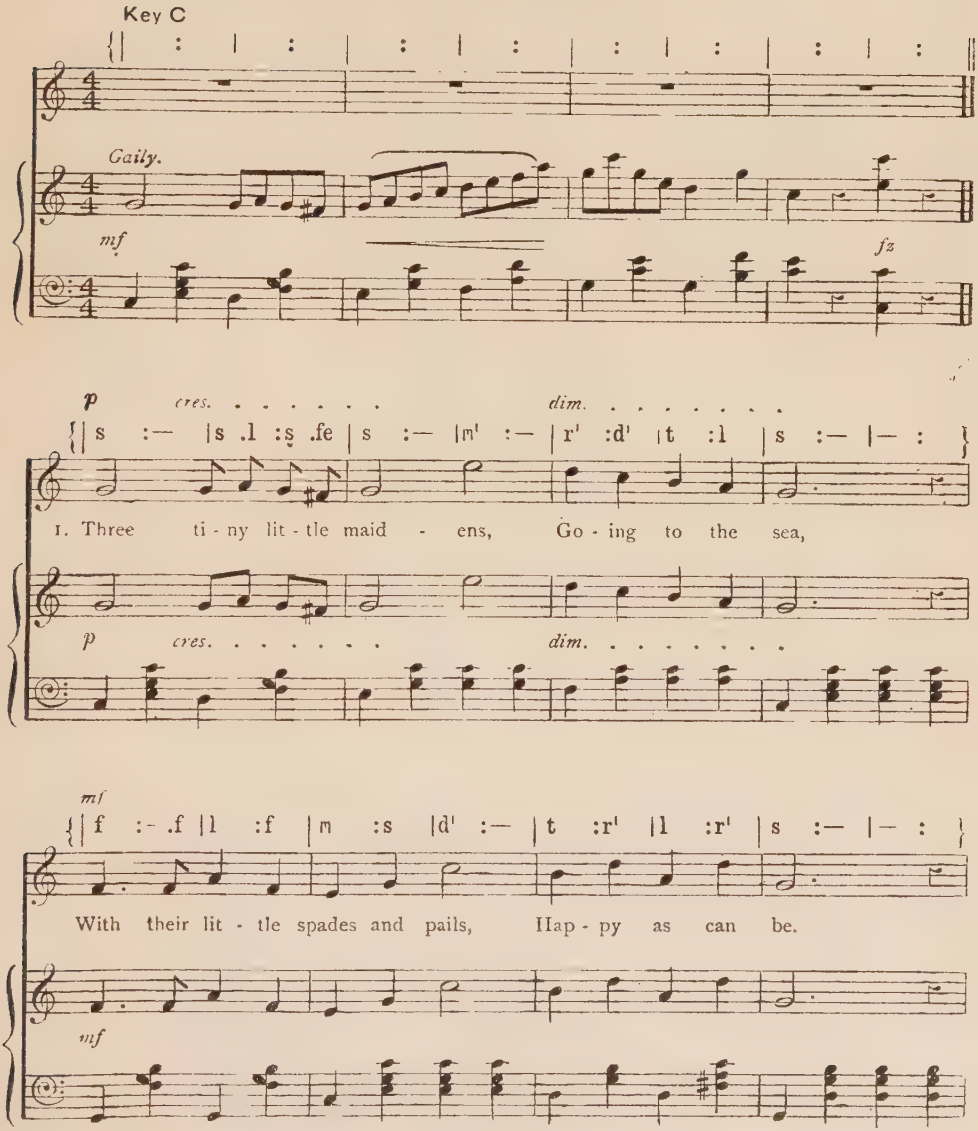
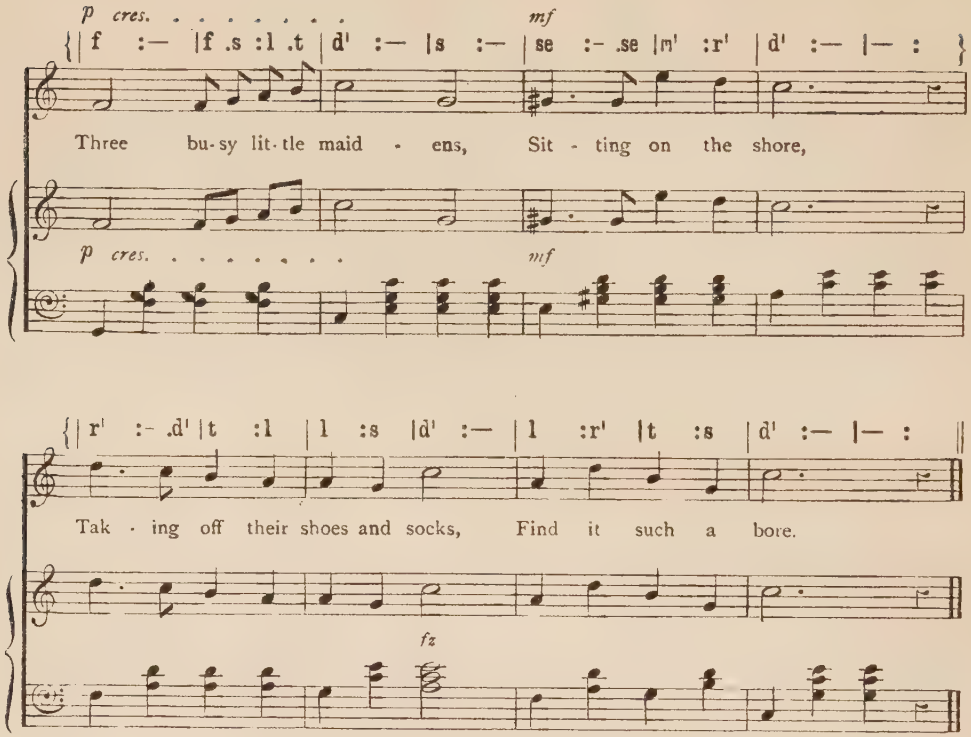
Said the flower :
" The clouds are gathering in the sky,
Dark night is quickly drawing nigh ;
I'll fold my petals, say ' Good-bye '
To sunny day,
To sunny day."

Said the stars :
" The little children kneel and pray
That angels fair watch till bright day
Shall shine again upon their way ;
Then go to sleep,
Then go to sleep."

From " The Schoolmistress."

(43) THREE LITTLE MAIDENS.

Action Song for three girls.

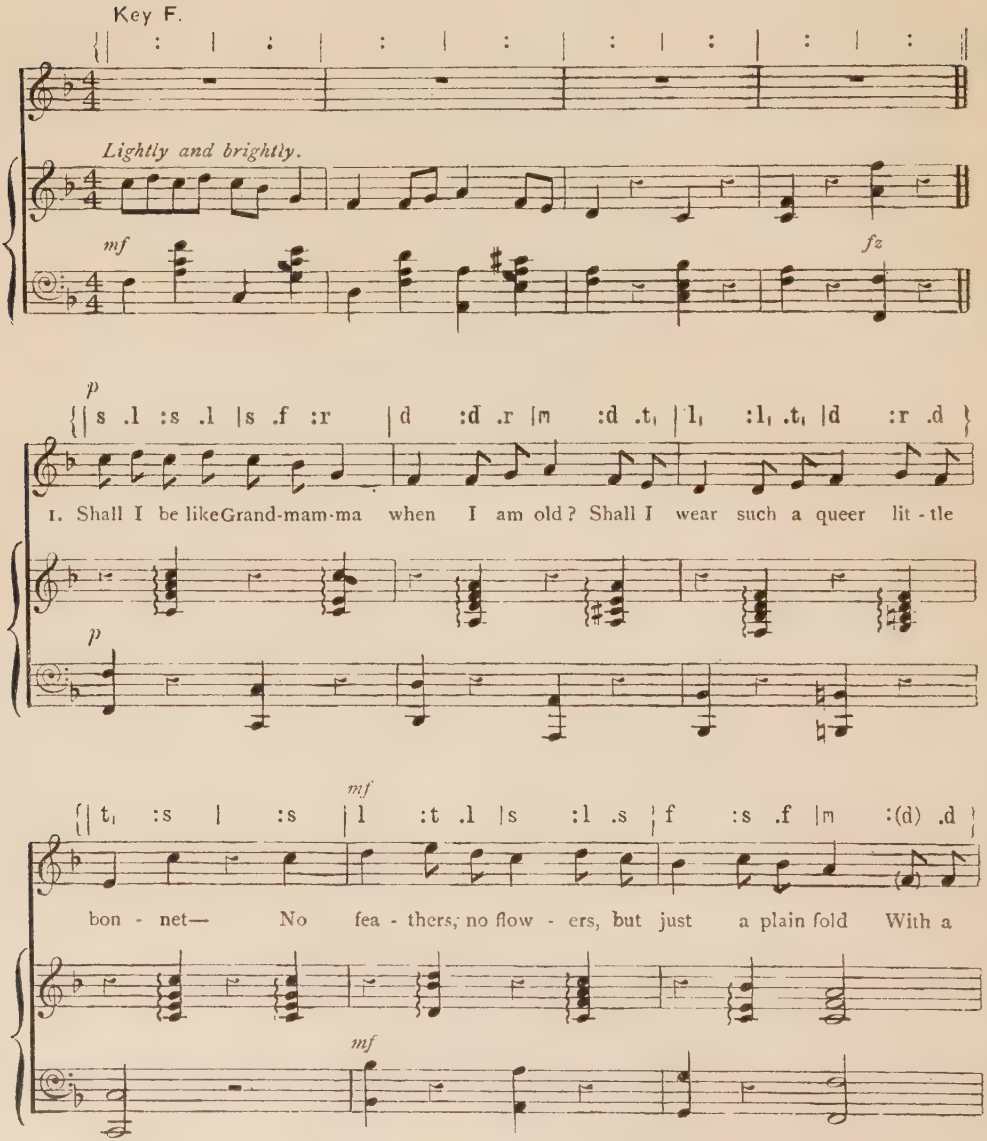
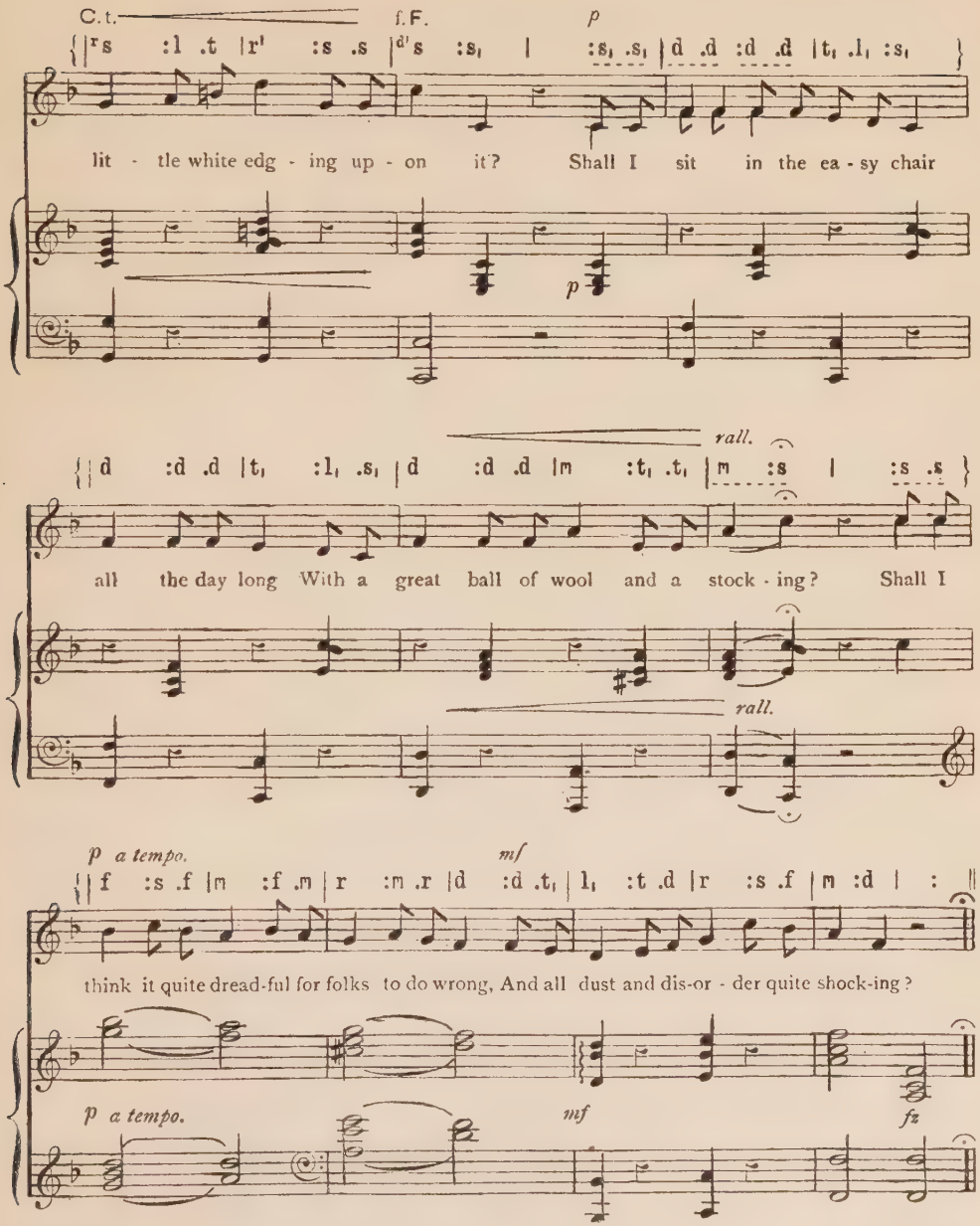

Key C
Gaily.
mf
fz
p
cres.
dim.
s :— |s .l :ṣ .fe | s :— |m' :— | r' :d' |t :l | s :— |— :
1. Three ti - ny lit - tle maid - ens, Go - ing to the sea,
p
cres.
dim.
mf
f :- .f |l :f |m :s |d' :— |t :r' |l :r' |s :— |— :
With their lit - tle spades and pails, Hap - py as can be.
mf

THREE LITTLE MAIDENS.

Three tiny little maidens,
  Going to the sea,
With their little spades and pails,
  Happy as can be.
Three busy little maidens,
  Sitting on the shore,
Taking off their shoes and socks,
  Find it such a bore.

Three merry little maidens,
  Playing by the sea,
Paddling in the water cool,
  Happy in their glee.
Three tired little maidens,
  Wandering home at night,
All their little petticoats
  In a sorry plight.

Three drowsy little maidens,
  Standing in a row,
Nodding little curly heads,
  Off to bed they go.
Three sleeping little maidens,
  Watched by angels bright,
Dreaming in their cosy beds
  Till wakes morning light.

From "The Schoolmistress."

(44) GROW BETTER BY TRYING.

Key F.
Lightly and brightly.
mf
fz
p
1. Shall I be like Grand-mam-ma when I am old? Shall I wear such a queer lit-tle
p
mf
bon - net— No fea - thers, no flow - ers, but just a plain fold With a
mf

C.t.
f.F.
p
lit - tle white edg - ing up - on it? Shall I sit in the ea - sy chair
p
rall.
all the day long With a great ball of wool and a stock - ing? Shall I
rall.
p a tempo.
mf
think it quite dread-ful for folks to do wrong, And all dust and dis-or - der quite shock-ing?
p a tempo.
mf
fz

GROW BETTER BY TRYING.

Shall I be like Grandmamma when I am old ?
Shall I wear such a queer little bonnet—
No feathers, no flowers, but just a plain fold
With a little white edging upon it ?
Shall I sit in the easy-chair all the day long,
With a great ball of wool and a stocking ?
Shall I think it quite deadful for folks to do wrong,
And all dust and disorder quite shocking ?

Wait until I tell you what Grandma once said—
And I hope you will not think me crazy—
It happened one day when they sent me to bed
For being ill-tempered and lazy.
She came and sat by me, and patted my hand,
And she told me, " There's no use in crying !
It's by stumbling, my pet, that we know how to stand,
And we always grow better by trying."

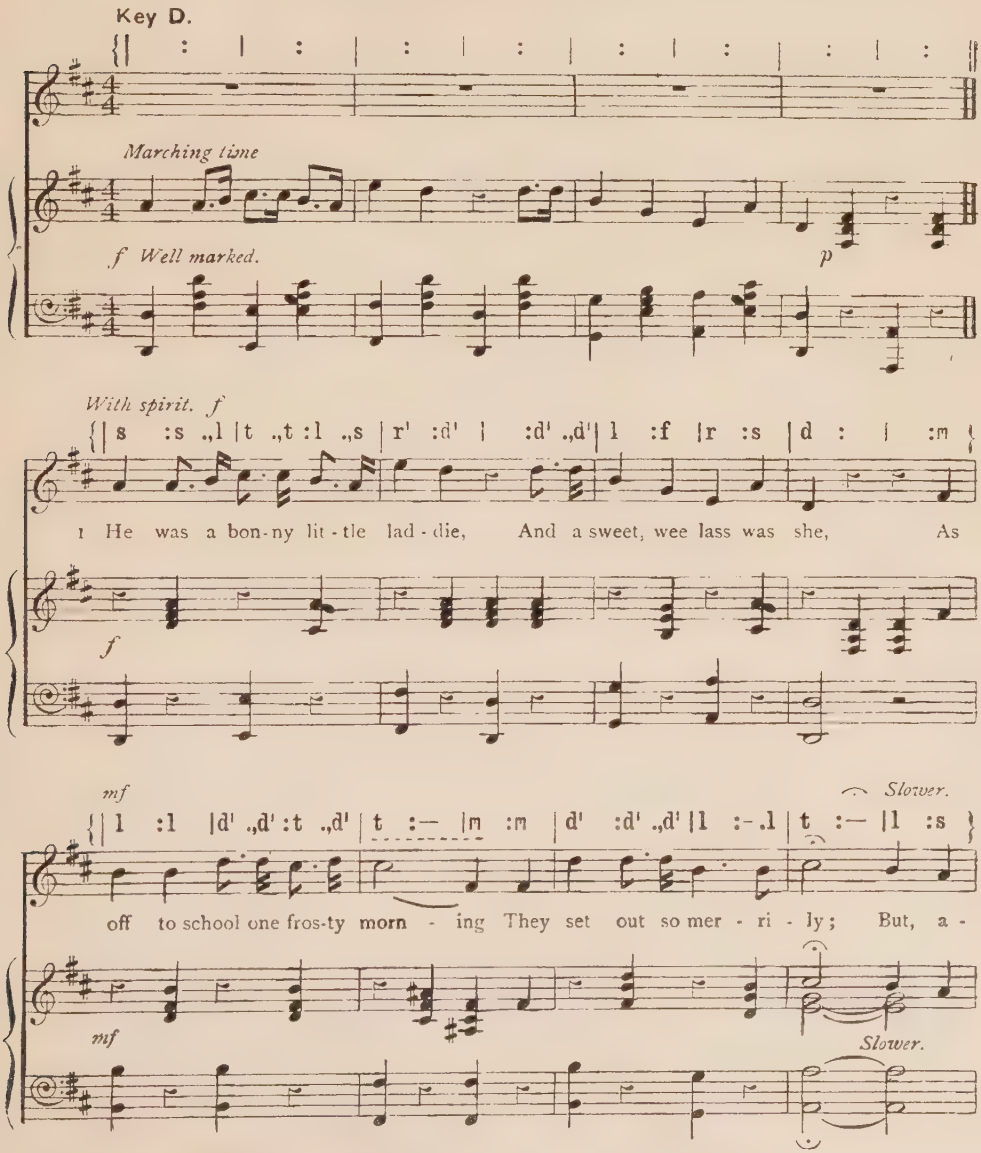
" Was there ever any girl wicked like me ? "
I inquired in the midst of my sobbing.
Then Grandma laughed just as hard as could be
And her little white curls went a-bobbing.
" Was any girl ever so naughty as you ?
I am sure that I know of one other ! "
" Who was it ? " I asked, " Grandma, please tell me, do."
Then she whispered, " My dear, your grandmother ! "

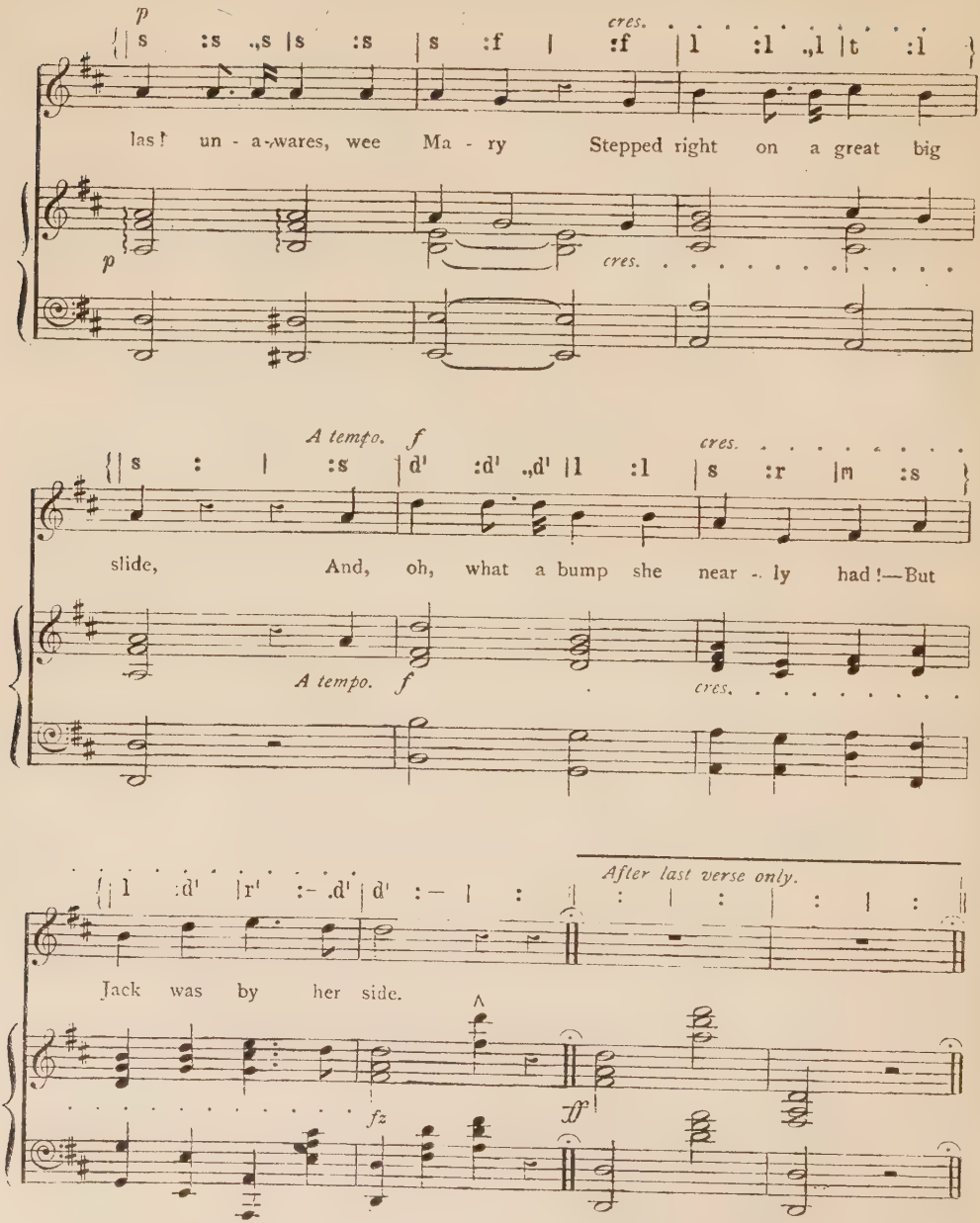
Isn't that quite funny ? Of course it is true !
I can tell you this one thing about it,
She'd not tell a story, whatever she'd do ;
And we should be silly to doubt it.
But, of course, I feel certain you never will tell,
For how perfectly dreadful 'twould be
If people should know, who all love her so well,
That my grandmamma ever was naughty.

From NELSON'S " *Royal Princess Reader II.*"

(45) TRUE AND TRIED.

Tableau Action Song to represent—
(1) Boy and girl going to school, etc. (2) Young man and maiden, etc.
(3) Old sailor and wife.


Key D.
Marching time
f Well marked.
p
With spirit. f
1 He was a bon-ny lit-tle lad-die, And a sweet, wee lass was she, As
f
mf
Slower.
off to school one fros-ty morn - ing They set out so mer - ri - ly; But, a -
mf
Slower.


p
cres.
las! un - a-wares, wee Ma - ry Stepped right on a great big
A tempo. f
cres.
slide, And, oh, what a bump she near - ly had!—But
A tempo. f
cres.
After last verse only.
Jack was by her side.
fz
ff

TRUE AND TRIED.

He was a bonny little laddie,
And a sweet wee lass was she,
As off to school one frosty morning
They set out so merrily ;
But alas, unawares, wee Mary
Stepped right on a great big slide,
And oh, what a bump she nearly had !—
But Jack was by her side.

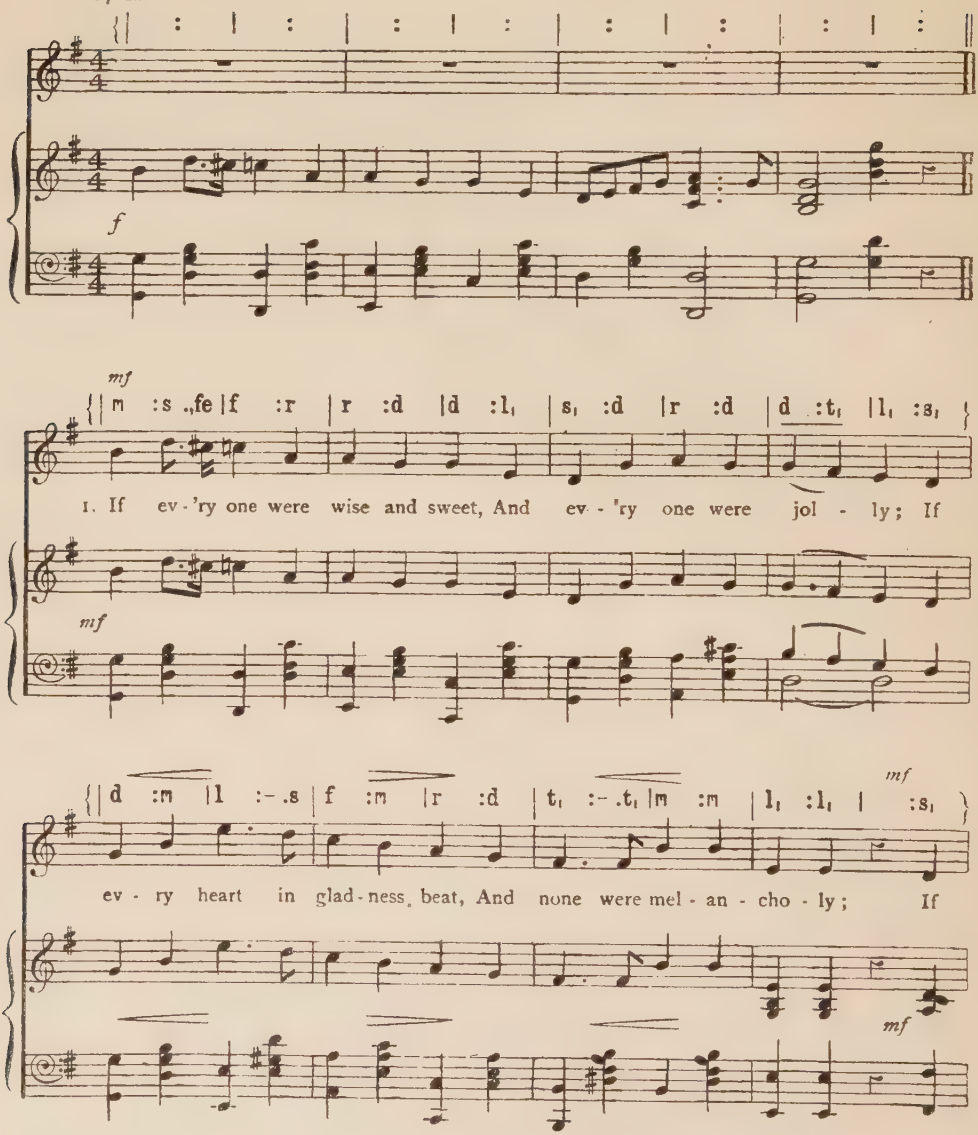
He was a sturdy, manly fellow,
And a dainty maid was she ;
For years have passed by since we saw them
Run off to their school in glee.
But alas, Mary's eyes are filling
With tears which she fain would hide,
For he has to go to sea, and she'll
Have no Jack by her side.

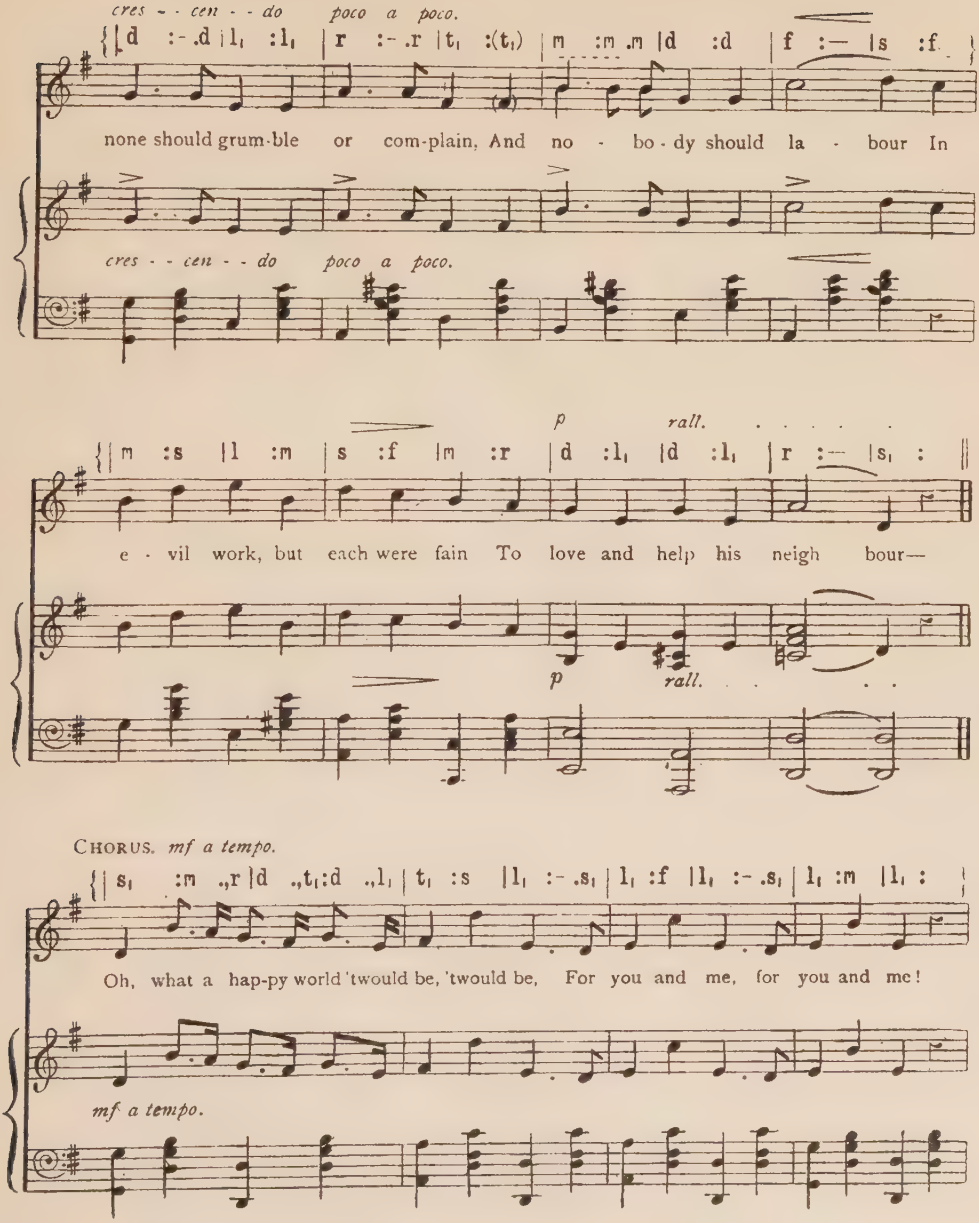
He was a weather-beaten sailor,
And a sailor's wife was she,
With wrinkled cheeks and whitened hair
And hands clasped so lovingly.
For although they have oft been parted,
Their love had been true and tried ;
And Mary can smile in sweet content
Now Jack is by her side.

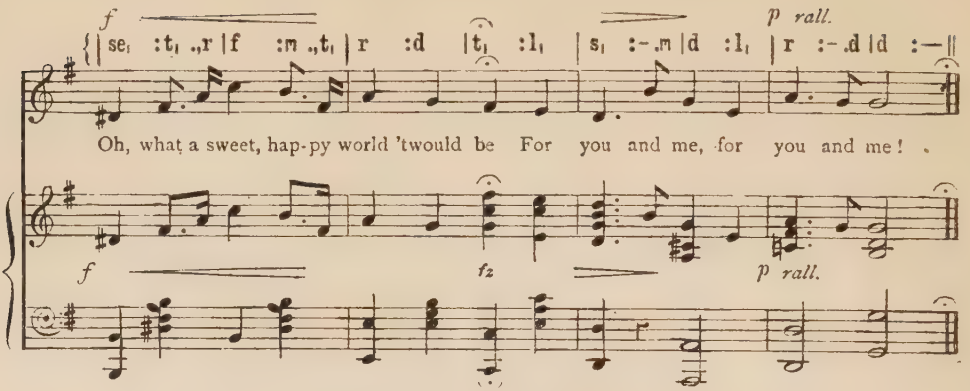
Florence Steane.

(46) "IF" AND "PERHAPS."

Key G.


mf
m :s .,fe|f :r |r :d |d :l, |s, :d |r :d |d :t, |l, :s,
1. If ev - 'ry one were wise and sweet, And ev - 'ry one were jol - ly; If
mf
d :m |l :- .s |f :m |r :d |t, :- .t, |m :m |l, :l, | :s,
ev - ry heart in glad - ness beat, And none were mel - an - cho - ly; If
mf


cres - - cen - - do poco a poco.
d :-.d |l, :l, | r :-.r |t, :(t,) | m :m .m |d :d | f :— |s :f
none should grum-ble or com-plain, And no - bo - dy should la - bour In
cres - - cen - - do poco a poco.
p rall.
m :s |l :m | s :f |m :r | d :l, |d :l, | r :— |s, :
e - vil work, but each were fain To love and help his neigh bour—
p rall.
Chorus. mf a tempo.
s, :m .,r |d .,t,:d .,l, | t, :s |l, :-.s, | l, :f |l, :-.s, | l, :m |l, :
Oh, what a hap-py world 'twould be, 'twould be, For you and me, for you and me!
mf a tempo.



"IF" AND "PERHAPS."

If ev'ry one were wise and sweet,
And ev'ry one were jolly;
If ev'ry heart in gladness beat,
And none were melancholy;
If none should grumble or complain,
And nobody should labour
In evil work, but each were fain
To love and help his neighbour—

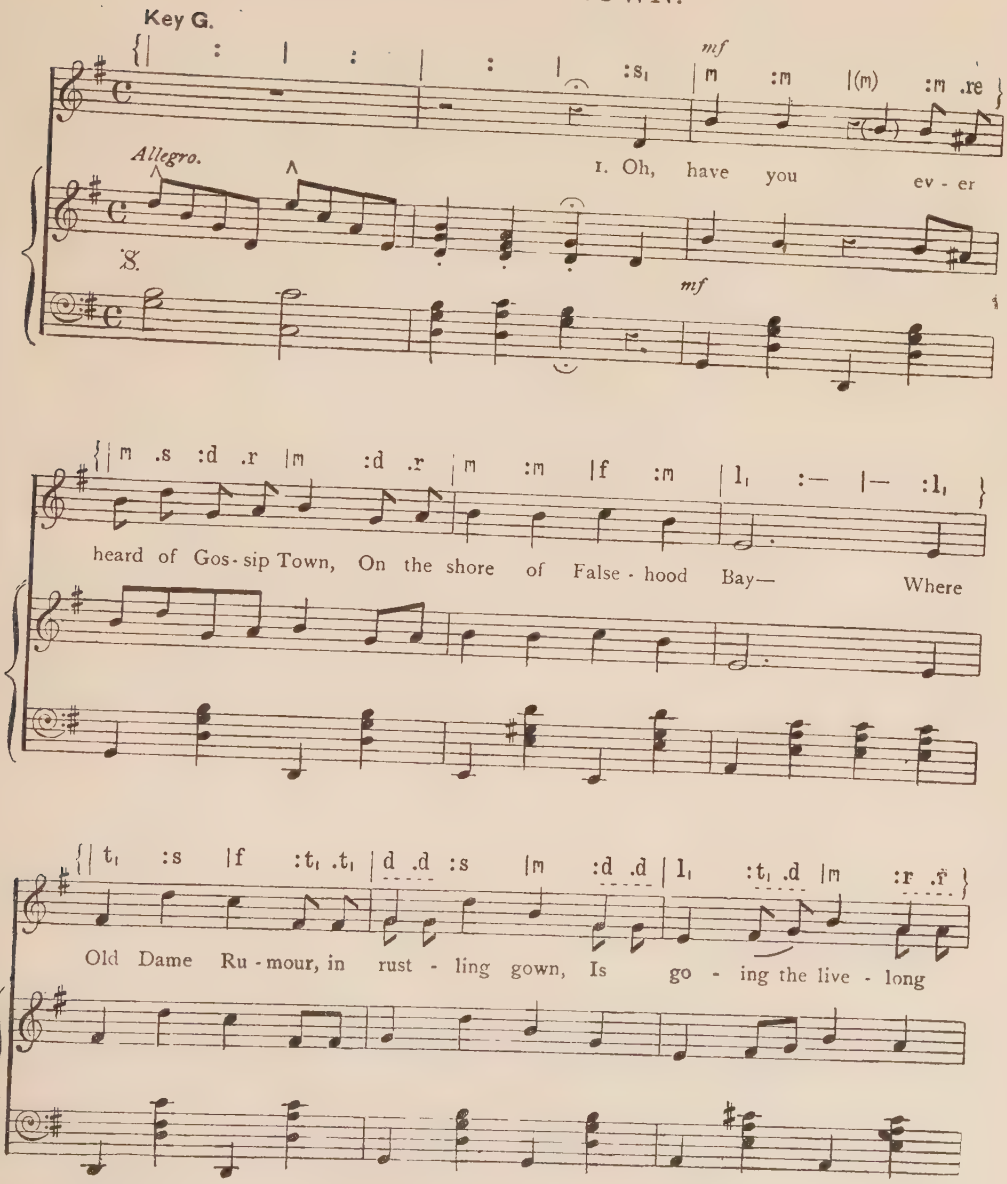
Oh, what a happy world 'twould be, 'twould be,
For you and me, for you and me!
Oh, what a sweet, happy world 'twould be
For you and me, for you and me!

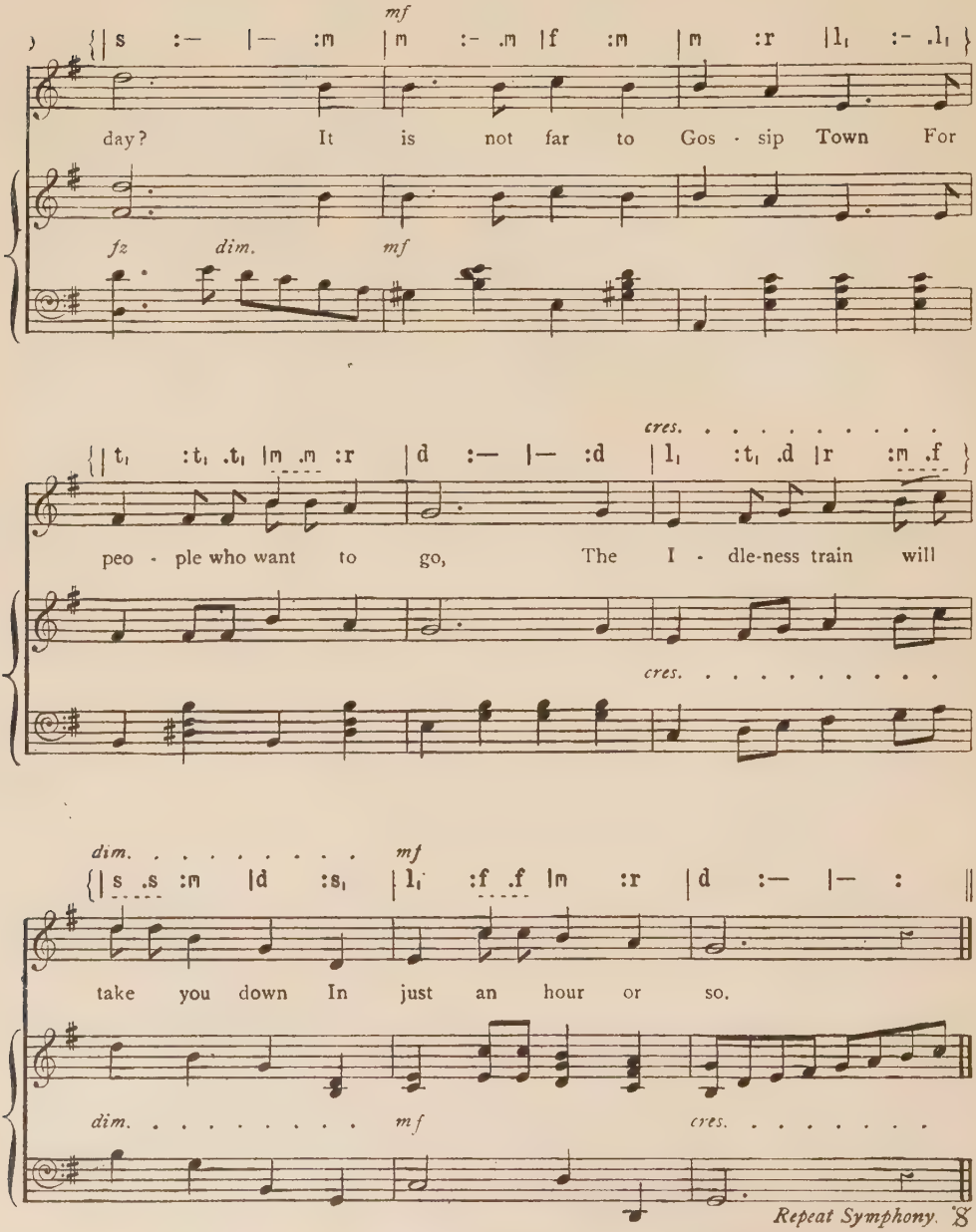
And if, perhaps, we both should try
That glorious time to hurry;
If you and I—just you and I—
Should laugh instead of worry;
If we should grow—just you and I—
Kinder and tender-hearted;
Perhaps between us, by and by
That good time might be started—

Then, what a happy world 'twould be, 'twould be,
For you and me, for you and me!
Then, what a sweet, happy world 'twould be,
For you and me, for you and me!

From NELSON'S *"Royal Princess Reader II."*

(47) GOSSIP TOWN.


Key G.
Allegro.
mf
1. Oh, have you ev - er
mf
heard of Gos - sip Town, On the shore of False - hood Bay— Where
Old Dame Ru - mour, in rust - ling gown, Is go - ing the live - long


mf
day? It is not far to Gos - sip Town For
fz dim. mf
cres.
peo - ple who want to go, The I - dle-ness train will
cres.
dim. mf
take you down In just an hour or so.
dim. mf cres.
Repeat Symphony.

GOSSIP TOWN.

Oh, have you ever heard of Gossip Town,
On the shore of Falsehood Bay,
Where old Dame Rumour, in rustling gown,
Is going the livelong day ?
It is not far to Gossip Town
For people who want to go :
The Idleness train will take you down
In just an hour or so.

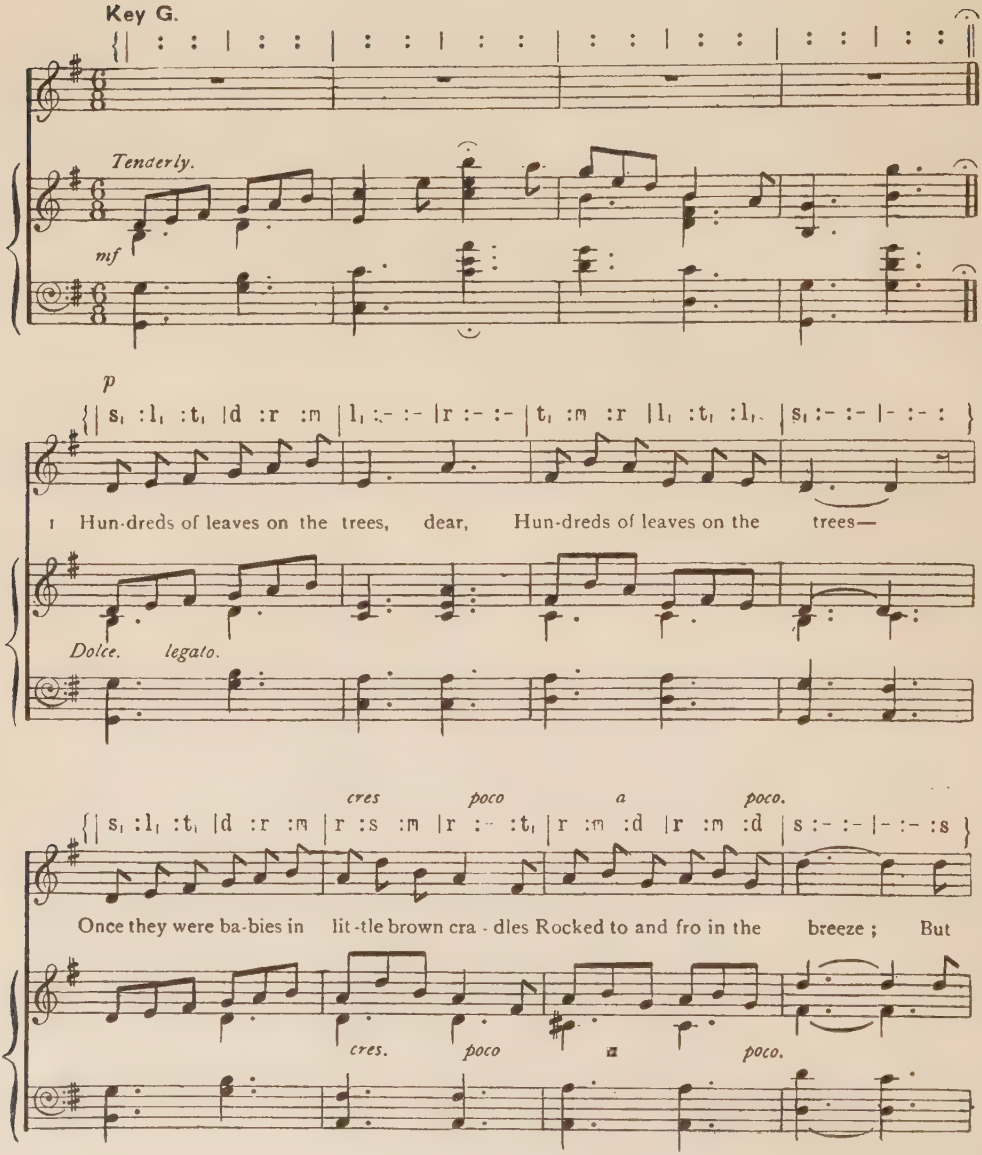
The Thoughtless Road is crowded, you will find,
For most people go that way ;
It's all down-hill, and if you don't mind
You'll land in the Falsehood Bay.
You'll pass the Vale of Wicked Talk
And into the Tunnel of Hate ;
Then, crossing the Bitterness Bridge, you walk
Right into the city gate.

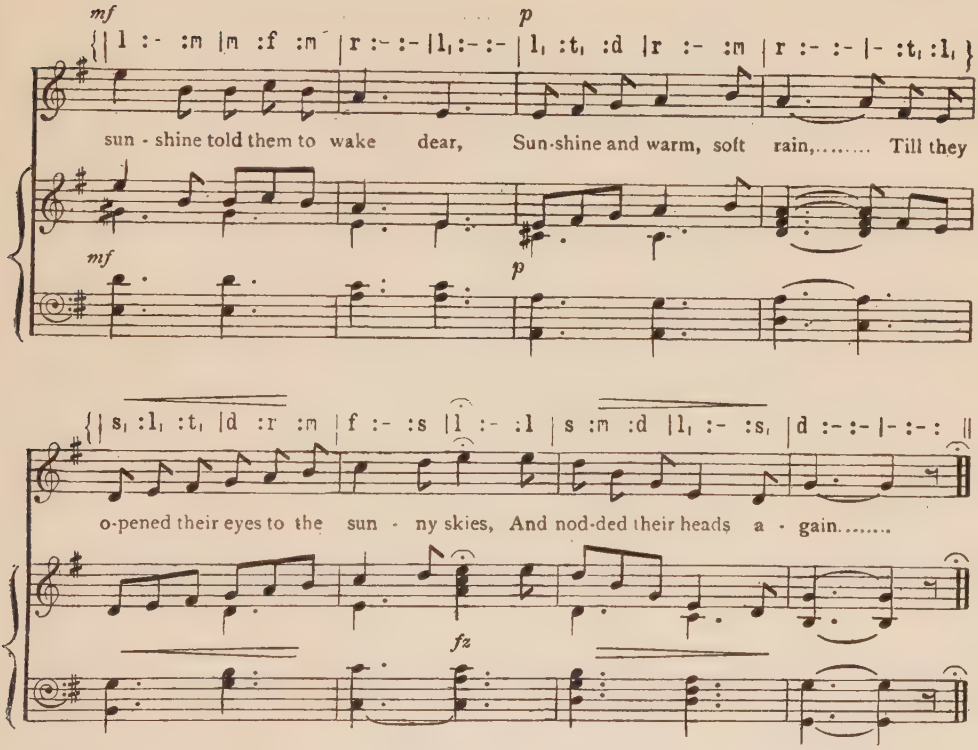
The chief street, I believe, is called They Say,
And I've Heard, the public well ;
The winds that blow from the Falsehood Bay
Are laden with Don't-You-Tell.
Right in the town is Tell-tale Park :
You're never quite safe while there ;
The owner is Madam Suspicious Remark,
Who lives in the street Don't Care !

Behind the park is Slander's Court, you know,
It was there that Good Name died,
Pierced by the shafts sent from Jealousy's bow
In the hands of Envy and Pride.
From Gossip Town, Peace long since fled,
But Trouble, and Grief, and Woe,
And Sorrow, and Care you will meet instead,
If ever you chance to go.

From NELSON'S *"Royal Princess Reader IV."*

(48) HUNDREDS.


Key G.
Tenderly.
mf
p
1 Hun-dreds of leaves on the trees, dear, Hun-dreds of leaves on the trees—
Dolce. legato.
cres poco a poco.
Once they were ba-bies in lit-tle brown cra - dles Rocked to and fro in the breeze ; But
cres. poco poco.


mf
p
sun - shine told them to wake dear, Sun-shine and warm, soft rain,..... Till they
mf
p
o-pened their eyes to the sun - ny skies, And nod-ded their heads a - gain.....
fz

HUNDREDS.

Hundreds of leaves on the trees, dear,
Hundreds of leaves on the trees—
Once they were babies in little brown cradles,
Rocked to and fro in the breeze ;
But sunshine told them to wake, dear,
Sunshine and warm, soft rain,
Till they opened their eyes to the sunny skies
And nodded their heads again.

Hundreds of daisies, they peep, dear,
Hundreds of daisies, they peep—
Once they were babies in little green nighties,
Rocking themselves off to sleep ;
But now they're very much older,
Prettier, too, I guess,
For they nodded their heads as they left their beds,
And put on a party dress.

Hundreds of lambs in the field, dear,
Over the hills and away,
Hundreds of grasses that whisper and rustle,
Hundreds of buds on the May ;
And hundreds, hundreds of children,
Hundreds of birdies small,
(*boy*, or *child*) But there's one little (*girl*) whom I love so well—
The sweetest and best of all !

From "The Schoolmistress."

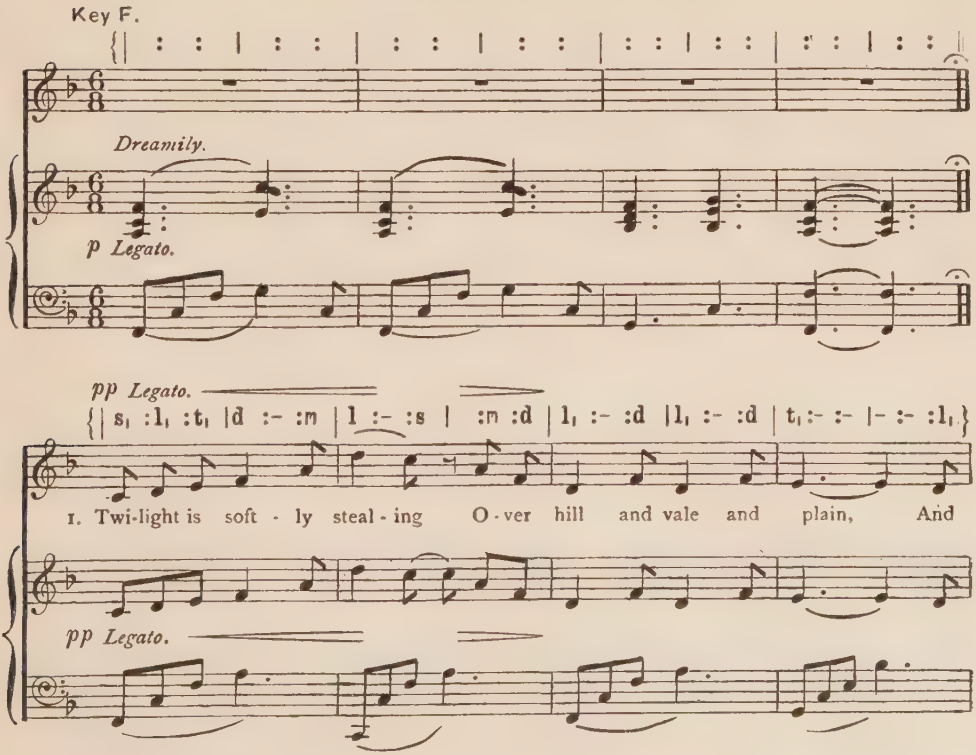
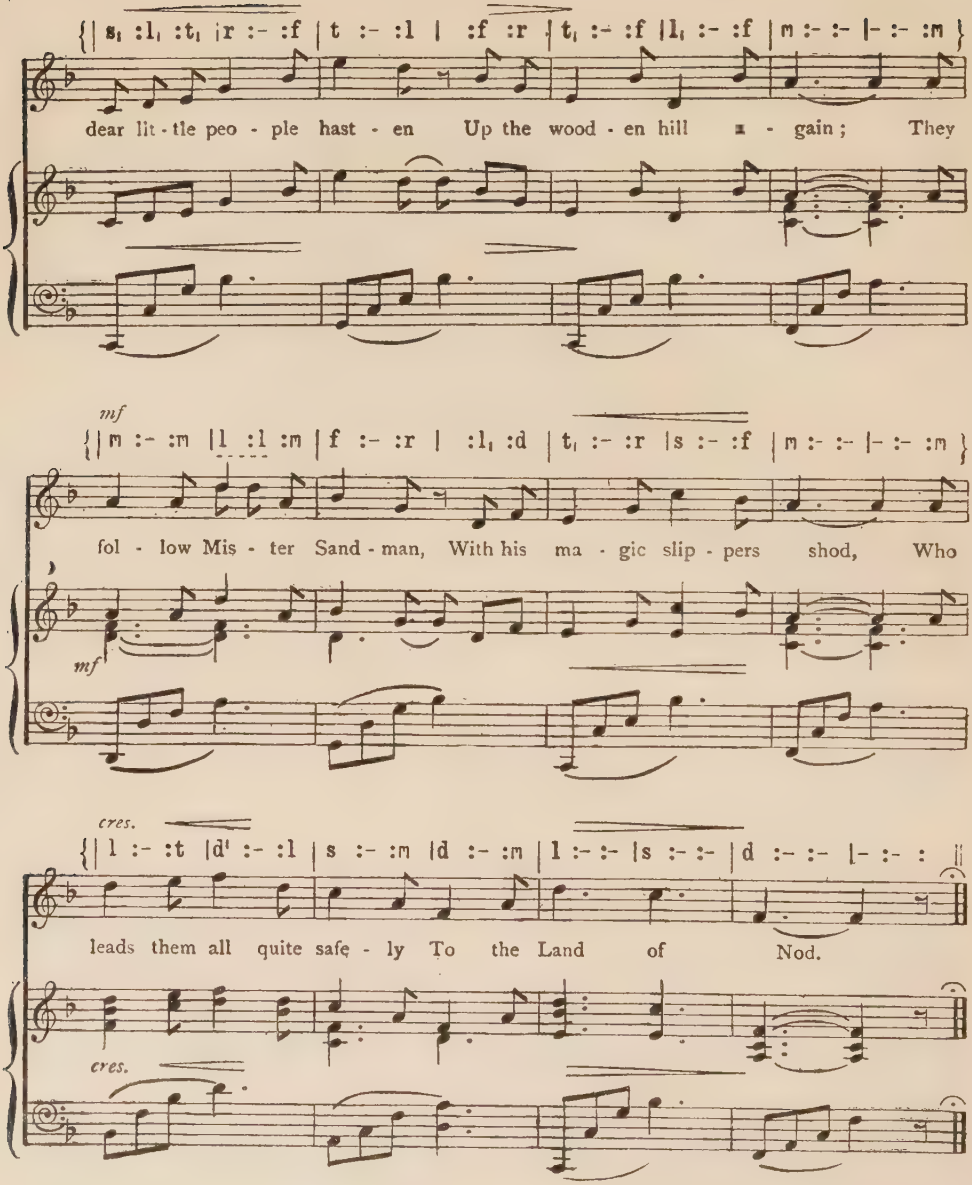
(49) THE LAND OF NOD.

Action Song.

Boy dressed as Mr. Sandman in brown jersey suit, brown stockings, red shoes, red feather in brown cap.

Several children in pyjamas and nightdresses follow him. Boy has bag of toys, etc., which he distributes.

During last verse, girl dressed as Fairy, with tinsel trimmings and silver wand enters. Sleepers run off platform.



dear lit - tle peo - ple hast - en Up the wood - en hill a - gain; They
mf
fol - low Mis - ter Sand - man, With his ma - gic slip - pers shod, Who
cres.
leads them all quite safe - ly To the Land of Nod.
cres.

THE LAND OF NOD.

Twilight is softly stealing
  Over hill and vale and plain,
And dear little people hasten
  Up the wooden hill again.
They follow Mr. Sandman,
  With his magic slippers shod,
Who leads them all quite safely
  To the Land of Nod.

Wonderful things they see there,
  For the Sandman's very good—
Such beautiful drums and trumpets,
  And a Noah's ark made of wood.
Such bats and balls and dollies,
  And a golliwog so odd,
For little folks to play with
  In the Land of Nod.

Ginger-bread, cakes, and toffee,
  And some chocolates are there ;
Some elegant boats and motors,
  And a wondrous Teddy Bear.
But here comes Wideawake Fairy,
  With her shining golden rod,
To drive all little people
  From the Land of Nod.

Florence Steane.

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SPECIAL NOTES

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